

OH, PENNSYLVANIA & SWEET PANGAEA

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i. OH, PENNSYLVANIA

if i could, i'd write us a story where we escape. instead of the sorrow, the open road; virginia, the carolinas, florida. cross to oregon. we feed our half-eaten sandwiches to cats on the roadside and sleep curled together, carabiners attached at the hip. we split fries and milkshakes and everyone assumes we're in love. maybe we are, in a way that's extremely difficult to describe. we buy new old clothes and then tire of them and buy more and give the old new old clothes to the woman at the corner store.

in this world, money grows like mold, and we find benjamins tucked beneath the soles of our shoes. there is a handgun in the glove compartment reserved for gas station creeps who comment on your tramp stamp. we never use it. the bumper sticker reading WE KILL MOTHERFUCKERS scares them off. we fall in love with women who write the rock songs we blast on the interstate.

we get to oregon and go to washington and on to canada. the land never ends. we ride. we don't speak. the backseat is full of giant jeans and stray cats. there is no such thing as heartbreak. we are 100% whole 100% of the time. together we are 200%.

but you'd miss your family and i'd miss mine and you'd miss mine and i'd miss yours. we are states away. we can't drive. dreams don't come true.

i love you. i'm sorry that hearts break. i'm sorry i can't write us out of this. you know damn well that i would. i'd write a one-lane highway just for us.

ii. SWEET PANGAEA

i miss you like south america misses africa misses asia misses north america misses europe, continents that used to rub elbows and now can't get a glimpse of one another. no, i can't see you, but i hear you, i do. from your lips to earth's core to my ears. i miss you, california, where the bad men come for mothers and daughters and her daughter, too. you are as good as can be and i thank the seas for second chances, for the return, the opportunity to try again.

the plates are moving back together; the land will return to itself, hold itself once more, the way we hold each other on the corner, rib to rib. whoever invented goodbyes

i am sorry for my mistakes. i am sorry that i cannot be your obelisk and stand forever. rome fell.
so did ozymandias. i am a colossal Wreck but i am reaching across seas for you and i am so
grateful for the return and the return and the return and the return. soon enough, we will rub
elbows and knock knees.

patience, pangaea, can be our shrine.

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