

Star Strung  
 ice blue midnight sky  
 a star strung phrase  
*don't be a stranger*  
 Andy Perrin

Wild blueberries grow  
 where spring comes slowly,  
 the first white blossoms  
 comfortable as snow.  
 Summer's lap enfolds  
 their blue profusion:  
 clustered globes  
 that periwinkle into indigo.  
 Laurie Koensgen

November Twelfth, Portugal  
 The sky clears for  
 the first time since  
 September  
 A beautiful day  
 for everyone, save  
 the mushrooms and the  
 spider whose silk  
 blocks the trail  
 Kat Holmwood



*Robin Dellabough*

It's a Risk to Write About Blue Sky  
 That stand-in for the unfathomable.

The Blue Guitar

harvested from forests,  
 shipped across oceans,  
 passed hand to hand,  
 lacquered in surf tone,  
 stressed by six strings  
 pulled taut for decades

before it met my touch  
 with the song of time,  
 seasons wet and dry,  
 voices of ancestors  
 raked like fallen leaves.

Matthew Kobut

This is Where

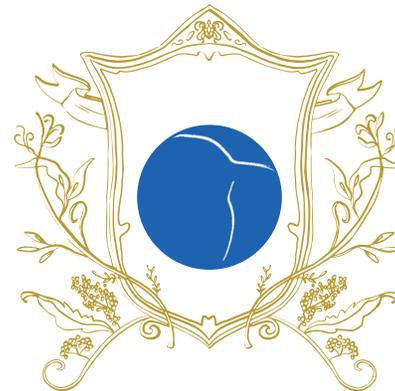
The highway cuts through  
 NOW  
 last summer shade deep river

each stop a world  
 was it a dream of oceans  
 their waves

during Utopia

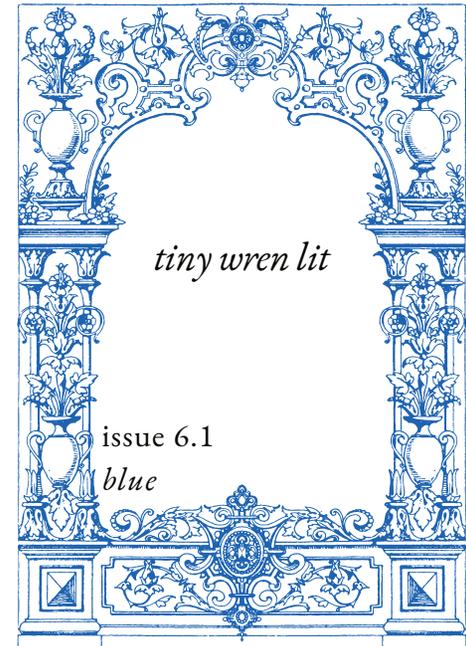
*I guess I am already there  
 This is where I will be*

