



The Mercury
The Student Art &
Literary Magazine
of Gettysburg
College

Volume 2020

Article 23

2020

To Hyacinth

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Recommended Citation

Smith, Kenzie () "To Hyacinth," *The Mercury*: Year 2020, Article 23.
Available at: <https://cupola.gettysburg.edu/mercury/vol2020/iss1/23>

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To Hyacinth

Author Bio

Kenzie is a senior studying environmental science and public policy with a minor in writing. Kenzie serves as the managing editor for The Mercury and holds three part time jobs on campus. In her spare time, you can find Kenzie watching endless hours of "Diners, Drive-ins, and Dives," falling out of trees she has tried to climb, or participating in various other forms of tomfoolery!

To Hyacinth

KENZIE SMITH

Kolona Temple of Apollo, Aegina, Greece

Before I found you,
mine was a tedious existence.
I dragged myself from slumber at dawn,
charioted across the azure sky,
and returned to my bed beyond the horizon at dusk.
I warmed all the beings of the world,
but I could never warm myself.

Then they built me a home of stone
upon the cyan shores of a pistachio isle
with doric columns and an open roof,
so that I could visit each day.
But still, I was alone

until one day, you came and
gently rooted inside my home.
You raised your heavy head to me and smiled,
and I suddenly had never shone so bright.
I vowed to visit you every day.
I bathed you in devoted light
and you bloomed so beautifully.

And when a jealous Zephyr
came to steal you in the night,
with songs carried on the wind,
and dances performed on the breeze,
you remained, steadfast, until

that fatal gust, so strong, ripped away
all of of your gentle petals and snapped
your fragile stem.

That night, I too died.

With a broken heart, my home began to crumble.
The foundation, once as strong as me,
fractured with each passing dawn.
The columns fell in succession,
leaving just one, stretching
tall and longingly toward the daylight.
I mourned in ruins for decades,
weathering the grey stones

with my tears. As decades turned to centuries,
those heavenly sobs mended my home.
Grass crawled up through the cracks,
vines snaked around each bend and
flowers blossomed over each mound,
consuming the grey and overlaying emerald
and cerise and butterscotch and blush,
filling the bones with heart
and the body with soul.

Yet my own heart belongs to you
even as your soul belongs elsewhere.

So if a sorrowful wind
ever this way blows,
I pray you somehow return to me,
my humble violet Hyacinth.

Yours forever,
Sun.