

Out back, where the river bends,
a bluebird sings its frozen songs
arias that hang upon the frosted air—
fingerprints punctuating crisp silence

Wolf Moon
Matthew Schultz

Blizzard Warning

Jane Ayres

Icicles on frosted glass.
An empty bed.

Outside, heartsick foxes
sing love duets.

Winter is stealthy
& you have already left.

Snow falls.
I melt again.

Shaking off a Dream

Lauren Theresa

The weight
of stamps and leaves,
letters unsent.
All fading to nothing
as I awake to this winter.

The Break-Up

Sheila Mulrooney

She told me,
I know where
the great blue
heron builds his
nest,
and drifted toward

November's purpling
dusk.

I stood alone

elated.

Breath tells me that
echoes of autumn
are about to
sink to the horizon.
My notebook is always blank,
as if it is waiting
to write fragments of winter.

my blank notebook

Yuu Ikeda

one of those gray days
when wind tugs the leaf
like breath on a candle
you become the smoke

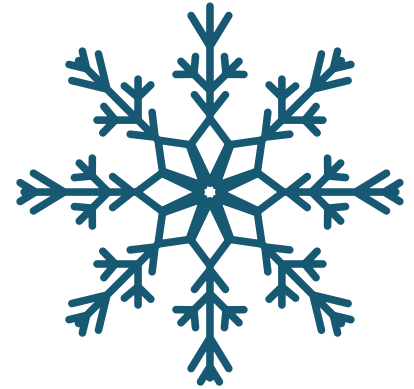
Out
Raymond Gibson

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