Susan Kay Anderson



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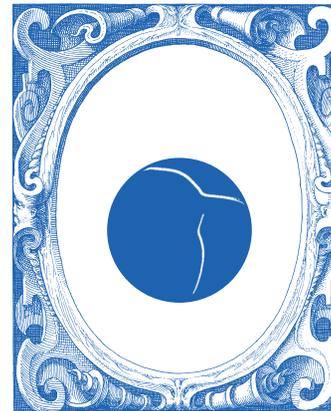
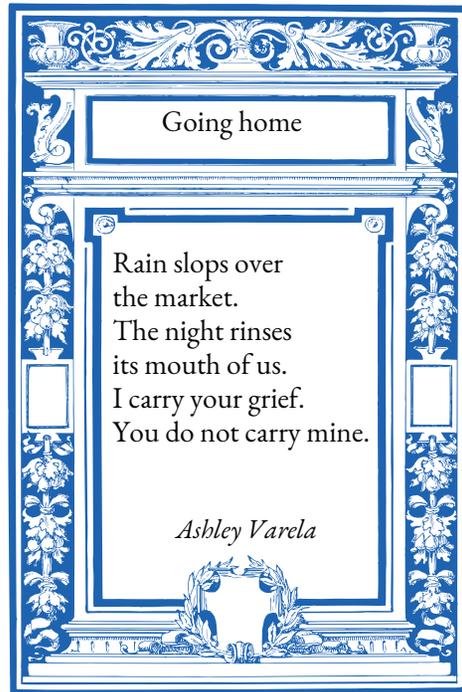
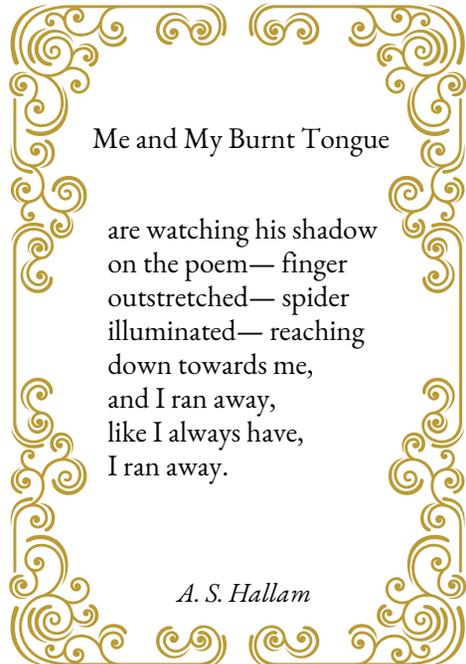
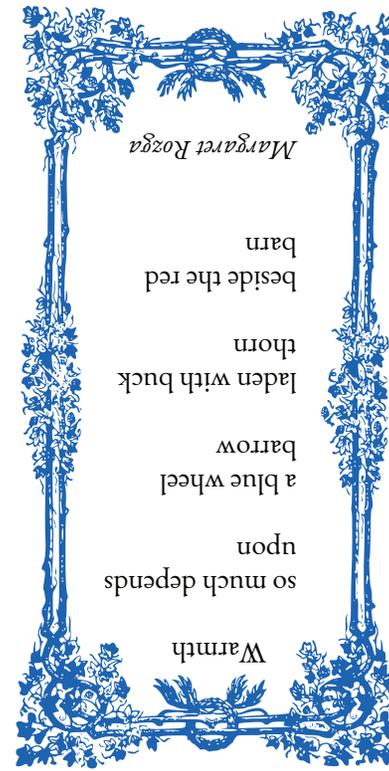
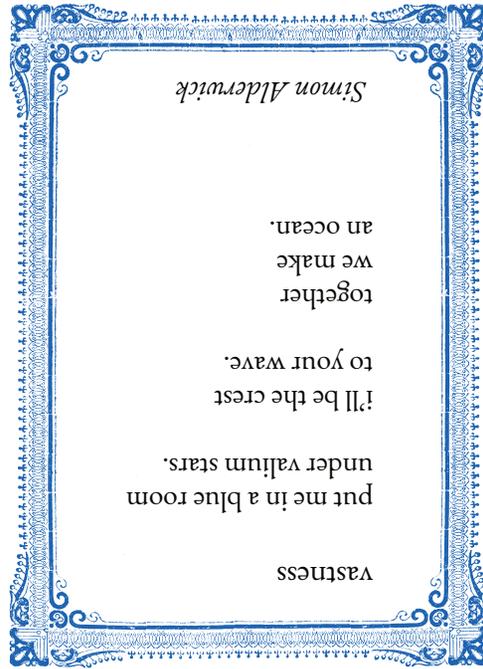
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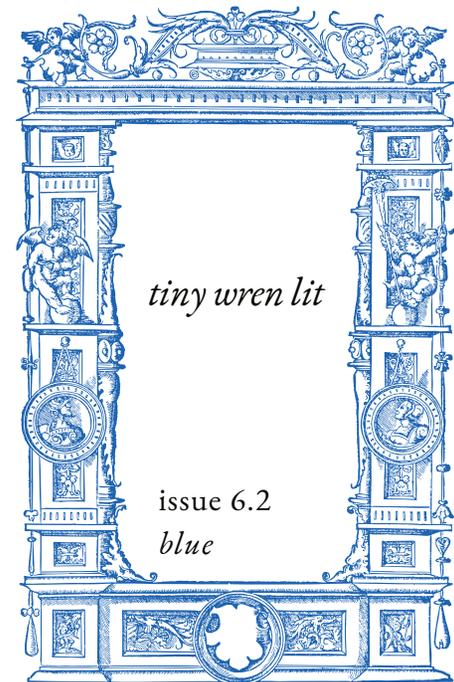
issue 6.1

