

whiptail: journal of the single line poem

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Orange Lizard

by Subhashini Chandramani

SPRING



birthing the world a single gull's belly

-Pris Campbell

dawn breaking a window into song

-Pippa Phillips

beeline to

-Chuck Brickley

Paleozoic strata converts an old corrupted disc to flowers

-Seth Copeland

frog inside the bamboo so tiny the moon

-Hla Yin Mon

curling into the bowl the shadow then the peel

-Joseph P. Wechselberger

the quiet between us when the chickadee lands

-Bruce H. Feingold

searching for my ikigai blue sky

-Alvin B. Cruz

the rainbow septet afternoon fade-out

-Alfred Booth

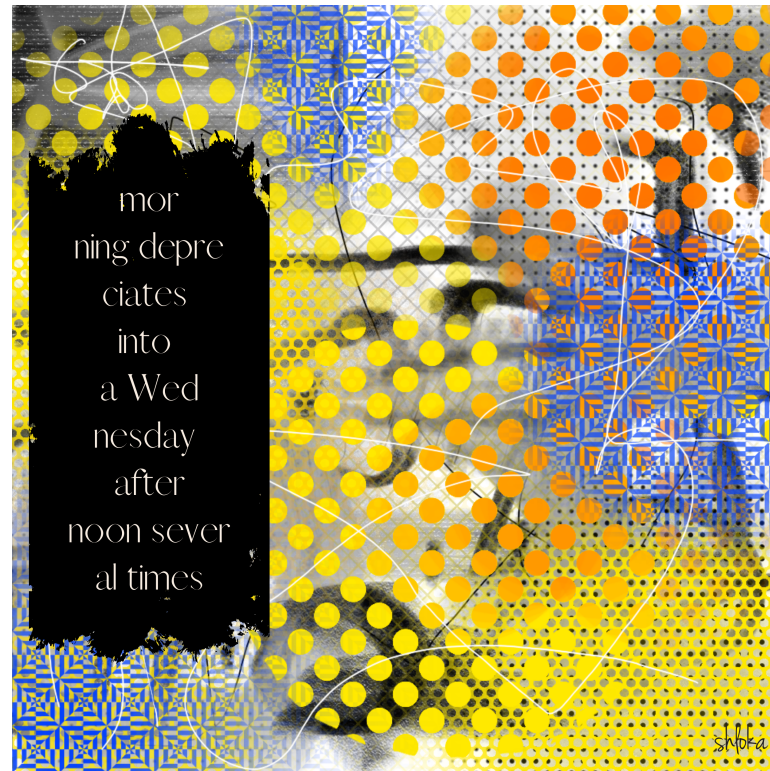
finding my inner axis the tilt of a blue bird's head

