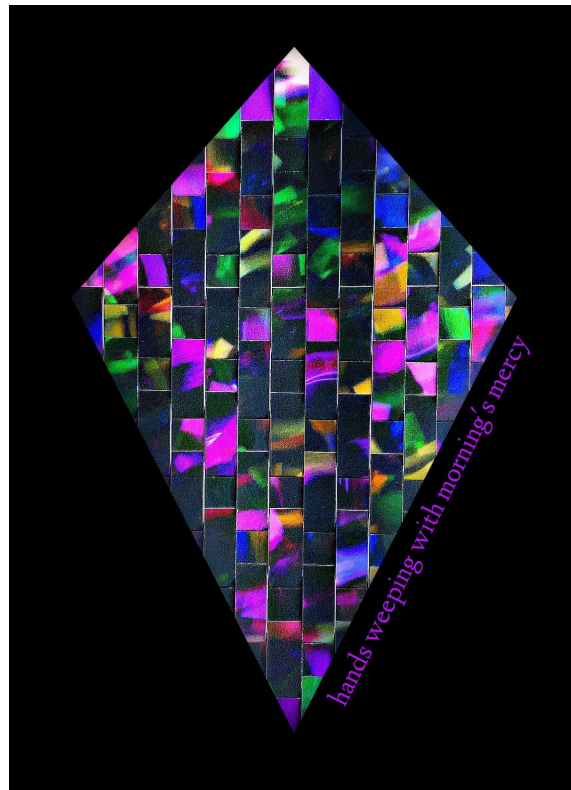


whiptail: journal of the single line poem

issue 7 · june 2023



hands weeping with morning's mercy

- Debbie Strange

sky gone hollow

random raindrops rhythmic wipers

- *Robbie Gamble, USA*

huddled in the infinitive anyone's guess

- *John Pappas, USA*

atrophied moss in the hollow of bone

- *Rowan Beckett, USA*

dove song slipping through this hole in my heart

- *Bryan Rickert, USA*

winter crows the sky gone hollow

- *Ann K Schwader, USA*

small brown bird before I can name it

- *Lorraine Haig, Australia*

marsh bog pickerel nipping the toes of the gods

- *Joseph P. Wechselberger, USA*

a splash of kingfisher colouring my composure

- *Nick T, England*

))) hUM ^^^ miNg bird ! >

- *Joseph P. Wechselberger, USA*

blue note scale

while(the clouds turn into rain)the lily blooms

- *Norma Bradley, USA*

on again off again a moth chasing moonlight

- *Rowan Beckett, USA*

all the stops on the way home honeycomb

- *Polona Oblak, Slovenia*

flat moon setting the table for just one

- *m shane pruet*, USA

blue note scale model of her heart

- *David McKee*, USA

half-past daffodil season this love affair nearly over

- *an mayou*, USA

cherry picking our first and last summer night together

- *Anthony Q. Rabang*, *The Philippines*

violets in the bed beside her black boots

- *M. R. Defibaugh, USA*

a garden chair rocking the sound of summer rain

- *Bernadette O'Reilly, Ireland*

butterscotch moon

policy change in my mouth a star explodes

- *Aidan Castle, USA*

a misunderstanding the length of the kitchen table

- *Donna Kaplan, USA*

parenthetically speaking this summer breeze

- *P. H. Fischer, Canada*

offshore fog disorienting the din of terns

- *Kristen Lindquist, USA*

butterscotch moon hopscotch mind escape plans

- *Tim Roberts, New Zealand*

the tangle of traumas witches' broom

- *Farah Ali, UK*

a conflagration of gulmohars the world's heat

- *Ruchita Madhok, India*

rain falling in a dead language

- *David McKee, USA*

before the morning after

before the morning after she knew

- *Margaret Walker, USA*

unbodied by being blue dahlias

- *John Pappas, USA*

whatever god it takes forsythia

- *Kristen Lindquist, USA*

leaving hospice a scatter of stars

- *P. H. Fischer, Canada*

the many surprises upon his death cactus bloom

- *Bruce H. Feingold, USA*

writing his eulogy which truth

- *Ellen Kom, Canada*

seeds for the sparrows in case you are one of them

- *Stefanie Bucifal, Germany*

lilacs verging on a memory

- *Kim Klugh, USA*

scaling the wind

cray
fish
ing
a
rice
ball
f
a
l
l
s
in
to
the
pond

- *Keiko Izawa, Japan*

i
the
snow
wolf's
mess
age
across
the
haze

- *Richa Sharma, India*

balancing
the
checkbook
backyard
cardinals!