*blue*



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at night he painted  
the world  
quiet in the tiny kitchen-  
studio, no light but fluorescent,  
he worked  
against the darkness

*Charlotte Friedman*

Date Unknown

Cazing at a jet trail  
stitching azure sky  
we lie naked, warmed  
by concrete floor  
of the city where we wait  
for the scar to fade  
near horizon. Scarlet  
strangers stare.  
*Tsk! Tsk!*  
*Now we've seen it all!*

We smile at the unknowing.

*Susan Mason Scott*

She Strikes the March

The blue glow almost breaks  
her heart. She thinks of fires  
through the ages, consuming  
synagogues, churches, books.

She thinks of pyres,  
religious practice,  
punishment. Women  
burned at the stake.

Flames lick,  
death wings lift, leaving  
a blue trail of redemption.

*Arlene Geller*

Strange Saint

Kateri lost all—  
parents, sight, tribe to the pox  
French brought—still she kept  
blue sky of inner sight  
and fierce love of God. She took  
food to her blue people.

*Carol Park*

Seascape Triptych

i. You are more likely  
to find a mermaid's purse  
at the high tide line.

ii. I still don't know  
why I am here  
or what I am for.

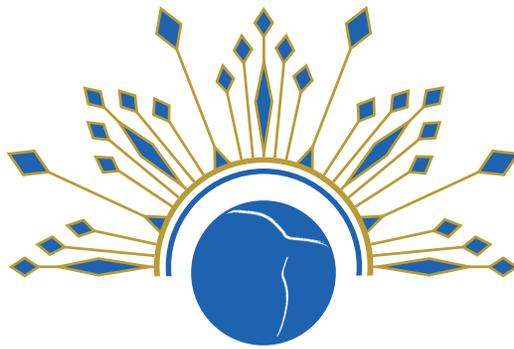
iii. I looked through  
a hag stone once  
and saw Rumi whirling  
on the crest of a wave.

*Farah Ali*

Obsession

she held his wrist, scratching at  
the blue veins and watching as  
the smoke curled up around his  
fingers, like he was the only man  
who could carry fire

*Chris Blexrud*

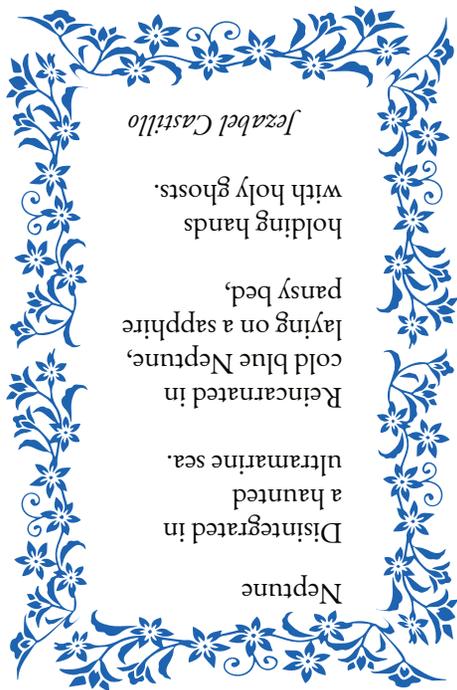


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issue 6.3  
*blue*



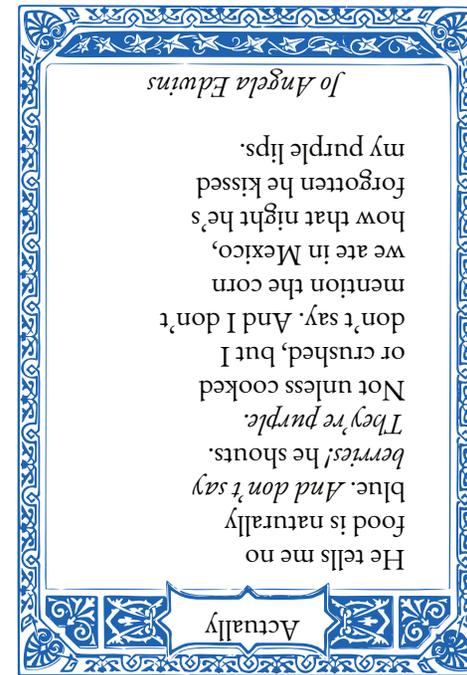
Neptune  
 Disintegrated in  
 a haunted  
 ultramarine sea.  
 Reincarnated in  
 cold blue Neptune,  
 laying on a sapphire  
 pansy bed,  
 holding hands  
 with holy ghosts.  
*Jezabel Castillo*



