Pangea

Replife

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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