

Lily Hinrichsen

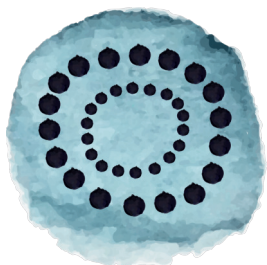
Two crows on a snowy branch
ominous bookends
holding December between them

Two crows on a snowy branch

warp and weft

you show me
how sparrows weave
song and sunshine
around root and bough
but i am dusk
unravelling the day's
lacework with bruised
clumsy fingers

Farah Ali



Equinox

These amber-hewn days
filigreed by decay
and a goldfinch's
throaty warble.

Wild Ferns

Birdcages
of painted wood
and wrought iron
hang in the solarium.
Feathers unfurl
to plaintive strains
of ghost song.

Farah Ali

Karen Southall Wats

Nothing is the same
knowing they are mourning doves
not birds of the dawn

Growing up

Jackie Craven

I tell you, the canaries
have fled.
They must have fled.
Inside their nests,
hungry roses open
and call our names.

Climate Change

Jennifer Browne

I don't believe in divination,
but when the book falls open,
Ravens croak over ruined cities.
the sentence lifts itself like yarrow:

Stichomaney



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Issue 5.2
Birdsong

October

As the loon calls disperse east
and west, we'll begin taking
the umbrellas and buoys inside—
just as we've learned to do
with our sadness, as the reddest
leaves begin their fall.

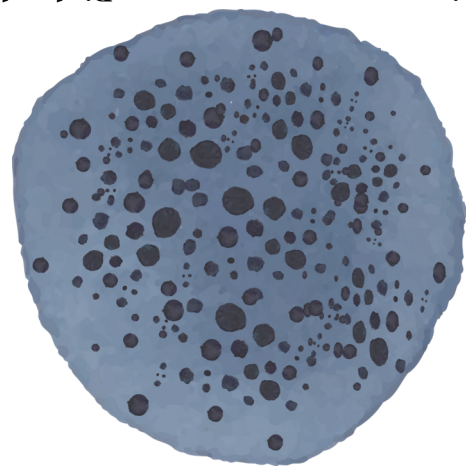
Maya Klauber

lae astra

they were artists,
the pilot says, winged
ones who shared
my old home.

crackles from a passing
ship wakes the pilot
from dreams of bird-
watching on Earth.
later, their child listens
to a recording and asks,
what are birds?

spacebird music



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Birdseed

I bribe the birds
for their song with seed
because my voice
never sounds quite as sweet.

Tinamarie Cox

Jerusalem

In the city
where jasmine spills
over garden walls and
teen soldiers wear rifles
to evening prayer,
the hoopoe sings
the song he sang
to centurions and sages

Jacqueline Seaberg



M.S. Rooney

the painted bird
back to rusted tin.
I lift it down tenderly
remembering how it once
sang with pure abandon
as fall winds whistled through it.

The rains have peeled

Chords

From the crowded
restaurant our eyes
are drawn to the
window to see

a berry tree
with six different
birds vibrating
like guitar strings

Susan Shea

Stars

After the quiet
of the early-morning
house, the outside air
shimmers with the sound
stars make when dawn
bends its light and reveals
their white wings.

Devon Neal



On a walk after an argument
—Wendell Berry
We listened for the
murmuring of geraniums,
for the restlessness of leaves,
for the sighing of bearded trees—
for anything to break
the deafening silence between us.

A.R. Williams

eurydice

i coo and sing
from rooftops or treetops
wherever i can get a view
to see who else
is singing

i'd like to be a vulture

they fly higher
than any other bird
so they can see everything

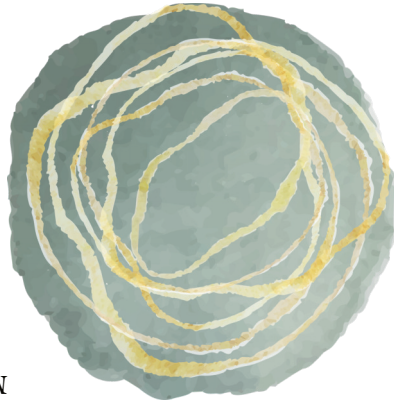
even
and especially
death

Lindsey Galloway

Maura H. Harrison

Small chickadee, dee, dee,
Dancing with alliums,
You're gathering purple notes,
Triplets that speak to me,
me, me, the song of June.

Triplets



Carol Casey

Songbirds
weave intentions
dropping preludes,
drifting snowflakes
into silence.

Late Winter

We're a horde of fledgling-
women, hair escaping
ponytails and plats,
eyes full of the moon.
One begins a tune and the rest
join in; a song that morphs
into shrieks and dissolves
into cackles.
We flit from light to
light, taunting those
scared of creatures like us
who sing and sing and sing.

Christina Ellison



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Issue 5.3
Birdsong

In September

as I walk down hill
to Scuppernong Creek
a single syllable *jrchp*
then bounce of a branch
in the path-side thicket.
A lone bird in the bush
quiets my desire
to have one in hand.

