

Mo Schoenfeld

Phoebe Kalid

Anne Dreyer

Aaron Sandberg

Intentions

(rain lashing down,
hail clicks against pane,
rapping fingernails
haunted by grim weather,
words that will not heal.

(I'd like to shrug off
the skin that loves you,
the skin that has felt
the dawn-warmth
of your breath.)

Holding On

The roses, coral,
opened, overnight.
Just last evening at dusk
the size of a newborn's
tightly clasped fist.

*Reaching Out to Tell an Ex
the Dog Passed*

Not to pass off grief.
Not to send sad news.
But because it was ours
at one time, in one place.
Some things did die after.
Some things were kept alive, too.

Candles

Light one more
and come to bed

It's time to rouse
the shadows.

Tonight let's dream
each other's dreams

and make the walls
wax lyrical.

upcoming tiny chaps

under fire under water
Vic Nogay

*

the war
Paxton Grey



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