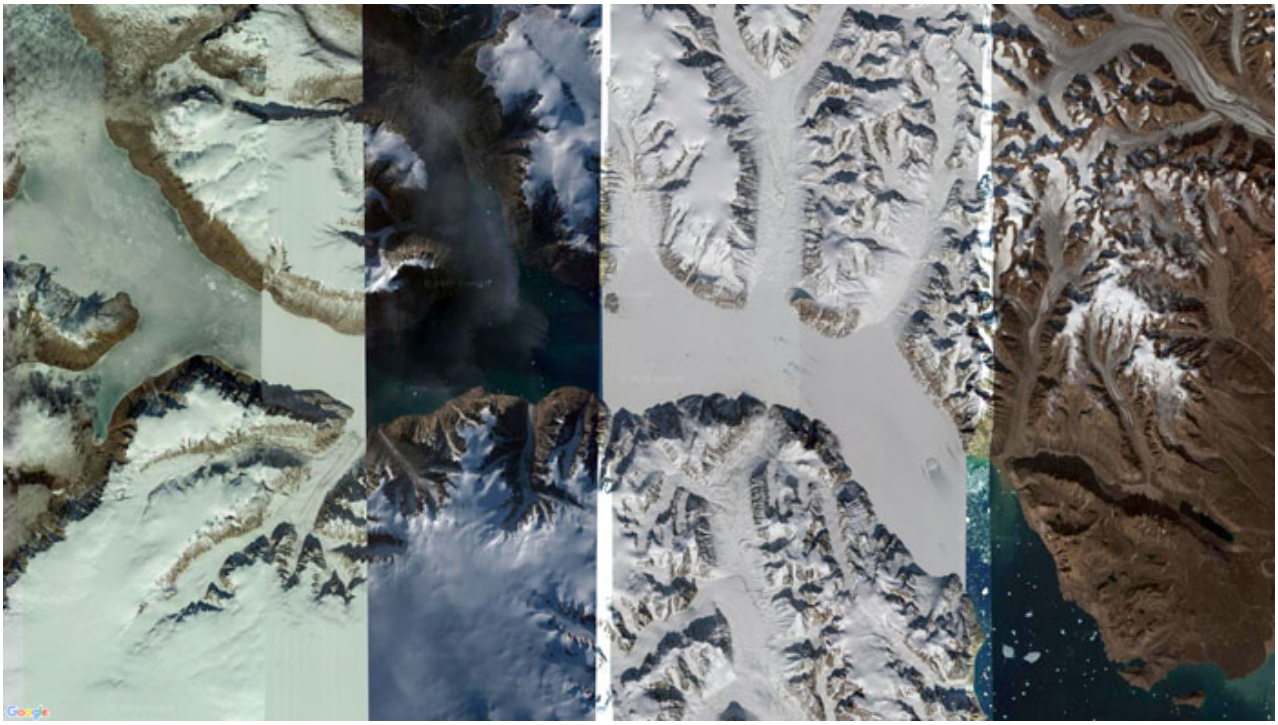
POETRY

Pangea

by Timea Pap



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

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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.

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