

whiptail: journal of the single line poem

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Hectare's Herb, 2021, oil on canvas 60" x 72"

by **Shari Abramson**

fading into frame this deer quiet dawn

just inside the woods jasmine holding space

bamboo if forced to choose solitude

a hawthorn breeze panning for goldfinches

leaning over the ifs and whys of this birth i grow into a winter witch hazel

my many little deaths in as many little words without end

clouds two shades darker than the sky right now on a bus just a person

sob then finch the puddle

this long night's ambition after the milk spills our closeness

six spruces where astral rhymes are scent

moon

slipping

through

the

old

oak's

hold

of

dark

CONTRIBUTORS

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