Perseus in Want

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Class of 2021

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**Author Bio**
Julia M. Chin is a first-year English major with a minor in Music at the conservatory. Books have been her best friends long before words and long after. When not ensconced in a novel nook, she passes the time ranting about fictional romances, displaying a lack of motor control through swing dance, or attempting to make others laugh. Like Jane Eyre, she “would always rather be happy than dignified.”

This poetry is available in The Mercury: https://cupola.gettysburg.edu/mercury/vol2018/iss1/7
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I hate the fact that
you’re a clichéd metaphor
with a Classics degree
and a penchant for telescopes,

so I’m meeting you halfway:
between left and right brain.
I admit
there are stars in
your eyes.
But they’re not for me.

They’re a dull, Grecian hue,
glazed over with an edge
of steel similar to an engine
on Apollo 13 or some other
overzealous endeavor to
learn more, do more, be more.

Misguided,
I’ve sent out
countless expeditions
to your supernova eyes and
the universe locked
within.

At this rate, I’m surprised
there’s not a miniature flag
with my initials
embroidered in red,
planted firmly
in the obliterating
vastness of your cornea.

That uncolonized planet rivals Saturn
with its sapphire rings and the
supermassive black hole
that lies at its center,
swallowing me whole
in a single heartbeat,
till the point that
I am nothing
but a black
speck.
Foolish not to have
foreseen the dangerous,
forlorn circumstances
of the unreciprocated nature of
your world,

I seek to make contact;
however, I reach for you,
and my arms only
close around vacuous,
oxygen-deprived
space and time.

Chained to a craggy bluff
here on Earth,
my fingertips only dip into
the milky water of stars
lapping at my thighs
as it rises higher.

And I look to the sky and curse
the astronomer and
the snake-headed woman and
the reflection which gave you
your beginning and end.

I remain a speck,
out of your mind
and nearly out of mine,
while they have made you
Immortal,
always in sight and
always out of
reach.