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# Wake

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# Wake

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**Author Bio**

Victoria Blaisdell is a first-year student from Mechanicsburg, PA, who plans to major in Economics. She is honored that her poetry is allowed to grace the pages of this year's Mercury. When not writing, she enjoys eating dark chocolate, discovering new music, and fantasizing about travelling the world.

# Wake

Victoria Blaisdell

We dance amid glass sculptures  
hoping one will smash  
great shards of shattered expectations  
strewn across the floor.

Tread cautiously, my almost darling,  
take the lead and place each step  
along the patterned paths that lead  
from you to me  
from land to sea.

Be the shore that pulls me home  
the ebb and flow of souls that roam  
and drift toward one another  
even though the days pull us apart.

But no,  
we walk on hallowed ground  
and fear the flame too much  
to let ourselves get lost in movement or  
the rhythm of our touch and go.

You go  
and I am left, bereft,  
a solitary figure  
wanting only to be found  
to face these faceless mannequins  
these statutory crystal figurines  
with someone solid by my side.

We stride with unmatched steps  
and unsaid words,  
you sing a stilted melody  
I try to harmonize, off-key,  
one note is out of place, too high  
and suddenly, the world is fragments  
geometry of broken glass  
each statue bursts and burdens spill

laid bare for all the world to see.  
And wouldn't that be lovely, dear?  
No more closed eyes or false pretense  
acknowledging our unloved faults  
the scars we hide within our crumpled forms  
the scars we've pressed upon each other's skin  
fragility of flesh and bone  
we think we know the others' sin  
but deep within, it lurks.

We are not glass sculptures. We are  
opaque, a dented flesh, deflecting all  
the world's approaches. Life  
encroaches  
trying to beat back our pushes,  
pulls at what we most desire,  
futile grasps at lovely dreams  
that wither with the waking.

Wake, and all the world will fade,  
spun upside down and weaved with wanderlust.  
We wonder whether  
if the world were different,  
I could shed this skin of restlessness,  
and, broken, rest within.