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In Cold Bronze

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In Cold Bronze

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Author Bio

Kathleen Flynn is a sophomore English major with a Writing Concentration. For the past two years, she has been involved in The Mercury and the Campus Activities Board. Currently, she's also started writing for The Gettysburgian and working for the Writing Center. When she gets tired of reading papers or workshopping, Kathleen enjoys reading everything from Richard Bunyan to Sabrina Jeffries. As a native New Yorker, she will someday return to the Empire State and live in a tiny apartment with a great view of Manhattan.

In Cold Bronze

I.

He is a modern day *Thinker*,
 A clothed version of Rodin's masterpiece.
 His visage gives no indication
 Of deep inner thought;
 He sits, spine ram-rod straight,
 Observing the scene before him:
 People dodging raindrops
 And whatever else they're rushing
 To escape.

Who can help but be amused by
 Puddles devouring sidewalks,
 Creating small seas with
 No Moses to split them with his umbrella?

The soft summer rain runs
 Down his face,
 Trickling like tears from his open eyes,
 Caressing his sealed lips,
 Leaving behind a metallic aftertaste.
 His arms are frozen before him,
 Clutching waterproof paper and pen,
 Unable to wipe the moisture from his face.

He is an observer of life
 For eternity.
 His pen never records
 The thoughts that must be encased
 Exist behind his impenetrable mask.

II.

*I wonder what I have done
 To enter this circle of Hell,
 This Judecca
 Where I'm in a perpetual pose,
 My limbs locked together for all time,
 My eyes turned away from the light At the end of the path
 And the break in the clouds.
 Like Tantalus in his hell,
 I am tormented by*

Paradise that is
Forever out of my reach.

The world rushes before me;
Even the dead leaves have movement
Which is denied to me.
How I envy the living,
The dying,
And those who simply exist.
I thirst for what I can't have,
Long for what will never be mine.
I am trapped by my own will.

I watch as the driven, single-minded
Stalk before me,
Drawn like moths to flame.
They disappear before me,
Swallowed whole by the light
That rejects my metallic bulk.