

*Self-Portrait As Nine Crow
Statues*

overlooking town. A mile
out are real crows; rooks
in parks checked by marsh
wren feathers. The forest
echoes lilies. Summer-
campers watch robins
flit around. No-one looks
at the nine frozen crows
enough to see malachite
grow on each bronze wing.

Estan Rodriguez

self-portrait as immolation

when you were born
your mother found
the love in you
torrid, reached for you
but pulled her hand back
sudden and afraid, snuffed
all love between you
to a cinder, which you
kept alive in secret, encased
in flesh and blisters.

Cheyenne Ávila

Self-Portrait as a Puddle

I'd like to believe I am more than
a shallow puddle, that I am an oasis
for the ants who drink from me.
But I've come to accept
that I live a fleeting, faceless life
waiting for some passerby to stop
and stare deep into me so I can see
the world through anyone's eyes.

Kip Knott

Blues

On the under-
side of this day
lies some
alternate. Instead
of winter
a mirror
in a well-lit
room. Surely
there are some girls
dancing. Legs. Lunch
later. Still I
grow less and less
accustomed
to the world.

Gabrielle Colangelo



tiny wren publishing
www.tinywrenlit.com

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ISSN 2770-7393

issue 3.1

Self-Portrait As

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Self-Portrait as Staircase

Still and underfoot,
ever between, I rise
and decline, preach
to last. Press your heel
against my heft. Lift
and surge forward, up
or down, I remain in
place. Believe in gravity,
in duality, in cause. I
never falter. Trust me.

Robert Okaji

Self-Portrait as Blue

I am blue as a gas fire –
flame cold and scalding
hibiscus thin nightwatch
in the outside air.
I swim agapanthus – lure
in the kingfishers, deep
river stabbing for cobalt
and teal. Blue as a gold
ring – iris round,
searching, borage blue
turning in midwinter
chill. Icicles turning my
walk into winter, blue as
electric and powdery sky.

Victoria Punch