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Small Thought

Vera Ekhatov
Gettysburg College, ekhave01@gettysburg.edu
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Author Bio

Vera Ekhatov '19 is an English major. She says, "How would I describe my life? By breaking it up into tiny pieces. A few of these pieces are included in this magazine (thank you to the editors/staff). I'd like to thank the following amazing professors: Professor Mulligan (for helping me find my voice), Professor Melton (for teaching me the importance of a voice), Professor Kempf (for helping me overcome my hatred of poetry), Professor Portmess (for opening my eyes to the wonderful complexity of language), and Professor Williams (for showing me how to capture the world through a camera lens)."

Small Thought

Begin reading. Hear
 it?
 So can I—

the voice

in your mind. Can you imagine...
 a tree, any tree ?
 What do you see?
 My tree's an evergreen
 which reminds me
 of Christmas:
 how air that is crisp
 smells subtly distinct or
 sitting in the parlor breathing in, stiff,
 whiffs of waxed cinnamon but only when
 I ran out of held oxygen.
 The scent of those candles always lingered. Why,
 I'd say because it was nostalgic or
 just tragically too thick to lift during the yearly intermediate
 but you remember this,
 yes?
 ...
 I do.
 ...
 You don't have to lie.
 We can discuss something else,
 anything but politics or religion.
 Though, I broke that rule when I mentioned X-
 mas but see, I've fixed it:
 "X"
 marks the spot where the Word was hidden.
 Hm, I feel like I've been doing all the talking...
 just let me know when you're ready to. Button—
 I found one the other day on the floor,
 some people collect them. Some people collect coins.
 I've told you about the time I found a buffalo nickel,
 no...?
 Well, it happened during recess in the second grade.
 Those days are so far away,
 yeah?
 ...
 They are.
 ...
 You don't say much, but I can
 tell you think a lot which is fine. Sometimes,

The Mercury

it takes something completely ordinary
to make me feel extraordinary—like this
conversation
is the longest discussion I've ever had
without being interrupted. It's tempting to
go back and time it. You know, it is
nice when someone's not only listening but thinking
about what I'm saying. Even if it's only
for the duration of this poem. As a token
of my appreciation,
I'll let you go. A head now
listens. After all,
it's only fair if I give you a chance
to lead this time. Tell me,
...

what do you think?