



THE MERCURY

THE STUDENT ART & LITERARY MAGAZINE OF GETTYSBURG COLLEGE

Year 2014

Article 27

5-2-2014

Wake

Victoria A. Blaisdell

Gettysburg College, blaivi01@gettysburg.edu

Class of 2017

Follow this and additional works at: <https://cupola.gettysburg.edu/mercury>

 Part of the [Poetry Commons](#)

Share feedback about the accessibility of this item.

Blaisdell, Victoria A. (2014) "Wake," *The Mercury*: Year 2014, Article 27.

Available at: <https://cupola.gettysburg.edu/mercury/vol2014/iss1/27>

This open access poetry is brought to you by The Cupola: Scholarship at Gettysburg College. It has been accepted for inclusion by an authorized administrator of The Cupola. For more information, please contact cupola@gettysburg.edu.

Wake

Keywords

creative writing, poetry

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.