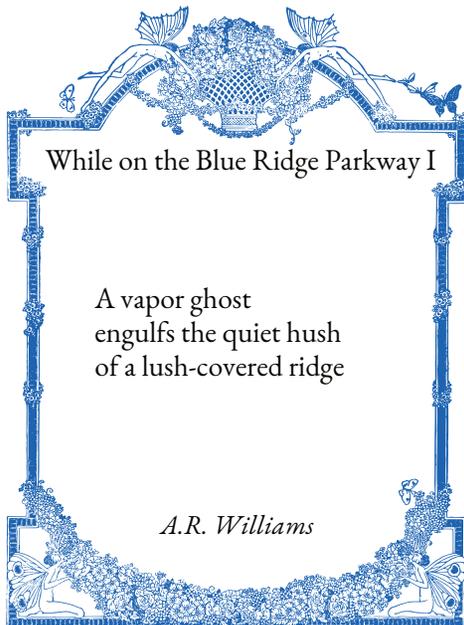
How I Lost You  
 was steeped in apology—  
 forgiveness on my tongue;  
 but your eyes were ice  
 sharp, glacier blue,  
 your voice a fford.  
*Sarah Small*



Loving Wrong  
 Sweaters hurting high  
 above the lawn. She  
 caught them raining down.  
 Her girlfriend's  
 twilight blue Corolla  
 idled on the street.  
 Seven years—  
 My sister, missing.  
*Crystal Taylor*



Actually  
 He tells me no  
 food is naturally  
 blue. *And don't say  
 berries!* he shouts.  
*They're purple.*  
 Not unless cooked  
 or crushed, but I  
 don't say. And I don't  
 mention the corn  
 we ate in Mexico,  
 how that night he's  
 forgotten he kissed  
 my purple lips.  
*Jo Angela Edwins*



While on the Blue Ridge Parkway I

A vapor ghost  
 engulfs the quiet hush  
 of a lush-covered ridge

*A.R. Williams*



While on the Blue Ridge Parkway II

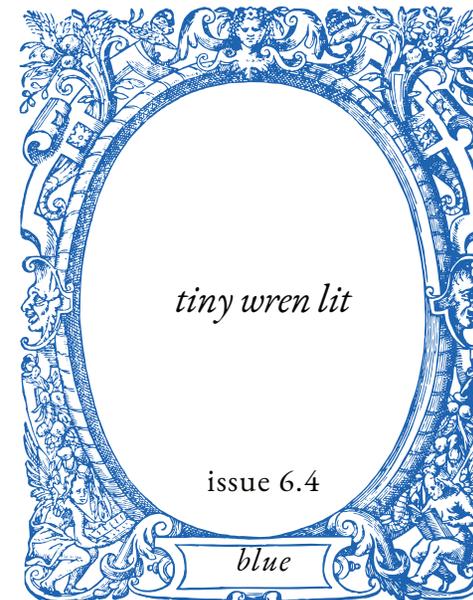
At the overlook  
 a photographer shoots trees  
 before their impending death

*A.R. Williams*



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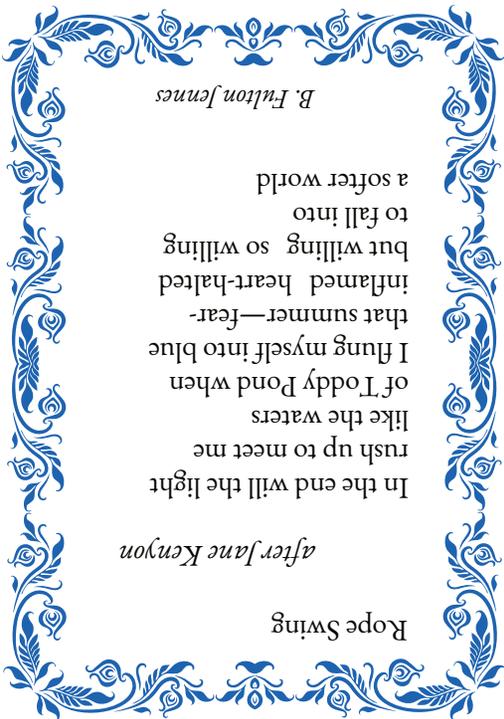
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*blue*



