

The Bus Station

Dead of night,
December night.
Darkness swallows day,
snow imminent.
My uncle came north
for the funeral.
My fragile uncle,
who did seven years in Angola.
His hands shake,
eyes always staring,
fragile sobriety,
hunched in a too-light jacket.
The shock of the cold,
the shock of memory,
staying in that old house,
where poverty and abuse
haunt every corner.
He barely makes it a day
before he calls.
It's after midnight
when we pick him up
and drive him
to the bus station.
He hugs us all tightly.
The snow comes,
the season
of final goodbyes.

The Eighth Kind

Every day, I awaken to blue
and think, *This isn't my habitat.*
I crave foreign skies, farther horizons,
other luminosities: Martian mustard,
Venusian marmalade. I long for
unknown destinations and unknown
constellations by which to steer,
for other myths to recite.

I am the marooned, bug-eyed,
gray-fleshed. I have the extendable neck
and glowstick fingertips.
I have forgotten my mission, if I ever knew it.
I have lost the signals to dial me back
to others of my kind.

I sit under your single moon

with my odds and ends, with
rotary phones and umbrellas,
trying to remember just who it is
I call out for.

Bowie

White is not a color.
We call it blankness,
but in truth, it's all.
You made it yours.
In your absence
you become everything.
Wasn't your beauty like
the falling snow?
I capture it in my palm and feel
its momentary sting,
or like the stars,
fueled by brilliance
for eons after death.
We could never warm ourselves by them.
We could only find direction
and wonder.



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The Pangolin Review; Issue 8. January 8. 2019

