



THE MERCURY

THE STUDENT ART & LITERARY MAGAZINE OF GETTYSBURG COLLEGE

Year 2019

Article 24

5-22-2019

Sea Glass

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Class of 2019

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Maeyer, Lisa (2019) "Sea Glass," *The Mercury*: Year 2019, Article 24.

Available at: <https://cupola.gettysburg.edu/mercury/vol2019/iss1/24>

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Sea Glass

Author Bio

Lisa Maeyer is a senior, majoring in English with a writing concentration and minoring in Philosophy, on the pre-law track.

Sea Glass

LISA MAEYER

The rink's brisk air swallows my hesitation
 as I step onto a pool of ice.
 My snow-white boots are mounted
 firmly on silver blades, razor sharp
 propellers that steady my strokes.
 Shallow breaths escape from my chapped lips;
 the tiny clouds of smoke outline the air,
 give shape to the invisible molecules.
 I imagine them transforming into frozen beads:
 the spheres of glass drift up to float above my head.
 Threads like lines of silk from a spider's carefully woven web
 descend from the ceiling to capture the glass crystals,
 bead them one by one.
 Now situated on the lines,
 the inconspicuous reflectors witness my waltz.

My blades carve the glass surface,
 waves rippling across the glossy coating.
 I tread through the cascading
 lines, gliding momentarily before crossing right foot over left,
 rounding the rink's edge.
 I dip as my blades dig into the ice,
 grip the slippery surface with their edges.
 I twist clockwise to sail backwards, blind until I peer over
 my left shoulder;
 the corresponding knee bends, and my right toe's teeth
 bite the ice behind me,
 launch me into the sky.

I imagine spinning through the frosted jewels:
 a thread wraps around each arm,
 the strings lifting me closer to the beams above.
 Smoke weaves through my splintering ponytail,
 tendrils of hair twisting and knotting.
 The air cradles my tightened limbs,

and I spiral through my recent exhalation.
The ice beads re-gift me to the glinting surface,
and the ice rattles as I land too forward,
sending ice chips into my eyes,
but my blade cements itself to the sea of glass.
I cast my turquoise gloves out,
color my peripheral vision.

The ice an opaque mirror of my movements,
the speckled pane echoes my strokes,
my balancing act of momentous rotation.
I serpentine on the glass, dance as the invisible threads above
overlap like streamers.
The lines intertwine, crisscross above as I, below,
glide through the ice palace,
constructing a web of my own:
blade trails overlap as I trace my steps,
soar through the endless air.
The glass web below my feet mirrors the constellation
of strands above, a safety net for if I jump too high.

Triangle teardrops of reflected light fall on my shoulders
as my final spiral leaves me at center ice.
The palace complete and the ceiling a portrait
of Picasso-esque strokes,
my lungs burn as if my breath is on fire.
The imaginary threads relinquish the crystal beads:
the ice-gems fall free, drift down to the pool of freshly
carved glass to cool my speeding heart,
and to join the glistening diamonds at my feet.