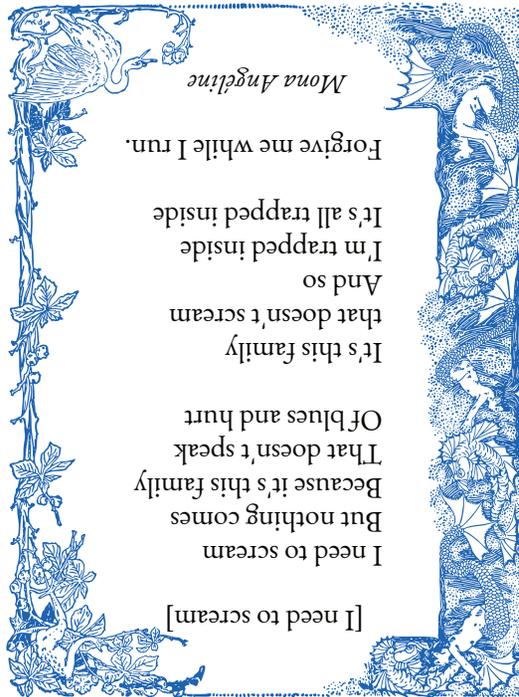
Colette Tennant

When Blue Came to Visit  
Blue sprawled on the couch  
and teased my tabby cat.  
Blue told me she loves to smell  
the ink of new philosophies.  
When I asked Blue if she was hungry,  
she whispered umbilical three times.  
Later that night, Blue said she was afraid  
of the ocean at sunset.  
How deep is the ocean? I wanted to ask.  
Is it the deep that scares you?  
I didn't hear the door close when she left,  
just strewn feathers in startlight.



B. Fulton Jones

Rope Swing  
after Jane Kenyon  
In the end will the light  
rush up to meet me  
like the waters  
of Toddy Pond when  
I flung myself into blue  
that summer—fear-  
inflamed heart-hated  
but willing so willing  
to fall into  
a softer world



Mona Angeline

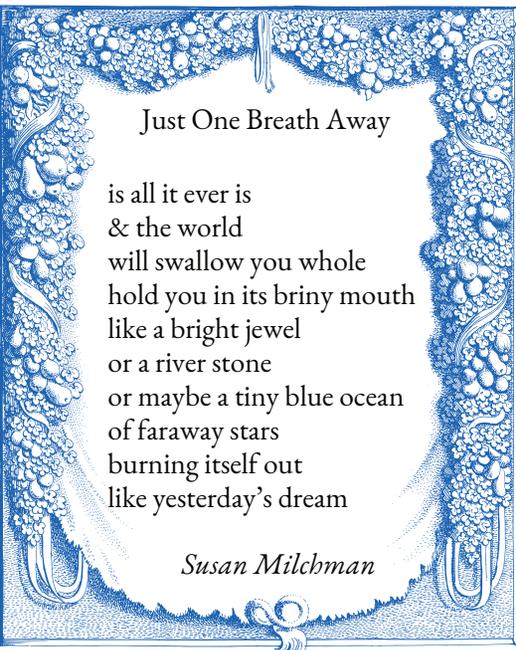
[I need to scream]  
I need to scream  
But nothing comes  
Because it's this family  
That doesn't speak  
Of blues and hurt  
It's this family  
that doesn't scream  
And so  
I'm trapped inside  
It's all trapped inside  
Forgive me while I run.

Jack B. Bedell

—after Debbie Fleming Caffery's  
photograph "Mamou, Louisiana, 1997"  
Difficult not to sense apocalypse  
when there's a horse and rider  
sprinting like this under ominous,  
skies. No matter how calm the water  
in the rice fields, or empty of blue  
the horizon, you just have to ride  
toward whatever light there is before  
darkness makes its way to ground.



