



The Mercury
The Student Art &
Literary Magazine
of Gettysburg
College

Volume 2022

Article 54

May 2022

Spirit

Ericka Gardner
Gettysburg College

Follow this and additional works at: <https://cupola.gettysburg.edu/mercury>



Part of the [Art and Design Commons](#), and the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

Share feedback about the accessibility of this item.

Recommended Citation

Gardner, Ericka () "Spirit," *The Mercury*. Year 2022, Article 54.

Available at: <https://cupola.gettysburg.edu/mercury/vol2022/iss1/54>

This open access poetry is brought to you by The Cupola: Scholarship at Gettysburg College. It has been accepted for inclusion by an authorized administrator of The Cupola. For more information, please contact cupola@gettysburg.edu.

Spirit

Author Bio

Ericka Gardner '22 is a Political Science major with a writing minor. She is a member of the National Honor Society of Political Science and the International Honor Society of English.

Spirit

ERICKA GARDNER

1. (N) *The breath of life*

Or the thoughts of man. The consciousness of what goes through his head and steers him throughout a Saturday night. He writes his name on the board and waits. He waits too long, gets antsy, and writes his name on the board again under a second list of names. None of the sticks are right. They wobble across the table. Some don't have tips. The table isn't even right. It once asked for a sneaky seventy-five cents and now asks for a dollar. The balls are racked with the one in the front and then an alternating pattern of solids and stripes towards the back of the triangle. The man coats the space between his thumb and forefinger on his left hand with chalk. He takes a deep breath and positions himself to break. It was a shitty break.

2. (N) *The Holy Ghost*

The spirit of God filling you after you surrender to him. An essence that makes the man feel like God, or at most, how he feels when he plays pool. Give him a week and he'll make you an expert. Win against him and it's an honor for him to have been your master. The man plays against his girl. He wins of course. It's a subtle flex, just like his watch. He's a little cocky yet feeling generous towards a man twice his height and wearing a pink shirt. Nothing against the fashion choice, but Mr. Pink Shirt keeps asking for a redo whenever he "accidentally" moves the white ball a little. It was a dissatisfying game, like the drink the man's girl ordered. She lets the ice melt, so it tastes better. He chews gum after his cigarette, so he tastes better.

3. (N) *Alcohol*

Another term for liquor. Or sour apple brandy. Or vodka. All a catalyst for a drunken debate over a word in a song. The man and his girl now sit amongst friends. They take turns playing music, but no one can work the queue. A song about a single kiss before heading out on the road plays in a loop. The flames of a fire rise and fall as flimsy branches and leaves are added to it. The girl sips on her vodka cranberry. The fire dies out again and is hastily brought back to life. The man sits beside her and puts his arm around her. The song on repeat sparks a conversa-

tion about another song by the band. The pair break into a private conversation soon drawn loud to the rest of the group. Their debate about a name sung in the chorus, goes like this. *It's Jeff. No, it's Mark. I'm sure it's Jeff. Jeff rolls off the tongue better. Yeah, but it's Mark. I'm telling you it's Jeff. Nope, Mark.* The song is put on and the two carefully listen. The broken queue falters and the intro plays a few times. *It's going to be Jeff. It's Mark.*