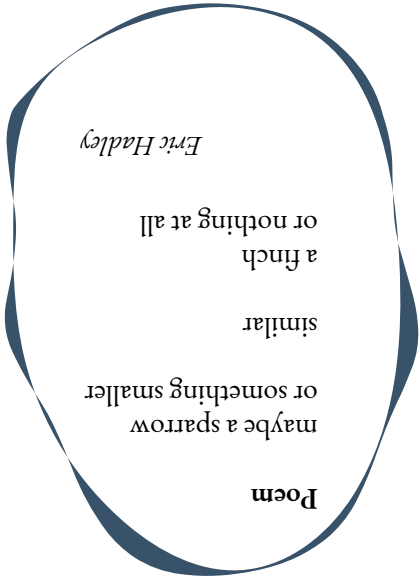




K. Alma Peterson

Time is an anvil.
Time is a feather.
Whether it refuses
to move along or floats
airborne, Time is
a cubist bird, every plane
of existence at odds
with its passage.

Passage



Eric Hadley

maybe a sparrow
or something smaller
similar
a finch
or nothing at all

Poem

My Daughter, Who Cannot Yet Read, Lists Names of Birds

with the gravity
of liturgy, head bent
over the pages

as if in prayer:
*Melon Gold, Diver
Deep, Flipper Fly,*

*Snow Beak, Feather
Finders, Honey Hawk,
Glow Greens.*

Every sacred thing
has a name worth
listening for.

Emily Patterson



Birds of M-43

turkey vultures spiral
above one-room school
turned liquor store

geese cluster
under their For Sale sign
unwitting self-promoters

a pair of sandhill cranes
poses on gravel shoulder
elegant, rusty flamingos

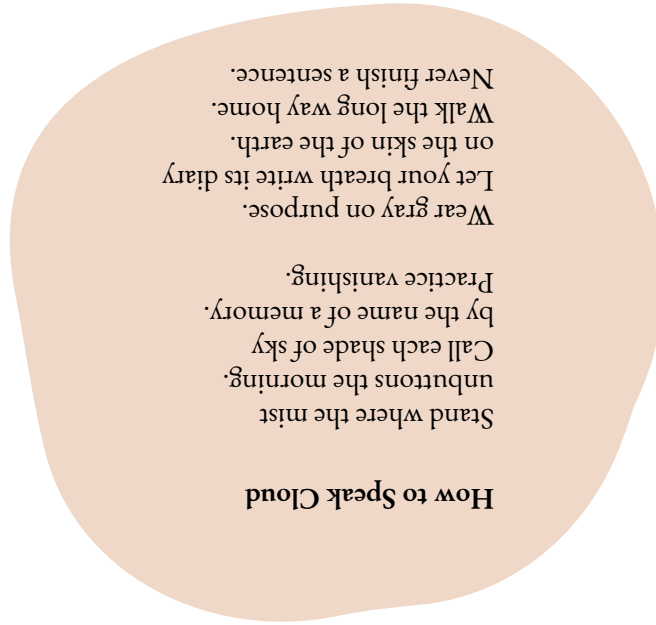
in our car's wake
the roadkill's white wing
is a raised flag

Lara Frankena



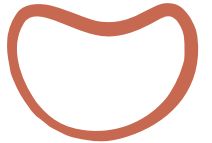
How to Speak Cloud
Stand where the mist
unbusts the morning.
Call each shade of sky
by the name of a memory.
Practice vanishing.
Wear gray on purpose.
Let your breath write its diary
on the skin of the earth.
Walk the long way home.
Never finish a sentence.

Rowan Tate



Things the Moon Owns
A drawer of stolen spoons
a mirror that hums
one crow with secrets
a ladder to nowhere
my old birthday candles
a jar of fog
half a lullaby
the sea's unspoken wish

Rowan Tate



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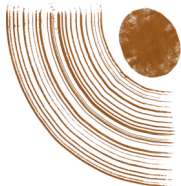
issue 9.1
inventory

Luca Foïs

invisible to human eyes
secret colour signals
Birds of paradise send
to communicate
their tentacles
Cuttlefish wave
aggressive
Traffic noise makes birds

Wisdom of the animal world

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Janel Pleskač

'Dorcha' dark garden,
'feith' muscle, sinew:
your neck beneath
my hand
as you lean across
the driver's seat.
And when the hare breaks
into the fog lights
and stares at us
through the windshield,
that understands
like something
looking inwards,
I'm startled.

