

Hungry Wolves
Barry Yeoman

jump through snow
drifts to tackle
a wounded deer
under a minefield
of stars, the eye
of a pummeled moon.
They gnarl and tug
at God's provision,
a huddle of steam.

Empty
v.m.t

a soft blanket of snow
covers buildings
& houses
in this small town
streelights glow warm above me
i am here
below the heavy clouded sky
& in the silent night
a train whistles in the distance
& my heart pounds
& the train whistle blows
& i stand frozen on the tracks
empty

Winter Errands
Mark Danowsky

leafless landscape
a human billboard waves
side to side—holds
a Now Hiring sign
upside down
rush hour traffic crawls by

Driving Away,
Christmas Eve 1998
Jared Povanda

How far can you get
at your current speed
before the storm
makes you stop?
How much snow
has fallen?
And what do you have
besides your hands
to unbury yourself?

Lost
Marie Little

For a swollen moment
I am found.
Winter takes a breath.
The weight of clouds
on my shoulders
like a pause.

On Trauma
Michelle Raines

Bury your dead girl
and bury them deep
Place no marker there

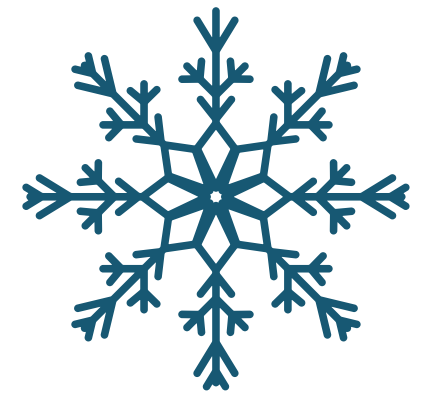
Yet,
winter's no time
to be digging graves



tiny wren publishing
www.tinywrenlit.com

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ISSN 2770-7393

issue 1.2



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