

To Silence

If there was no sound
I would have no need of you
Cut flowers crave dirt

heart thumping
with the force
of a thousand
hummingbirds,
eyes wide like
the berth you give
a partah, O

I am alive
I am alive
I am alive

O, Sensations

heart thumping
with the force
of a thousand
hummingbirds,
eyes wide like
the berth you give
a partah, O

I am alive
I am alive
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II. The Question

I wonder if
Saint Rosalie cried
in her kitchen,
consumed with
how lonely she was.
If Thoreau and Joan of Arc
felt this too
and simply turned it
into something with wings.

Limitations

A hawk
is tethered to its falconer.
A greyhound
loops around its track.
A somebody
is stranded in a station.



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Hare

If I could die,
Said the spottit hare,
Then why's the road
So bright out here?

Nocturne

The street lamp
leering at
complaint,
dark houses—
moon in the
moon's absence.

The Shore Tries Again With
the Water

Don't you think
I get tired
of asking you to stay?
That little trick
you have:
appearing and
disappearing —
the way you offer
yourself,
leave again.

How Slowly

How slowly, after all,
the world reveals itself.
Watching the light move,
nothing left to say.
How much you wanted
to grow old like this.
The long, still afternoons.
Even the leaves at rest:
the breeze, the curtain
barely lifting.

Dream Journal #3

there's a hole in my chest. i've tried to get a good look, but i can't get close enough. i don't mind. i'm not sure i want to see it, the jostling, ugly mess of innards. i've taken to treating my heart like a wild animal about to spook. hush. i hold out my hand for her to sniff. you can trust me; i'm on your side

Leela Raj-Sankarr

Within the Green Hills of Galicia

I slept in the shepherd's hut
I heard the gaita
I danced with the stars & oaks

Marcia Arietta

Checklist

Crawl out
from the underbelly
of a dream—
Run with birds from the sleet
Because you can't fly.
Lie waiting for the bombs,
So much like
Stars in the quiet dark.

Hilary Tam

Ledges State Park

Each minnow a dart:
shooting, dashing,
never still,
river bound and free.

Jonathan Acampora



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Harbinger

Early on, the signs
were everywhere.
Sometimes a bird
call, sometimes
a hint of cloud.
Now there is mostly
silence. All day long,
the no-rain
covers everything.

Bulrushes

The bulrushes are poised:
half-turned to seed,
dithering somewhere
between duck-down
and velvetene.