- *Brad Bennett, USA*

ghost
nets
the
stillness
of
the
fish

- Engin Gülez, Turkey

song
bird
yond
be
ing
reach
hand
my
wind
the
ing
scal

- Chad Lee Robinson, USA

suite
for
lute
each
golden
strand
of
wheat

- Michael Nickels-Wisdom, USA

*ants
up
and
down
the
rope
no
longer
tied
to
the
dock*

- Randy Brooks, USA

wormwood stars

moth
to
moonflower
is
this
ambrosia
(s) in

- *Anette Chaney, USA*

reading
quiet
ly

to
your

self

a helix
of sulfur
butter
flies
as if
we were
never
here

- *Randy Brooks, USA*

your
quiet

self

- *Joseph Salvatore Aversano, Türkiye*

bell
weather
bloom
of
surging
sun
forsythia
yell-oh
a
rising

- *Cynthia Hendel, USA*

the
way
the clouds
cover
the
elongated
Sound
the
impression
in
the
bedsheets
after
you've
been
gone

- *ron scully, USA*

*bitter
pleasures
wormwood
stars
in
her
f
a
l
l*

- C.X. Turner, United Kingdom

not
dying
yet
pierced
through
saguaro
moon

- Deborah A. Bennett, USA

even after

maple
keys
a
koan
falling
upward

- Dan Schwerin, USA

b o
n e
o f
b r
e a
d r
o o
t o
p e
n s
u
p

bone of breadroot opens up

- Seth Copeland, USA

ros
ary
vines
an
eter
nity
of
stretch
ing
our
selves
thin

- Antoinette Cheung, Canada

my
religion

handed
out

tri
fold

ed
in

&
nigh

- *Joseph Salvatore Aversano, Türkiye*

gospel
within

gospel
without

live
oaks

- *Cherie Hunter Day, USA*

heaven
towards
rush
the
run
temple

- *Ganesh R., India*

cormo
rants
fish
ing
the
river
a
beard
ed
man
pulls
the
strings

- *Jo Balistreri, USA*

magnolias
dripping
even
after

a
day

a
day

- *Kati Mohr, Germany*

last
will
unravelling
my
double

helix

syllable

by

syllable

- *Antoinette Cheung, Canada*

syncope and collapse

tears
dripping
sap
where
the
branch
was
cut

- *Kerry J Heckman, USA*

depression
limbo
how
low
can
I
go

- *Susan Burch, USA*

old
growth
for
rest
gone
white

- *Michael Nickels-Wisdom, USA*

5/8
inch
socket
wrench
lockdown
metallic
nouns
crickets
ratchet
metric
nightshift

- *ron scully, USA*

snow
pack
layer
upon
layer
of
re
pressed
memories

- *Julie Bloss Kelsey, USA*

syncope
and
collapse
the
teetering
of
our
world

- *Bruce H. Feingold, USA*

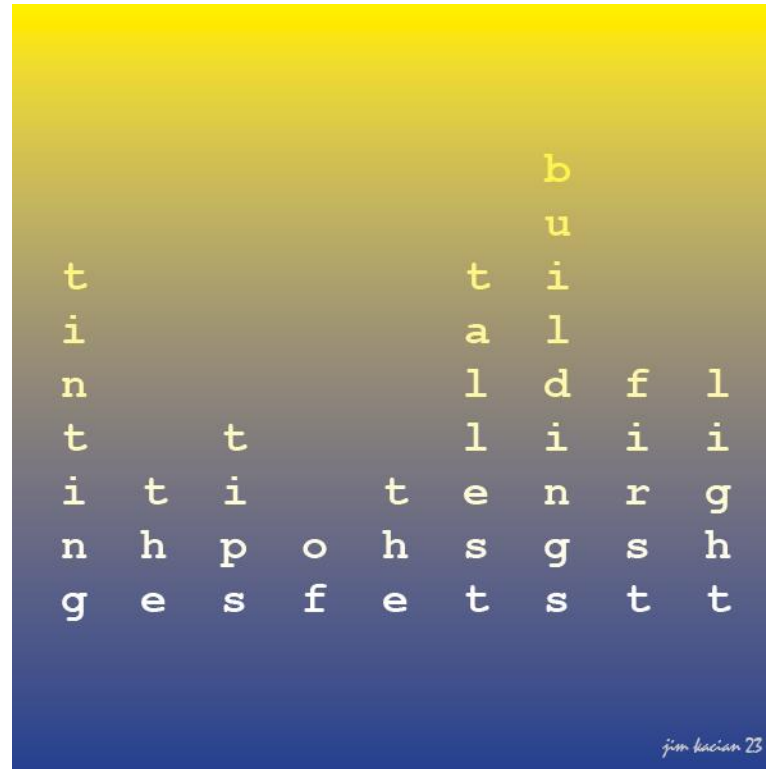
inch
by
inch
dates
up
cast
fore
the
snow
spring

