

lost

my dog
disappeared
this morning,
outside in the rain.
she reeked of musk
and confederate jasmine
upon her return,
but i hugged her
smelly, old body,
and told her
i was glad
she came back home
and that i would be
lost without her.

mutual understanding

the blood
is tucked away,

in slits of tragedies,
where peace cannot exist.

insanity,
bound to chains,

taking every skeleton-bone
for hostage,

until the well
runs totally dry.

no song, yet

silence
is the limb of a tree,
hanging on
to the memory
of the bird, and her
long-forgotten song,
leaf-word
in the making,
emergent echo,
in somber void of flight.



Eliana Vanessa is originally from Buenos Aires, Argentina and moved to New Orleans, Louisiana at a young age. Her poems have been selected for display via a community project called St Tammany Poetry on the Streets, and she recently participated in the Jane Austen Festival (2017 and 2018) as part of a panel of other selected poets. Eliana

attends several writing groups, including Poets Alive, Bayou Writers and Into The Woods in Mandeville, Louisiana.



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