Self-portrait with parasite (*Cymothoa exigua*)

For too long, sadness
was the tongue of me,
always said yes.

I usher it out
of my gills
and it's gone.

My own
meaty no
grows
back.

Moira Walsh

Self-Portrait as My Hands

I have seen powerful hands
doing good work—
& my own
at their worst

Mark Danowsky

tiny wren publishing
www.tinywrenlit.com

Copyright © 2022
ISSN 2770-7393

tiny wren lit

issue 3.3
Self-Portrait As

self-portrait: film noir still

i meet myself (too often)
in that *bad* part of town
where arms can get broken
i meet myself too often
angled so no one's
right side up just upside down
i meet myself (too often)
In that *bad* part of town

Carla Sarett

Self-Portrait as Maidenhair Fern

Draping over

Jackie O's casket

I bear water

but do not drown.

Stephanie K. Merrill

self-portrait without self

the soft dent
in my pillow
from each
rest, the pile
of clothes
sitting on
the rug.

faye lynn

Self-portrait

Round-faced;

Like the moon,

She listens to the rain,

Unaware,

Of the clock striking midnight

Sara Jenko