

## Jonel Abellanosa

### Pond

Light clears its center.  
Moss of decades, cracks  
on concrete like lightning.

Blade holding a dragonfly,  
wings like stained glass windows  
of the church I abandoned.

I've been returning,  
heartbeats audible. The swamp  
reflects, birdsong a lost lyric.

Water pulls my gaze.  
I see the starapple tree rippled,  
willing the ripened fruit to fall.

I long to see the frog  
I call Illusion, absence greater  
than my desire to remain.

**Jonel Abellanosa** lives in Cebu City, the Philippines. He is a nature lover, an environmental advocate, and loves all animals particularly dogs. His poetry and fiction have appeared in hundreds of literary journals and anthologies, including *Muddy River Poetry Review*, *Windhover*, *The Lyric*, *Loch Raven Review*, *Rigorous*, *Thin Air* and *The Anglican Theological Review*. His poetry collections include *Songs from My Mind's Tree* and *Multiverse* (Clare Songbirds Publishing House), *50 Acrostic Poems*, (Cyberwit, India), *In the Donald's Time* (Poetic Justice Books and Art), and his speculative poetry collection, *Pan's Saxophone* (Weasel Press). He loves to self-study the sciences.