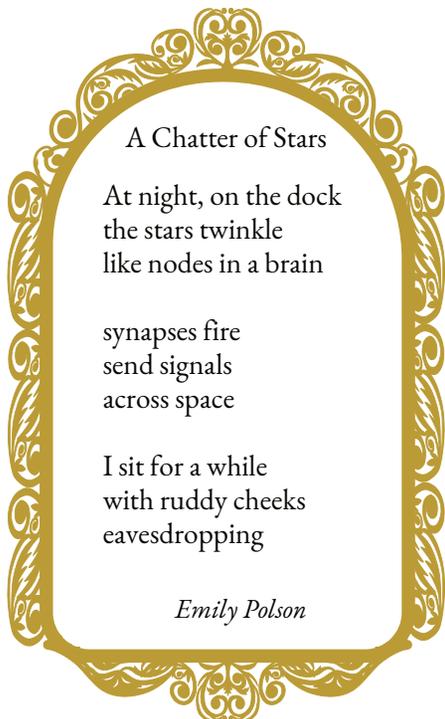
Horsemen



Just One Breath Away

is all it ever is  
& the world  
will swallow you whole  
hold you in its briny mouth  
like a bright jewel  
or a river stone  
or maybe a tiny blue ocean  
of faraway stars  
burning itself out  
like yesterday's dream

Susan Milchman



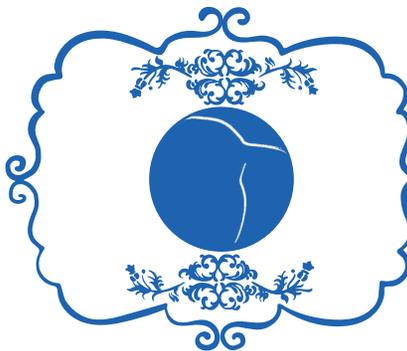
A Chatter of Stars

At night, on the dock  
the stars twinkle  
like nodes in a brain

synapses fire  
send signals  
across space

I sit for a while  
with ruddy cheeks  
eavesdropping

Emily Polson



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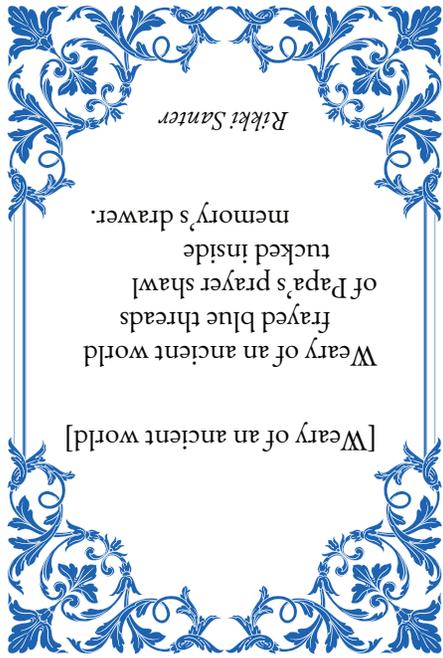
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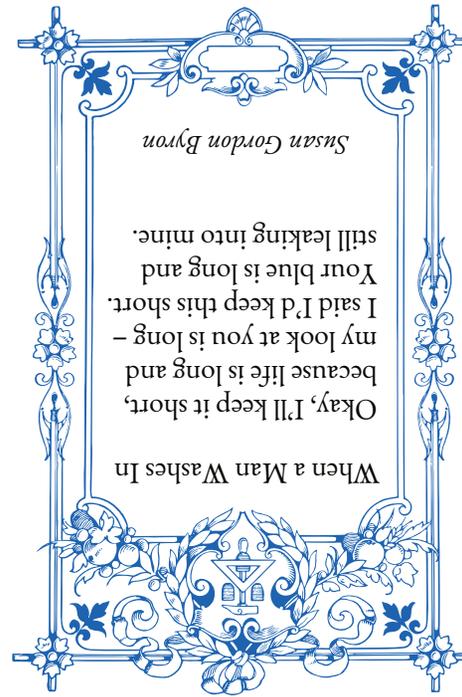
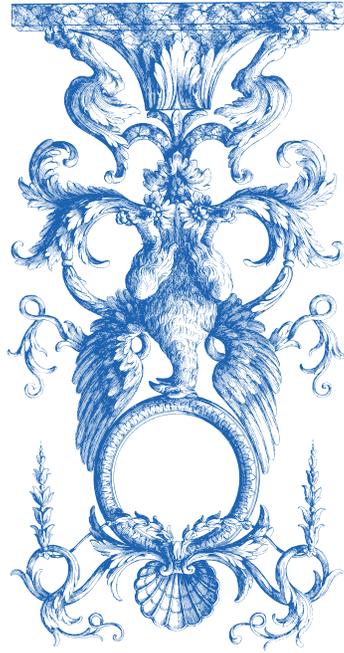
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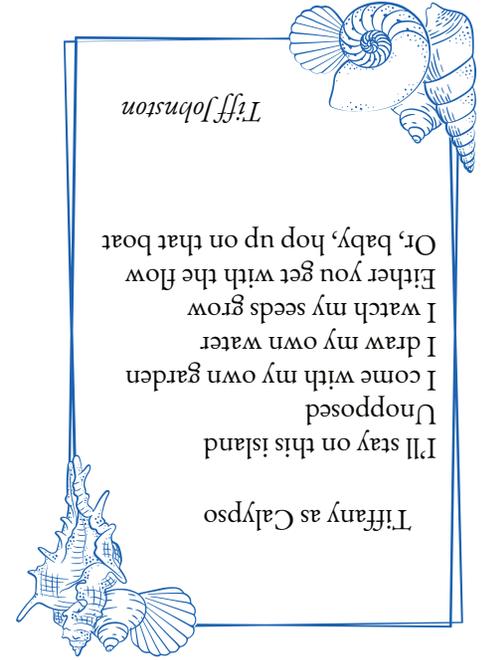
blue