- *Carly Siegel Thorp, USA*

tiger
lily
the
child
my
mother
can
no
longer
name

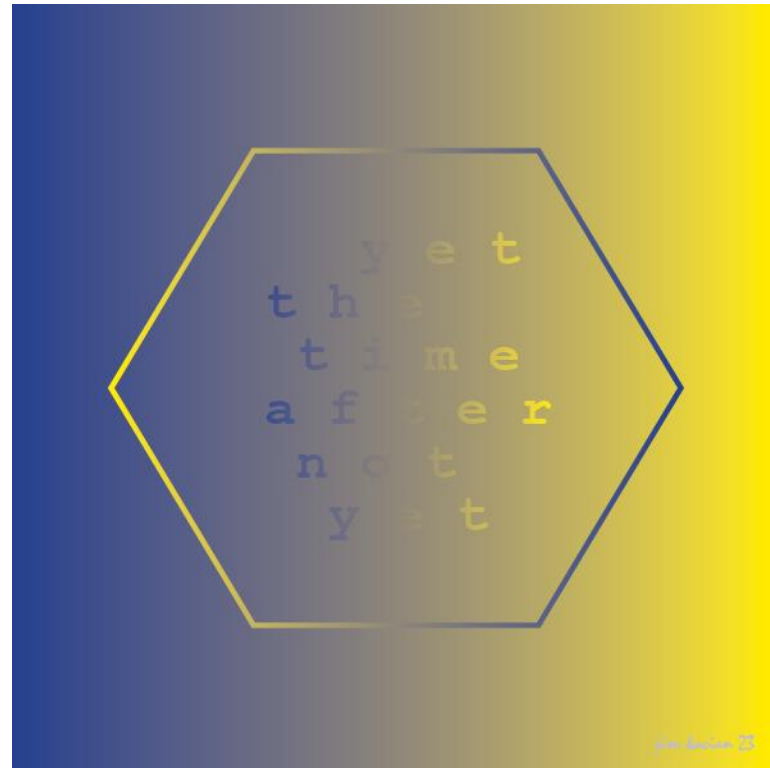
- *Anette Chaney, USA*

dreamshapes



tinting the tips of the tallest buildings first light

- *jim kacion, USA*



yet the time after not yet

- *jim kacion, USA*

she's come to prefer still pools to a mirror

skipping steps up and down cracked stone terraces

faraway home lies still beneath the old yew

every strand of moss an individual

a voice sharp latewinter cold unfamiliar

broken clouds augmented triad the wind shifts

berrysoaked hands trace dreamshapes on cavern walls

rose soft lips smear warm dew water salt parched skin

hold up your blue sky or return to the waves

- lolo elleri, USA

walk softly now through your unborn self's past life

hot spring canyon walls erode the ember dies
two kissed by red sand water just six years back
redwood grove parts of us reach up forever
bones bent by dull ploughshares and english longbows
half truth winter a fever you can't sweat out
seeking stale sunlight branches twisted in queer ways
cherry root moon and all the stars await us
diligent prayer the shape of her next self dreams

- lolo elleri, USA

soon just a speck

behind

in front of

behind

the doe

the fawn

behind in front of behind the doe the fawn

- *Mary Stevens, USA*

second

anniversary

no

birds

break

their

wings

in

my

chest

second anniversary no birds break their wings in my chest

- *Jessica Wright, United Kingdom*

soon just a speck in the blue balloon

soon just a speck in the blue balloon

- Christopher Peys, USA

Credits for section titles:

“sky gone hollow” - “winter crows” by Ann K Schwader

“blue note scale” - “blue note scale” by David McKee

“butterscotch moon” - “butterscotch moon” by Tim Roberts

“before the morning after” - “before the morning after” by Margaret Walker

“scaling the wind” - “scaling the wind” by Chad Lee Robinson

“wormwood stars” - “bitter pleasures” by C.X. Turner

“even after” - “magnolias dripping” by Kati Mohr

“syncope and collapse” - “syncope and collapse” by Bruce H. Feingold

“dreamscapes” - “she's come to prefer still pools to a mirror” by lolo elleri

“soon just a speck” - “soon just a speck” by Christopher Peys

Founding Editors:

Kat Lehmann

Robin Smith

Guest Co-Editor

Marcie Wessels

© 2023 *whiptail journal*
All Rights Reserved

Individual works are copyrighted by their respective authors.

