

lonely island

once i was a supercontinent.
i was the Pangaea.
once there existed 148 million square kilometers of me.
i was whole, complete.
put together.

i was not like this.
this mess.
these million puzzle pieces spread out in all corners,
depths and heights of the world.
millions of pieces that time and space and history
molded and shaped differently.
millions of pieces that are homeless, faithless,
houseless, joyless, everything-less.
there is no memory in those fractions of me.
they no longer remember where they came from or
how they ended up where they are.
they no longer remember their creator, their artist,
their origin.
the pieces don't even fit with each other anymore.
all they have left is a sense of what once was,
what used to be that for some strange reason no longer is.

once i was a supercontinent.
i housed all life on Earth.
i saw and felt and heard all the secrets of the wind,
all the love from the birds' songs
and the peace of the trees' leaves.
once i knew every river, forest, swamp, field, tundra,
desert and city within me.
and they were bound to me and time.
and this miraculous Pangaea.

earthquakes, tsunamis, hurricanes, tornados, continental rifting.
the rivers, the cities, the lands, the mountains within me

began to turn against each other.
they would kill, betray, sacrifice, ignore and
forget each other, as if they were no longer
bound to the same creator, the same blood
and bones and skin and truth.
they didn't like or trust each other anymore.

continental rifting,
internal heat increases,
convection currents,
splitting up.
a break-up.
a civil war.
a coup d'état.
the Pangaea no longer was.

i drifted in time and space and land
and the ocean.
my soul's pieces hiked the Mount Everest,
travelled to the Moon and found Atlantis
in the bottom of the ocean.
they hid and lost contact with each other.
they became a part of the earth surrounding them,
and they forgot that once it was the Earth that had been a part of them.

lonely island.

my self split into fractions.
i feel lost, torn apart, spread out.
i feel like i am on the middle of the ocean,
both an island and a cast away.
forgotten. alone. confused.
full of a treasure no one else can find,
full of a life no one else can see.

lonely island.
i am what's left of the Pangaea.
i am the only thing left that can remember all that happened,

all that used to be and all that i was.
i used to smile and sing and dance and live as if i knew
every single part of me and who i really was inside.
i used to be a whole. now i am a hole.
in time. in space. in memory.
i am a fraction of the miracle i used to be.
this isolated piece of land is nothing.
i am nothing.

how can you say that i am more beautiful now than when you met me?

i used to be a supercontinent.
now i am trying to put together all the fractions of me,
all the lonely islands spread across the world.
i am trying to make sense of who i am now,
of who i want to be and who i no longer can be.
i am trying to reshape my soul's pieces to fit back
into me, to make me whole again, complete.
i am trying to reach out to you but
kilometers and kilometers of water and air and time keep me from you.
i am trying to be myself again.

can you help me?

i have no magnets to attract the puzzle pieces,
no metal detector to discover my buried identities,
no magical powers to bring back the dead,
no orphanage to care for my lost souls,
and no time-travelling machine to stop the Continental Shift.

i used to be a supercontinent.
the Pangaea. the world.

now i am just a puzzle piece,
one very lonely island.

a girl.

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