Margaret Rozga

The Death Knell

crows fight over
the last piece of me
triumphant in their joy

Ayotemitide I.A

[the world i walk is]

the world i walk is
smaller than the seed
that feeds a sparrow
his song

Grant Hackett



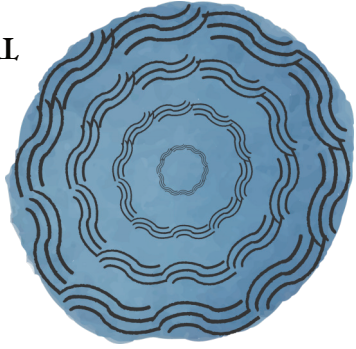
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The Earthworm's Mistake

Was to
Pop out of the ground
To better hear
The birds' orchestra

Gareth Barsby



Echo

What is a dream
but an answer
to an unasked
catechism,

birdcalls within
wide canyons
that reverberate
across silence?

Adam Haver

After Nightmares

The blue hour arrives
and the watcher
in the laurel tree
sings astonished joy.

After Song

The waxwings descend
in a cloud of songs,
fill the vast sky
until we forget
we are drowning.

Faith Allington

First Thing This Morning

At dawn, still
more night than day,
like me, the first
sparrows search
for a kernel, a seed,
a tender morsel
to provide enough
energy to keep them
in flight.

Tom Lagasse



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Issue 5.4
Birdsong

I Wish I Had a Beak

would pick the tangles
from your hair

Build a nest
of you, you, you

And scream
that I was home.

Lydia Gompper



rekindled

found a bird in the snow.
it was gone the next day

but the song in the trees
was familiar.

Claire Wang



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Issue 5.5
Birdsong



First of September

the blue jays and wrens
are silent this morning

a neighbor's rooster answers
the freight train's distant whistle
a catbird caws in the voice
of Rudy from Bayonne

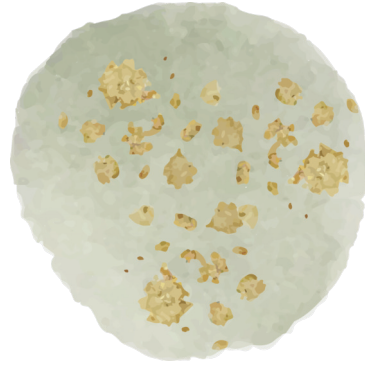
as the chorus of bush crickets
sings the song of September —
it can't go on, it won't go on,
and soon we will be gone

Matthew Kohut

Promise

On my goldfinch soul
Held
in your gossamer hands
I have tried
to sing our song.

Ian Richardson



The Owl and the Sparrow

The owl's call rends
the air
ripping open
a new dimension
between past
and future
living
and dead.
The sparrow's song
stitches us
back together.

Jennifer Skogen

Hello! Hello!

My father spoke to crows
in their language:
a guttural caw! caw!
They always
answered back.
Without him, I try
to say hello:
caw, caw,
but I'm only
repeating sounds.
I'm only
talking
to him.

Jennifer Skogen



Andy Perrin

I stood alone
in cold woods
and felt quiet
so pure
it was heard

It Was Heard

Eileen Lynch

Throw sheet music up
against the horizon
to let the birds
dot the notes
of a fleeing symphony
across the dawn.

sunrise songs

Tiny Ghosts

Their songs echo still
From cages long empty
In abandoned tunnels
Demanding justice for
Little lungs filled
With deadly gas

Andrew Maust



[I went to the woods]

I went to the woods
with the sound of the birds

the soft and loyal
black-and-white of
the faintly calling
dee-dee-dee—
made of wisps of wind

and full of bone.

Sarah E. Hoffman



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[Sometimes you soar]

Sometimes you soar
without losing breath—
my peace of mind
a bloodied prize
in your claws.
And I wonder
when I look at you
if vultures ever sing.

Jessica Natasha Lawrence

**Waking Up When You Go
to Sleep**

The sun, setting
shares the sky
with the tide—
swollen moon, both
listening for the
coo-ca-roos
of doves roosting
between them.

Franky Newcomb

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Issue 5.6
Birdsong



Nest

outside the window
of our first bedroom
pine branches hold
a pair of mourning
doves mating for what
they think is life
wisdom sorrowing
their song a winter
omen made real
with branches break
ing from the ice
of a sudden storm

Jennifer Hambrick

chicory beans

the full-throated cry
of a red-breasted titbird
like dark roasted assam
over breakfast.

fine-boned bird,
small-beaked bird,
you echo over mountains
to ripple my teacup.

Jun Feliciano



Tinder

A woman on the radio
tells me that birds
don't sing for my pleasure:

'Song is Tinder for birds.'
I listen to these winged singletons
as they twitter tirelessly

with birdcall bigger
than their bodies, swiping
right from dawn to every dusk -

Olga Dermott-Bond

tryst

when we kissed
by the blazing
star

and meadow
sweet under
the sugar maple

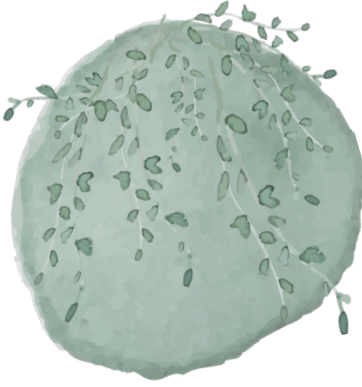
i am fairly certain
nobody saw us
but the wood ducks

Elle Cantwell

Call of the common swift

Can I just be quiet
while I watch the summer rain?

Luca Fois



Gone

we sit on a bench
in the decaying
city square, pigeons
shrik for the pebbled grain
clutched in our hands.

we toss, they devour.

i tell you i have nothing
left to give.

Allison Wu



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Issue 5.7
Birdsong