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Harvest

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Harvest

Author Bio

Victoria Blaisdell is a senior Economics major and Writing minor from Mechanicsburg, PA. She has worked on The Mercury as a part of the Production Staff all four years here at Gettysburg and is excited to have two poems published in this year's edition. She is still unsure as to her post-grad plans, but a few things you can be sure of: she will be drinking plenty of coffee, reading lots of poetry, and traveling every chance she gets.

Harvest

We wore stained shorts and ate fresh-picked nectarines,
juice dripping on our knees, porch swing creaking
under the weight of three. A swell of heat

gave way to sheets of rain, hitting the tin roof
with a sound like marbles on glass. We bared our shoulders
to the cool breeze and let the sunny haze of late afternoon

fool us into believing that this summer of thunderstorms,
cleansing in its chaos, would be unending. Though at one time
a child who cowered at the sight of lightning,

I pretended to trust as you lowered the rope, slick with rain,
and taught me to grip with tight fists and run
and jump and curve my bare feet around the knot,

and let the rope swing like an out-of-sync pendulum.
Palms stinging, I shrieked as you pushed me skywards
with hands to my waist, back and forth,

back and forth. Shivering from the wet, I slipped
and slid into the mud, and you lent me your sweater,
all warmth, frayed cuffs pooling around my small wrists.

Dizzy and laughing, we limped back to the porch,
and one woman said, *You just adore him, don't you?*
Out of earshot, you scooped up a handful of blueberries

as I rolled an apple, back and forth, across my lap.
And the rain kept falling, tripping over leaves, watering
the overabundant cucumber patch in the backyard—

the harvest that year so plentiful, we all knew it wouldn't last.