



# THE MERCURY

THE STUDENT ART & LITERARY MAGAZINE OF GETTYSBURG COLLEGE

---

Year 2015

Article 31

---

4-13-2015

## Epidermis

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. (2015) "Epidermis," *The Mercury*: Year 2015, Article 31.

Available at: <https://cupola.gettysburg.edu/mercury/vol2015/iss1/31>

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).

---

# Epidermis

**Keywords**

creative writing, poetry

**Author Bio**

Victoria Blaisdell is a sophomore economics major and writing minor.

# Epidermis

Victoria A. Blaisdell

I see no significance  
in the prints upon my fingers  
nor the lines along my forehead,  
and the sparse scattering of words  
that fumble past my lips  
have fallen on few.

Like the time my mother  
pressed a mint into my young hand  
and I sucked and swallowed  
and I can still feel the panic,  
the lump, the way I could not breathe  
or speak; I think  
I swallowed too many words that day  
and they have trembled inside  
ever since, afraid to come out  
and face the world.

And my skin, like a wall,  
keeps others out, and keeps me in  
and I am afraid that you'll impress me  
with too much pressure  
and I'll burst, the seams of my skin  
spilling out. So I sew myself up  
each day, filling slowly,  
spilling inward  
do not drown  
they all say.

But you poke pinholes,  
like stars, those pinpricks of light,  
and I come trickling out,  
a steady stream of restlessness  
and thoughts too big  
to fit the world.

I don't believe that I was born  
to be anyone's everything.  
I was born to taste snowflakes  
to hear the sound of laughter  
to wrestle with doubt  
and to relish in the cleansing perfection  
of rain.

I see significance in the way  
we are always children,  
learning life as we go,  
smashing walls  
just to realize—  
we all fill slowly  
but we empty in one breath.