

# **Pangaea :: Home**

*It didn't happen*

*all at once.*

*Silver sobriety chips*

*were left like breadcrumbs,*

*stuck to tavern walls.*

*Even the clouds have*

*a gray lining like dirty*

*cotton, and we've learned that*

*there is no drifting,*

*but only, maybe, the quiet*

*shifting of plates.*

*And with all the earth*

*beneath my feet, I still*

*can't walk away from you.*

**Heather Lang**