-R.D. Bailey

even though she left snowdrops

-our thomas

SUMMER



morning depreciates into a Wednesday afternoon several times

-*Shloka Shankar*

dive bar corner seat saved for the sparrow

-Kelly Sauvage

the blue swallows the blue swallows

-our thomas

day after day the cloud's fractal contour

-Jay Friedenber

the whole whorl in a shell

-Helen Ogden

gray but not as an otter would

-Kelly Sauvage

moonlit paddle across the lake coyotes

-Kristen Lindquist

Messier 92 elderberries

-Joshua St. Claire

in the grooves of the rhubarb morning dew

-Alan S. Bridges

every katydid thought katydid interrupted

-Jeff Hoagland

beyond our words a field

-P. H. Fischer

sunset the last starling murmurs its colour

-Marilyn Ward

AUTUMN



seven decades older than a day lily

-Sandi Pray

summer's over the end of the passing of summer's end of summer

-Scott Metz

autumn syntax scrawling clouds across the moon

-Genevieve Wynand

how the wind sighs every September song

-Beverly Acuff Momoi

autumn rain listening again to the Goldberg Variations

-Tim Murphy

clouds slide away on the lake swans

-Daniela Misso

a shadow sliding along the sidewalk catches its leaf

-Chuck Brickley

windswept clouds our thinking scud missiles

-Robert Witmer

cool lake a spoonerism of deeding fucks

-Susan Burch

umbra sumus there is no single word for blue

-Alan Summers

fading light on my feet autumn dusk

-Lisbeth Ho

autumn's last cranes trumpet vines into the southern sky

-m. shane pruett

WINTER



and then we disintegrated into humans

-Shloka Shankar

diseases you never heard of heard of you

-Ruth Holzer

for a short while renting my heartbeats

-Richa Sharma

sandwiched by twilight qualms :: i spill loneliness

-Kala Ramesh

winter dusk welcoming the cold into her heart

-Agus Maulana Sunjaya

all my past lives stripping wallpaper

-Bryan Rickert

a no halo sinners around no the saints moon

-Roland Packer

every atom in the coffin still spins

-Matt Dennison

north wine in my bones mulled wind

-Meg Arnot

the constant great gray cold of winter owl

-m. shane pruett

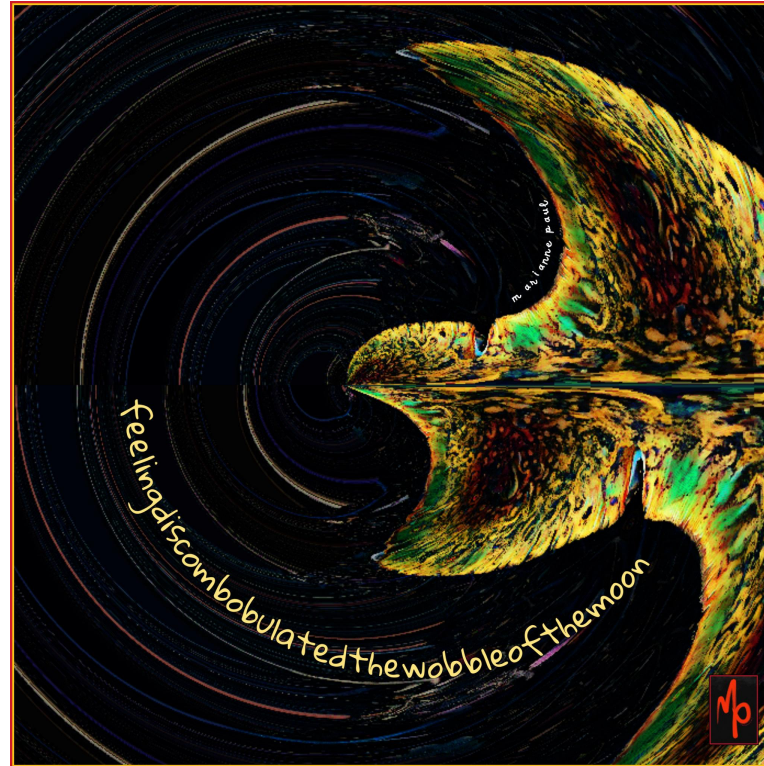
solstice passing around her now their dictionary complete

-Scott Metz

stillborn still born

-R.D. Bailey

TRANSITIONS



feeling discombobulated the wobble of the moon

-Marianne Paul

introaversion

-*Christopher Patchel*

wishbone we break up

-*Nicky Gutierrez*

stuck in bed another day moon

-*Rowan Beckett*

dust storm the more I try to see the less I see

-*Minal Sarosh*

over and over she calls herself unfit sometimes even the sky is dry

-Lakshmi Iyer

memories from cotton fields cloud tailing cloud

-Adjei Agyei-Baah

so long the song of sea lions that shuttered Cliff House where we kissed

-Pris Campbell

overnight train dreaming again in an unknown language

-Bob Lucky

everywhere on the road already there

-Tom Clausen

who cares about the past moonrise

-Tim Gardiner

SEQUENCES

Cotton Candy Clouds

at the peak once virgin forest
good night moon trails beyond the sea
3:23 am before the birds sing forgotten lyrics
porch ceiling haint blue spirits rise
faded feedsack aprons pockets of love

-Margaret Walker

when the angle of his oar was just right

first blush scents the blossoms tap the birds wakes the sleepers relay race

those small moments in the midst of what's burning

drop by measured drop the drip drip drip transforming

morphine and life going to death

widely awake in the wrong season

my head bends to one small child her hands of red leaves

holly wreathes the window's chocolate covered cherries

-Jo Balistreri

Cephalophore

beyond my reflection a headless mannequin

walking from Montmartre to St Denis

All Hallows' a knife and a pumpkin under each arm

following the trails of decollate snails

all the calories are here, she says, blowing o the foam

from a pint, reflecting on the volume of a skull

-Charles Trumbull & Lew Watts

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