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Grounding

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Author Bio

Brynn Hambley is a sophomore Theater Arts major with two minors in Music and Writing respectfully. When she isn't working on a show, practicing, or writing, Brynn enjoys reading, binge watching shows on Netflix, and annoying the crap out of her friends and boyfriend (she's so thankful they put up with her). Brynn is so grateful for the wonderful opportunity The Mercury gives students like herself to be published, and would like to thank everyone involved for making this possible.

Grounding

Brynn Hambley

The day is choked with oven heat against the dullness of my skin.
The lids close to my soul and I let my dirt-streaked toes swish through
emerald Earth,
sunny, electric, shivering as it reaches up to hold me,
my ankles like tree roots.
I cannot escape the grey of the coming clouds,
sky-water the only blue I could drown in,
liquid coursing through and around me
deeper than my deepest roots,
louder than the song that old Pittsburgh theater sang to me on her stage
notes
that echo in my veins even though the winds of Gettysburg enfold me.

(Maybe I will grow here and maybe I will whither.)

The clouds dissipate and
I am drinking in the prospects of surviving the winter.
The thoughts ground me deeper in the war-torn soil,
earth that I understand,
earth that empathizes with the pain of separation.
This ground tells me “I will hold you when everyone else will not,
I will grasp your hands and pull you close,
though the rain and snow enfold you.”
I understand now when they call her Mother,
though I have neglected her embrace since the summer.

(Maybe I have rooted here and maybe I’m just tethered.)

I am softer than the peach of a child’s head,
malleable and melting slightly in the sun.
My eyes gaze over the dew-lit ground through this smoky morning light,
painting me almost glowing and not quite blue.
The wind blows raised blooms across my rough and tumble skin
and I feel like the breeze through the willows at dawn.
My lips are branches bending in the autumn breeze and

everything begins to settle,
like an old tree trunk sighing with the winter wind.

(Maybe I am temporary but I think I can stay.)