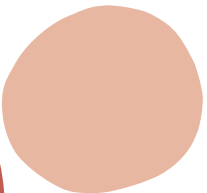
Middle of nowhere



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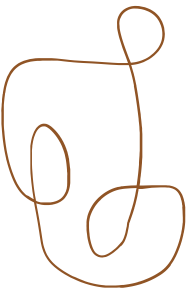
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Todd C. Truffin

The thing I forgot
as I walked in the room.
The books burned alive
in Alexandria.
The lime not on the list
I forgot at the shop.
Sophocles' plays
only mentioned in lists.
The name of that girl
at the roller rink.
The words Jesus wrote
in the dust.

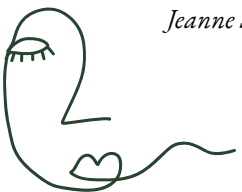
The Ravages of Time



Beneath

the hum of conversation,
the table,
her dignity,
her skirt,
his hand.

Jeanne Svensson



There Was a Room



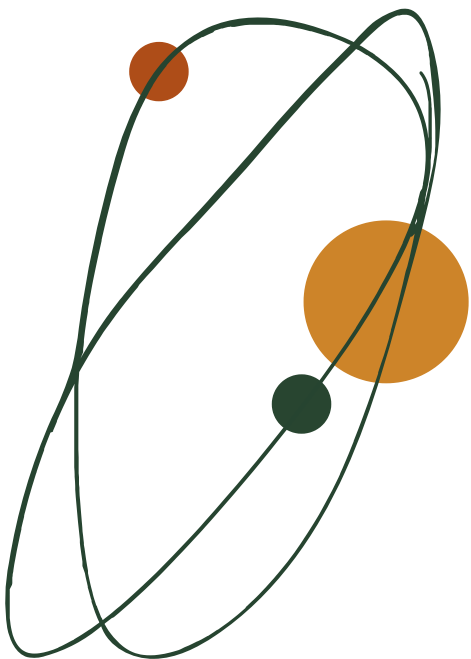
What We Call Each Other

*Beautiful, Darling,
Honey.* The first married
month we delighted
in calling each other
Husband and *Wife*,
and *Love*. We lost
our names, gained
the comfort of *Babe*, *Hon*.
And before the end, *Liar*,
Useless, and *Thief*.
And now, in lowercase,
a stranger to me, the ex.

Colleen S. Harris

Matthew Murrey

Blue wallpaper, a wood floor,
and lines of light through the blinds.
A green scarf, a yellow nightgown,
and the blue handle of her brush.
Her hair was the color of wishes,
like birds who leave in the fall.
One time we drove to see the line
where blue sky meets blue sea.
All these years gone, I'm the traveler
holding a postcard, saying, "This
is the one that broke my heart."



Mizuki Yamagen

a river-stone tongue
love, until it spoiled
four teeth in a pocket
your name, folded thrice
a bruise shaped like Utah
a splinted night
her breath, just once
salt in the wrong places
a yes I meant to say
this ache, now fossilized

Things My Body Has Held



Things I Can't Translate

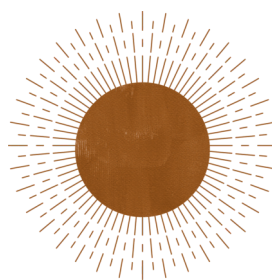
the steam, not the rice
the word for dusk rain
cicadas in a stone cup
a bow, in gratitude
bitter melon, stir-fried
the way my name curves
sea, fermented on the wind
your hands, rinsing fish

Mizuki Yamagen

Instructions for Becoming Soil

fold your arms with roots
let worms spell your name
kiss the wet bark clean
listen for ant prayers
dream of mushrooms' hands
rot soft, bloom

Mizuki Yamagen



in grief

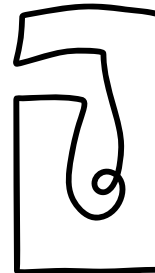
it's not the dying,
per se, it's not
the ripping of seams
which tied us
into one whole,
it's not the empty
pillow or all the space
begging to be filled
again by the right body—
it's the mornings,
pockets of waking
realization
oh, you are not here,
you are not there,

Caliegh Larkin

A Catalog of Silent Screams

A staple pin lodged
into my sister's thumb.
The severed head of a
sparrow struck by the
ceiling fan.
A man sprawled in
a running position
underneath his
balcony, still.
My silent screams
bled on the page.

