



The Mercury
The Student Art &
Literary Magazine
of Gettysburg
College

Volume 2020

Article 25

2020

If I Still Fixed Things

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Recommended Citation

Montross, Becky () "If I Still Fixed Things," *The Mercury*. Year 2020, Article 25.
Available at: <https://cupola.gettysburg.edu/mercury/vol2020/iss1/25>

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Author Bio

Becky Montross is a senior at Gettysburg, majoring in English with the Writing Concentration, minoring in Peace and Justice Studies, and is on the Secondary Education Certification track. A poet at heart, she occasionally dabbles in fiction and non fiction. She believes that writing can be redemptive and empowering. Other than poetry and prose, her favorite things include reading old books, making Spotify playlists, the UK, thrifting, biking, her Westie Lilly and hiding out at the Ugly Mug. She proudly hails from New Jersey.

If I Still Fixed Things

BECKY MONTROSS

I would pull the cigarette
from your mouth,

smoke the last bit for you
so it's not wasted,
make you swear on your life
that you'd never smoke again

I would tell you to sleep
instead of smoke
I would climb in bed
next to you
sit between your legs
like the cig between your fingers

and then I'd kiss you,
pull the nicotine addiction
right out of you

you'd light me
and I'd burn
until there was nothing
left of me to figure out

Your eyes would close,
vapor from my breath
would cloud your sweet dreams

night would fall on us like
ash
and the next morning
those yellow shadows that haunt your face
would be gone

I would open you up

see your lungs,
greying

(but I can't find a way into your chest,
zipper, perforation, buttons...)

I want to open you,
but I'm afraid I'll find
a fire inside – fueled by whatever
kindling you've been holding onto

I want to love the pain right out of you but
I don't think you could do that for me –
it's nice to think you could.

Boy,
I could fix you right up,
but I don't fix things anymore.

I can't reverse time.

I can't unbreak your heart.

I can't kill your bad habits.

I can't dream you up
and expect dreams to turn to flesh.

I have broken parts too –

I used to smoke
but I told myself to stop
when my nose hit your chest and
I smelled a whole pack of cigs
on your jacket –

you pulled me so close,
I shouldn't have been that close.

And if you can remember,
I pulled away
because I don't fix things anymore,
and I certainly can't fix you.