

# The Mercury

## The Student Art & Literary Magazine of Gettysburg College

---

Year 2014

Article 17

---

5-2-2014

## Italy

Taylor L. Andrews  
Gettysburg College, Taylorlee63093@gmail.com  
Class of 2015

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

 Part of the [Poetry Commons](#)

**Share feedback about the accessibility of this item.**

---

Andrews, Taylor L. (2014) "Italy," *The Mercury*: Year 2014, Article 17.  
Available at: <http://cupola.gettysburg.edu/mercury/vol2014/iss1/17>

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](mailto:cupola@gettysburg.edu).

---

# Italy

**Keywords**

creative writing, poetry, Italy

**Author Bio**

Taylor Andrews is a junior, English with a Writing Concentration and Studio Art double major. Participates in Shots in the Dark Improv and is Co-president of Live Poets' Society. She is deeply indebted to her generous and patient family and friends.

# Italy

Taylor Andrews

Coming here was like  
falling asleep in December and  
waking up in June, stunned by the  
hue of the sky but  
forgetting your snow-born bones  
sweat and slip when soaked  
in so much sun.

You are soluble in light, and  
you, shadow child, dissolve  
like a teaspoon of sugar,  
sweet and nothing.

You speak a language that  
tastes like fruit and cream  
and feels like breathing  
underwater, each day acting out  
your most pervasive childhood dream-  
facing a world full of darkness  
unable to scream.

You become a bundle of  
misunderstanding, blank-  
non capisco non capisco non  
capisco non capisco  
non capisco  
no.

You learn to say  
si with a sweet little smile,  
since it doesn't matter if you  
understand, your  
frenetic, thrashing mind  
will stand the silence,  
and you will leak your  
words like a slow-bleeding  
animal dragging a gnawed-off  
leg through the brush.  
Florence was a dream or

a movie scene  
and you weren't really there,  
breathing in cigarette smoke  
that smelled both like  
your aunt's sweaters and boys  
you tried to rub from your brain  
like an oil stain, stubborn and flammable.  
You try to exist in this place  
or that place: your cells your hair your  
blurry profile ducking out  
of a tourist's photograph -- your  
proof, souvenirs of you  
left to the churches and  
terracotta roofs.  
You fly home sick and cold,  
you don't exist in your  
room, you don't exist in your  
poems, you don't see why  
moving from beautiful place  
to beautiful place  
does nothing to temper  
the swelling space that  
occupies your skin.