



stable dreams

*after "Call it Fear" by Joy Harjo*

only in these closest corners are our  
selves truly nurtured, are our hearts—  
the old wounds that they are—  
gently palmed, cradled as a newborn, bloody  
with her mother's body, only the gas of stars  
too leaves such a trace. here is the smell of horses, the shine  
of their bellies, the home of their backs to lean on.

Natalie Korman

Blighted

*after "Get your cut throat off my knife" by Diane di Prima*

You see, what they don't get  
is that when your  
baby dies inside you, sometimes there is nothing to cut  
out. It's like a lump in your throat,  
not a thing you can scrape off.  
When I saw that hollow blackness inside my  
womb, I would have killed for the knife.

Sarah Harsh



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ISSN 2770-7393



Death Drive

*after "No Rain" by Blind Melon*

I am an open wound. My  
touch brings rot and life  
together. The thing is  
I never wanted to be pretty  
but I can't stand being plain.

Ly Faulk



Nearing Winter

*after "Funeral Blues" by W. H. Auden*

Tell the trees to stop  
their uncrowning. All  
I hear in the wind is the  
curlw, set to ticking clocks.

Leusa Loyd



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Words as Homing Pigeons Fly  
*after "Duplex" by Jericho Brown*  
 Take this feather-dream, a  
 shiny talisman, a poem  
 river-rippled, its axis  
 tilted, punctuated by a  
 breeze, apostrophes of clouds. Gesture  
 your soul's willingness to fly toward  
 magnetic north, to follow the stars home.  
 Merrill D. Smith

The Last Rite

*after "Having It out with Melancholy" by Jane Kenyon*

Gram would say that medication was for the unholy,  
 that true faith alone could drive out every ghost  
 and demon. She said it was you  
 who weighed faith, deciding when prayers are  
 pious enough, certain  
 to cure the tormented. She'd lean close to  
 press her crucifix to my brow, bidding peace to come,  
 though, like a thief in the night, it fled, never to return again.

A.R. Williams



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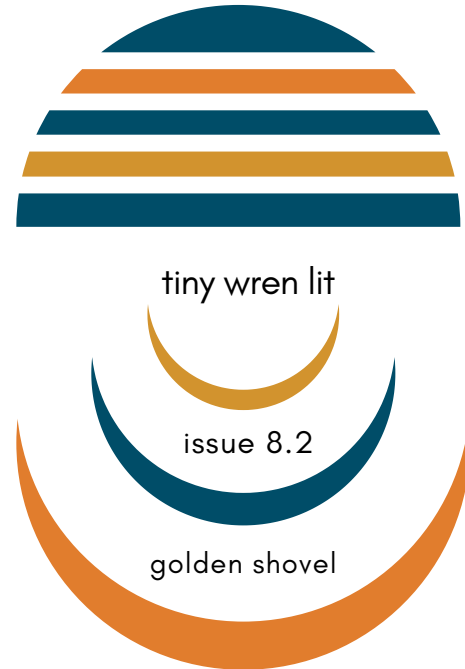
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Information

*after David Ignatow*

Once, walking past your house, I  
 remembered how we discovered  
 how there was more than one  
 way to connect a body or climb a tree  
 and hold onto the moment that  
 called to us - repeating - all is  
 within reach - all must be finite.  
 Carol Dorf



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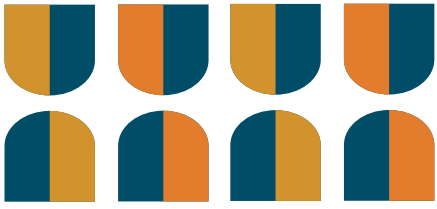
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Apparition  
*after "Marsh Languages" by Margaret  
 Atwood*

Make me writhe  
 and arch into the dark,  
 teeth grazing cloud-soft  
 sinking blunt languages  
 through my hip; I am bare  
 to you, a memory of being  
 warm while silenced.  
 Romy Morreo





She pulls her hair back and I  
 see a patch of gray cutting through like I dreamed  
 it would and I want to say you  
 are beautiful today like you were  
 fifty years ago, so much so a  
 lifetime is just this poem

Ian Parker

after "Twenty-One Love Poems" by Adrienne Rich

Ponytail Dream

### Every Falling

after "One Heart" by Li Young Lee

The last time we met here even  
 the wind was a poet, your hair flying  
 like tossed branches beneath steel clouds. This is  
 how heartbreak is born:  
 love is extracted out  
 of memory, longing out of  
 nothing



We apple to earth in every ending

after "A Sweetening All Around Me as it Falls" by Jane Hirschfield

October sun scented of new apples  
 picked at their peak. I thought love  
 was simply that black seed in earth,  
 had only one purpose—growing — and  
 only one end— falling.

CX Wang

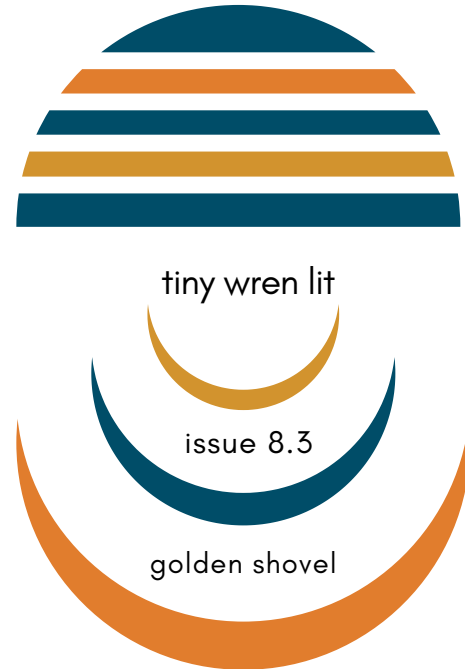


I  
 after "Aspiring Poet" by Dana Knott  
 The poem I wrote about what  
 I mean when I say "I"  
 was an attempt to create  
 something that lasts for always  
 even though everything dies.  
 Robert Buckley



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after "eve thinking" in "Two Poems"  
 by Lucille Clifton

dark comes early tonight  
 restless as  
 dried oak leaves, he  
 never sleeps  
 only paces the hall. I  
 know ghosts will  
 rattle & whisper  
 against the door into  
 our home. but I pull his  
 mouth  
 against mine as our  
 dead call out our names

Samhain

Cam McGlynn