

## Crocus

Cloud inside my head,  
more worrying by the week.  
Odd rain drops out of the grey,  
makes the going Anxious.  
Add the usual detours  
and you can lose direction.  
Maps are in there somewhere  
but cloud/blur/low visibility/panic!  
Perhaps, if I do make it home  
I should stay there, embrace cloud  
till it dissipates or finds its way  
back out or draws me into itself.  
That may be where my childhood  
dog waits for her silly pup  
to find its way home.



*Originally from Saskatchewan, **Allan Lake** has lived in Vancouver, Cape Breton Island, Ibiza, Tasmania and, for now, Melbourne. Collection: Sand in the Sole (2014). Allan won Lost Tower Publications (UK) Poetry Comp 2017 and Melbourne Spoken Word Poetry Festival Comp 2018. Besides Australia, he has been published in Canada, UK, USA, Mauritius, India, West Indies, Italy and Nigeria.*

~ \*♦\*❁\*♦\* ~

**The Pangolin Review, Issue 14 (8 January, 2020)**