

Two Poems by Lana Bella

Summer of 1969

She chopped onion as eggs
fried in the pan,
kerosene lamp lit gold on
the kitchen table,
pinned hair garnished
with wine barrette,
sweat chatted through from
hairline to chin,
easy smiles festered beneath
a quiet demeanor of one
who knew how to keep
to her own counsel
in this seizing fever that
scaled from homestead to sky--

summer gutted the air
and tore into the late harvest,
bristling the earth's down,
yet, she'd come to love
how the long neck
of this old house took on
the color of the gushing moon,
with tiny wings of myrrh
and rural critters beat
themselves against
the aged hemlock walls,
armored black and jiggling
toward the glass bay's open arcs,
where her head was poised

over the hot stove, soft hum moved
through grease-scented fingers,
flouting the air it muscled across.

The Purged Liqueur Collects Your Trembling

The purged liqueur collects
your trembling, excess is shown
a quarter way down. Maybe
this duty of liquid puddling is
just a gesture of hanging on
to coarse thread of rapture brain-
box, confident you'd already
collapsed miles and miles away
before concession sets in.
Blessing is the cold pane which
affronts to everything steady,
you are a mouth of ebbing thirst,
tacked to the length of raw
December moon; a plight of old,
crude master's hand in despond.

A three-time Pushcart Prize nominee, **Lana Bella** is an author of three chapbooks, *Under My Dark* (Crisis Chronicles Press, 2016), *Adagio* (Finishing Line Press, 2016), and *Dear Suki: Letters* (Platypus 2412 Mini Chapbook Series, 2016), has had poetry and fiction featured with over 370 journals, *The Acentos Review*, *California Quarterly*, *Expound*, *Grey Sparrow*, *Notre Dame Review*, *Otoliths*, *Poetry Salzburg Review*, *San Pedro River Review*, *The Ilanot Review*, *Vayavya*, *Waccamaw*, and *Westwind*, among others. She resides in the US and the coastal town of Nha Trang, Vietnam, where she is a mom of two far-too-clever-frolicsome imps.

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