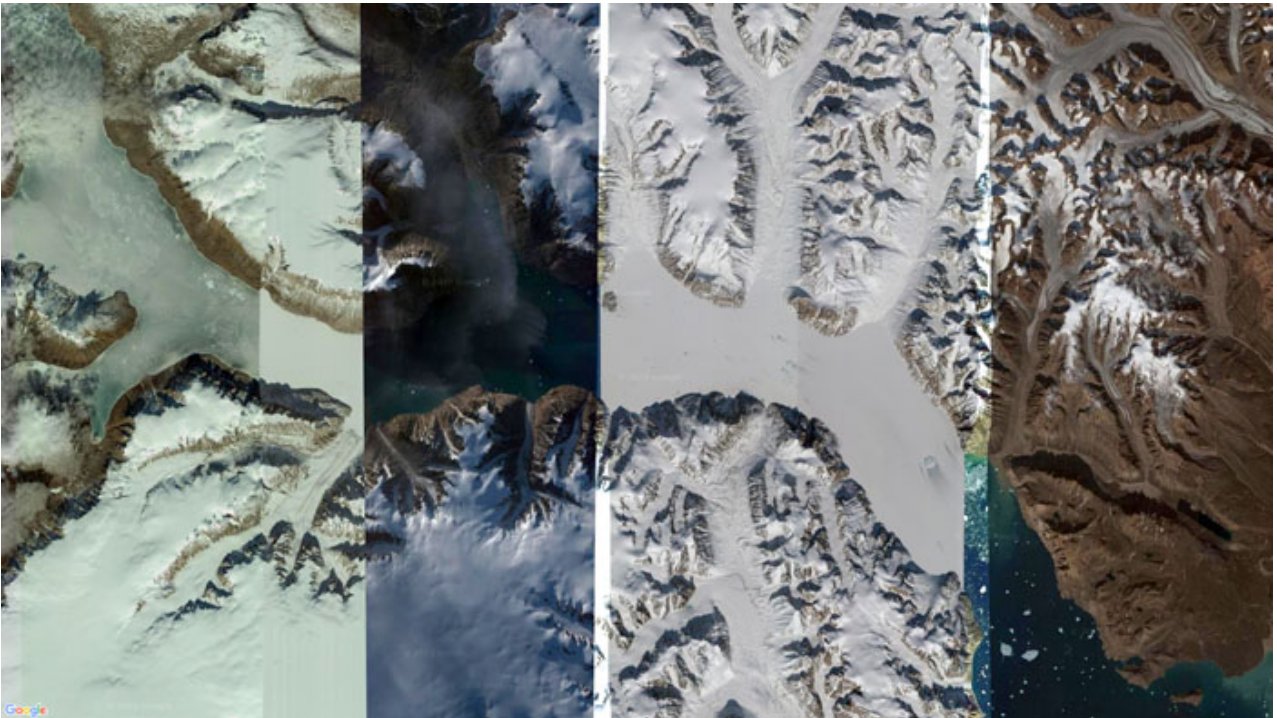


POETRY

# Pangea

by Timea Pap



"This belongs to everyone, so enjoy the view" by Aurelie Crisetig

Uncovered tapes of  
(what they believe to be) Frida's voice.  
Soulful, stirring, wide open —  
the quiet chaos of the ocean.  
I don't care about Rivera's affairs, nor does she.  
Two things I can't lose:  
what was never mine and what belongs to me.  
Storm clouds announced over the PA warn of rupture.  
In the haze of thirty-thousand, I know I am to you  
a blurred outline on a storefront window,  
a flown-over island  
never landed upon.  
It's all pangea.