

Invisible wind blows  
through the bedroom  
Where she's dying.  
The wallpaper peels.  
The candle gutters.  
Shadows slide past,  
dim wash of watercolor.  
Otherworld superimposed.  
Fragile reality  
paints our eyes but it  
peels away like paper.

Fragile Reality

True Love

People keep gifting us  
A myriad of little clichés  
On how terrible  
Life will now be.  
They are mistaken.  
It is quite wonderful.

Bottom Line

what matters is people  
how they enter the fold  
how they fit or feign  
how they exit and what  
they take, what they leave  
it's as simple as that

Escape

Feel the blood pulse  
in your legs when you  
first lie down. Turn off  
your electricity, unplug  
your machinery. Sink  
into the folds of sheets.  
Let it take you away.

An old man holds his collar  
as the wind blows  
through a shabby courtyard.  
Children yell  
on their way to school.  
Under a gray sky  
another war begins.

Morning

Self-Portrait as Blemish

Chores

Closing the Circle

Do not turn away. Stare  
at my impropriety and accept  
the facts exposed: the mixed,  
the blended, the unholy  
result of the extralegal  
conjoining. Look closer.  
Ask your question. I  
am the world inside  
the fermented egg, the tacit  
accusation. What you  
choose not to see.  
Feel my breath. Remember.

In order to do the dishes  
And fold the clothes  
Or plan dinner  
I must convince myself  
That the momentary fixes  
Are permanent  
To hope the mess of life  
Can be tamed  
And that  
Holding up a dam to chaos  
With both hands  
Is temporary  
And not the most constant  
State of living

There is a jar beneath  
the left side of the sink  
filled with eggshells  
and sea salt,  
ground with a foraged  
wave smoothed stone.

To the north,  
to the west,  
to the south,  
to the east,  
I bid you farewell.

Vines, in which she is the earth

nothing keeps your  
spine numb, cold  
nothing dissolves you  
like this dance, this  
turning you to foam  
to mist  
to drowned roots  
plant them deep and they  
will grow  
like  
vines.

Drowned, in which she is the sky

you were drowning  
when the sky found you,  
corrupted & hungry  
& breathing you like air,  
an aching moment  
for starved lungs,  
when you sink  
the sky crushes your shadow  
behind you.

hollowed-out greeting

feeding the hungry beast  
that can never be  
satisfied  
finally  
i recognise you

the empty room  
a speckled ghost  
in the mirror  
waving back

(...) do us part

Staircase

Ornate flooring and wooden steps  
Are valued on confidence alone  
And she walked with a heavy foot

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Oviparous Ominous

I gave birth  
to an egg  
that refused  
to incubate  
inside of

me,

hatching  
to reveal  
my mother

Don't Melt

Ice shard in cardboard  
Don't melt.

Sleep, the winds hiss.  
Go back to empty boxes.  
There was never a baby.  
Go back to sleep.

But the box is not empty.  
The wind tells lies.