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Sunday

Rebecca P. Campo

Gettysburg College, campre01@gettysburg.edu

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Author Bio

Rebecca Campo '19 is an English Major on the Education Certification Track.

Sunday

Do you hear that?
That's the sound of the Glatfelter clock tower
reminding me that it's 10am on Sunday morning
and there's no more justifying procrastination.

Yes, Glatfelter,
I am aware that the remainder of my weekend
is slowly slipping from my hands
Like water that will inevitably leak through my fingers
no matter how tightly I lock them.

Hanging off the tips of the roof,
The leftover snow
is also dripping
in the day's unexpected warmth.
Mounds of the stuff sit on every street corner
Like excess food from last weekend,
Shoved into the back of the fridge, forgotten,
Gradually turning brown and repulsive.

And now Glatfelter cries that it's 11
And that I have made no definitive progress.
But perhaps if I just wait
Until 11:11, I can wish on each one of those 1's
Like birthday candles,
Standing straight for now, but inevitably melting
into the gooey mush that is 11:12.
And 11:22.

And now it's 12:22
And Glatfelter has probably yelled at me again,
But I couldn't hear over the chaotic chatter
Echoing through the dining hall as I ate my lunch,
Which is necessary for survival,
So please, Glatfelter, let me be.

Thank you, Glatfelter,
For telling me that it is now 1
But I am doing my laundry,
Something that could no longer sit on its perch
At the top of my to-do list,
So I will get back to my work later.

The sun is sitting contently at the top of the sky,

The Mercury

The sky is exquisitely blue,
It's such a relief to be freed of those ominous clouds
that at any moment could dump another three feet of snow on you,
putting the ground a full six feet under
and thus requiring a funeral for the grass
That would remain in its grave for who-knows-how-many months more.
Oh, Glatfelter! Hasn't anyone told you it's rude to interrupt?
You've now completely pulled me from my train of thought
And I'll have to start all over.

My words were halted by your warning gong,
But how can I bring them back when you keep screaming at me, Glatfelter?
2:00! 3:00! 4:00! 5:00!

You persistently 6:00! Insist 7:00! On interrupting 8:00!
It's just not my fault. 9:00. I can't be held responsible. 10:00, 11:00.

The only thing I've accomplished today
Is the angry, red rope burns on my hands.

I promise, Glatfelter, I did try.
I held onto today for dear life.