

december 21st

Jenna Manley

i sweep rime
from crumbling
black marble

yet another solstice
you are not here to see

Winter Storm Warning

Daniel J Flosi

Storm windows shuttered
no footprints anywhere

The only sound in the blue
morning's velvet

is the argument
from the couple next door

Languageness

Dylan Willoughby

Pigeon tracks over
Pigeon tracks
Snow's hieroglyphics



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Untitled/White on Blue
Mark Rothko, 1968

Lorelei Bacht

The moon glimmers
the scenery silent,
knee-deep and
white asleep.

*

The moon shades
our boot-prints
in half-remembered
crisp blue notes.

*

The moon snowflakes
patterns around
our specks of grief,
stitching a forgiveness

*

The moon glistens
the sleep of our softest
embodiments: the wren,
the tit, the finch.

*

The moon halts
our travels: she throws
a bejeweled blanket
over the hills,
declares: to bed.

Reflection

Debbie Robson

Sky. Lake. Tree. The sky.
The lake
silver grey. The lake
emulating the sky.
The tree bare against
transgressors.

From darkness

Anna Kirwin

In the dense, dark sky,
Let the candle flicker for
This winter solstice.