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Funereal

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Alexandra is a current junior at Gettysburg College. This is her first time submitting work to The Mercury.

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Alexandra Casella

They don’t tell you that graveyards feel like home,
how the only time you’ll get a monument to your name is when you die
because your words are hysterical and your scars will fade,
and they won’t believe you until it’s etched in stone.

They don’t tell you that when you’ve decided to dig a hole six feet deep,
you’ll feel like you’re already at five and a half.
How you just have to scrape out the last six inches
with bleeding hands,
clawing your way to apparent victory.

They don’t tell you that you spend most of your days
just sitting in the hole, that instead of digging
you play in the dirt
building castles,
thinking of a time when feeling low was just an idiom.

They don’t mention how you build a little home
out of dirt walls five feet deep;
how you spend your nights staring at the stars
because you have nothing better to do
than to dream of the heroes etched into the sky,
wishing simultaneously that you could become one of them
and that you were strong enough to climb out of the hole
to meet them on flat ground.