

# Pangea

## Someone Still Loves You Boris Yeltsin

Closed off, we wake from the dusk only to step  
out into open air, just to see the same clouds  
opening. If this is a region people dream of,  
insomnia is the only cure- the only antidote.  
You've been deceived into thinking this is the  
perfect life. It's an illusion to your perception.  
You've been deceived. I wish time was still  
ancient so I could bridge the gap between  
here, between there, between you and I.  
Frustration is setting in. I am seeing red. This

    blessing is a curse. Counting all the things  
    that I took for granted. Counting down the  
days. Watching the clock as it just stands still  
to just sail away. Waiting for the morning that  
takes me home, to take me home. All of this  
is worth every penny- every cent. I would give  
back everything just to be back home. This is  
a bittersweet dream I've dreamt. Oh Pangaea,  
where have you gone? I'm at all four corners  
of this world. Oh Pangaea, what have you  
done?

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