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## Spectacles from the Seventies

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## Spectacles from the Seventies

### Author Bio

Jenna Pavis grew up in the rural town of North Yarmouth, Maine, where she spent eighteen years gallivanting in the woods, picking blueberries in her backyard, and jamming out to jazz and 1960s hits. She's been a passionate saxophonist, tea hugger, competitive golfer, crossword enthusiast, and feline fanatic. Jenna has given musical performances worldwide, notably in New York City, Washington, D.C., Vienna, Berlin, and Prague. She maintains that writing informs her creativity for music and vice versa. Jenna prefers to write in the middle of the afternoon outside on a picnic blanket, with Simon and Garfunkel playing in the background.

# Spectacles from The Seventies

JENNA L. PAVIS

Who is to say he is one with nature?  
Is it his mind? His soul? His being?  
Nature is freedom, and freedom is nature.  
But few, if any, truly know what it is to be free.

The young man with the contagious grin  
and quirky spectacles from the seventies  
that define his brown eyes, as eager  
and bright as his thirst for life.

To some, he's the intelligent lawyer from Great Kills,  
nothing but respectful to his secretary,  
a folk tune trailing behind him  
in the wake of his footsteps,  
leaving the dangling conversation  
and the superficial sighs behind  
to seek refuge in his music.

To others, the gentle-spirited animal lover,  
always posing with furry faces adjacent to his own,  
a lopsided smile brushing the corner of his eyes,  
exposing his vulnerability to the camera lens.

We knew he'd trade his suit and tie  
for cargo shorts and a Pink Floyd t-shirt  
any day  
just for a chance  
to hike Mount Katahdin  
with no concern for the valley  
that loomed beneath his bare feet  
or kayak through a New England summer,  
stretching his arms to the sky.

Far removed from his tiny office  
and the cluttered, tumultuous house on Buel Avenue,

a day might bring the promise  
of unknown lands explored,  
of a new record released and relished,  
of autumn leaves descending into a whirlpool of sunshine,  
of silence broken with boisterous laughter and a picnic basket.

But confined to a decaying borough  
where farmland was consumed by complexes  
and family spaghetti houses by fast-food pizza chains  
and children's impromptu adventures by corporate greed,  
life is no longer sustainable or virtuous.  
Folk songs and poetry are swallowed by autotuned imposters,  
as his thirst for love and adventure  
is quenched by the staunch scent of bourbon.  
Animals who had once posed beside him  
flee the disturbing scene,  
too innocent to bear testament to the atrocities  
that bring the spectacles from the seventies  
clattering down the stairs in a sea of shattered glass.

In the tragic aftermath of a crippled future  
and oppressive guilt  
and unimaginable regret,  
he breaks free of his greatest demons  
to take his rightful throne  
at the zenith of an unpolluted New England sky,  
tired of lying in the sunshine, staying home  
to watch the rain.

Kayaking in the clouds, he watches  
brothers, sisters, and nieces relive  
his experiences in the wild mountains  
and blow out birthday candles with crossed eyes  
and play in the muddy fields of plentiful farmland  
and sprint down the track in a suit and tie.  
So he runs and he runs to catch up with the sun,  
but it's sinking,  
racing round to come up behind him again.  
The sun is the same in a relative way,  
but he's older,  
though far past shortness of breath and inevitable death.

Home,  
Home again.  
He likes to be here, when he can.<sup>2</sup>

If he had ever been free or one with nature  
during his hike through humankind,  
it was an optical illusion  
or perhaps tinted by the rose-colored frames  
of his spectacles from the seventies.

1. Pink Floyd, "Time"

2. Ibid.