

PANGAEA

If I rise up over
the years like a gull
there is its familiar beauty—
our topography: the inviting lake
and reliable perch, the path's widening
for the three of us, its pine floor,
angelic deer. No telling
how many of the next thirty
years each of us will pocket, nor their
intersection or pace, but I'll kindly watch
I won't for the surprise of our meeting again,
disturb the wide clearings of our boy
the cairn allowing us both room enough
or broken in his sight.
stick of certain days
nor load them on my back to weigh me
down. Instead, I'll chance circling back,
in recognition or repair, to welcome
their direction and design—
and the medicine they
may conjure or require—

almost believing it
never to have been
one land
at all.