[Wearry of an ancient world]  
 Wearry of an ancient world  
 I traced blue threads  
 of Papa's prayer shawl  
 tucked inside  
 memory's drawer.  
 Rikki Santer



When a Man Washes In  
 Okay, I'll keep it short,  
 because life is long and  
 my look at you is long –  
 I said I'd keep this short.  
 Your blue is long and  
 still leaking into mine.  
 Susan Gordon Byron



Tiffany as Calypso  
 I'll stay on this island  
 Unopposed  
 I come with my own garden  
 I draw my own water  
 I watch my seeds grow  
 Either you get with the flow  
 Or, baby, hop up on that boat  
 Tiffany Johnston



The Cruel Mirror and  
 The Phantasmal Sky

Whenever she looks at the mirror,  
 a tiny bird is flying freely.

She averts her eyes from the mirror,  
 and looks up at the sky.

In the blue sky,  
 a tiny bird doesn't exist.

In piercing loneliness,  
 a free bird doesn't exist.

She looks up at the sky.

As punishment to herself,  
 she looks up at the sky.

The silent and vague sky that she hopes.  
 Her sole hope.

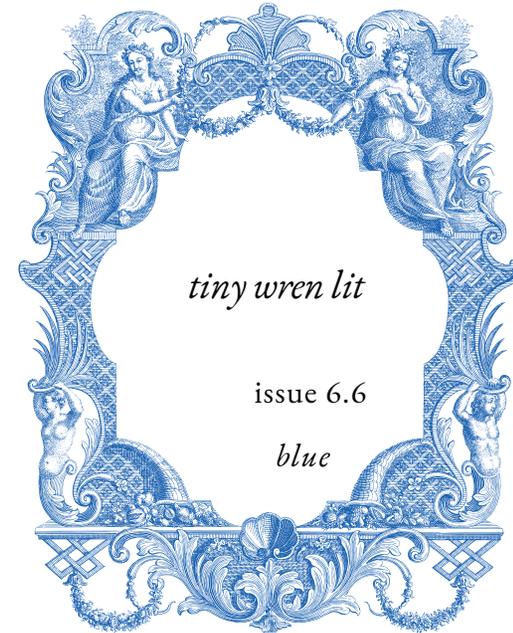
But whenever she reaches her hands,  
 only the mirror is there.



Yuu Ikeda



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*blue*

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