Priyanka Kausbal



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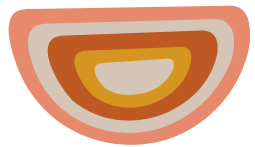
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Nancy Wheaton

A square of origami paper
covers the white lights,
changing a plain string
of luminous soldiers
into toy circus wagons
ready to circle up
prepared, maybe
for what comes next.

Box Lights

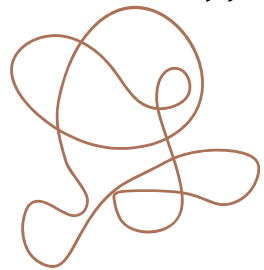
Silting
and settling
Bristle worms
and bivalves
Probing bills
and stilt-legs
Sampshire
and sea lavender
Sinking
and storing
and resisting



Reasons for Mudflats

Alice Stainer

Fishing trawlers crowd the
gray green water
traversed by arches
of the Yaquina Bridge
your 3 x 5 card
with plastic sleeve
foggy from moist air
stapled on corner
Nina Fleetwood,
Deckband Min Exp
Crab. Shrimp. Halibut
Hardworking/God-Fearing
Ellen Germeaux Woods



Notice on Wharf



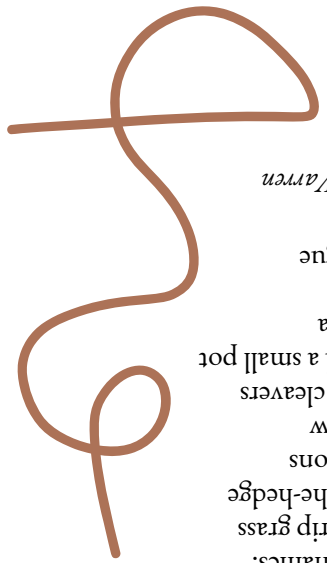
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we roasted a hundred
tiny seeds of the plant
with many names:
bedstraw, grip grass
robin-run-the-hedge
bobby buttons
sticky willow
catchweed, cleavers
and brewed a small pot
of earthy tea
that lingers
on the tongue

Mobi Warren



galium aparine



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inventory

Microsonnet of antiquated
inventions

carbon paper
iron lung
cathode ray
kaleidophone
null detector
seismoscope
radiator
dial-up
shadowgraph
abandonware
astrolabe
aerostat
shadow square
baby cage



D. W. Baker



Sarp Sozdinler



My sad body
believes in second chances.

grass.

The lettuce in my BigMac
thinks spinach is just a glorified

The lint in my jacket pocket
is 60% fabric, 40% despair.

The dead pixel on my screen
won't stop staring at me.

Died after an existential crisis

My Tamagotchi!

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Unpublished Footnotes from
The Giving Tree

1. Not apple but paper birch,
my language is pain.

2. His rock dragged across me
ineptly. Hearts & rockets.

3. At some point we agreed
his astronaut coasted
without direction.

4. Latey, the child
& the child's child
are the ones felled.

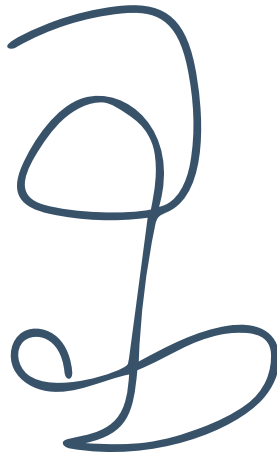
Daniel Schall



Etymology

Poet: A writer
who eats snakes,
rocks, and dirt

John Stickney



To Do List

Let the grip of worry loosen.

Enjoy bread, milk, his embrace.
My morning walk.

A deer grazing in the clearing.

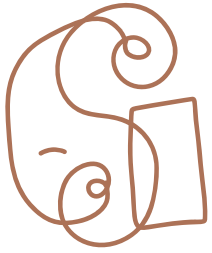
Release my debts to the air.

Renounce my litany of failures.

Pivot toward the sun.

Do my best to rise.

Donna Vorreyer



Evening Chores on the Farm

It is evening
and it is feeding time.
And the hay smells sweet
and the sun dips lower.
And the trees tremble
off their light for shade
and the barn swallows
nest in the stall beams.
And in the paddock
the chestnut mare grazes
while the grey flicks
her tail and the bay
waits at the gate, eye
turned to me, waiting
for what comes next.

Kira Russell