



The Mercury

The Student Art &  
Literary Magazine  
of Gettysburg  
College

---

Volume 2024

Article 49

---

May 2024

## I Have To Finish That!

Ainsley C. Green  
*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

Green, Ainsley C. (2024) "I Have To Finish That!," *The Mercury*. Year 2024, Article 49.  
Available at: <https://cupola.gettysburg.edu/mercury/vol2024/iss1/49>

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](mailto:cupola@gettysburg.edu).

---

## I Have To Finish That!

### Author Bio

Ainsley is a first-year student at Gettysburg College and is an undeclared major with a minor in music. She is very interested in the English with Writing Concentration major and has enjoyed many writing opportunities on campus in addition to the Mercury including writing articles for the Gettysburgian and Her Campus. In her free time, she also loves to read, play piano, do art projects, be outdoors, and spend time with friends and family.

## I Have to Finish That!

AINSLEY C. GREEN

### Cardigan

I hunted for something  
Anything for my latest project  
A hat – again. Amateur.  
I reached into the heap of yarn in my bin  
Stirring it up, feeling the fibers of wool and chenille  
The occasional shock of cool metal crochet hooks  
Amongst the tangle of potential they were meant to manipulate  
I almost gave up and ventured to my dresser drawer, searching to its  
depths  
I found what I knew was the cardigan  
The cursed cardigan, so far from what it was supposed to be.

Plush as a pillow when folded, dense with  
Layers of stitches, strings looped with expertise  
Deep green yarn plucked from an iridescent evergreen forest  
I remembered realizing that sweaters were manageable like hats, in  
crochet terms  
The difference was small, the difference being time  
And so, I thought, “I could learn that!”  
Now, the cardigan had detached strands of yarn sticking out  
The pockets dangling and yet to be stitched  
I cut one piece of the yarn and ripped it to pieces, stitches disappearing  
The yarn, wavy from being trapped in the cardigan’s conformity  
I tied a new slip knot to start my hat  
I couldn’t wait to leave the house wearing it.

## Composition???

I was leaning over the piano  
Posture atrocious, staring out the window  
Recounting skips and leaps in a short melody I hummed from my heart  
Trials of chords cycling endlessly, recordings played back, words attached  
to each beat  
Someone could hear it, love it!

“That would be cool if I did that,” I thought  
Each time I heard a beautiful song  
Or played a masterpiece someone else wrote

Even the birds were artists, whistling little tunes  
As they darted limitlessly through the air  
I blinked as they flew past, voices muffled by the glass  
Their sweet whispers of lyricism clouded

It took months and years for the greats to write symphonies  
Yet my thirty minutes felt pointless  
I couldn't bear to kill my darlings, so I wrote  
A few notes down in my journal and stopped practicing  
For the rest of that day

**Canvas (ASAP!!!)**

On all fours, I crawled into the little closet  
Flashlight cutting through the hovering dust  
Miniature constellations lit up against the drywall  
Claustrophobic  
Tiny space holding so many missed opportunities  
Glass beads scattered across the floor after my elbow bumped a precarious shelf  
Ringing upon impact and disappearing  
When they should have been building a bracelet on my wrist  
Origami paper floated down from the darkness  
Creases got caught in the light  
Distinctly protruding and waiting to be refolded into what it once tried to become  
A crane? A star? A fortune teller? I needed one desperately.

I grabbed a canvas leaning against the wall  
The rough, white nothingness scratched my fingertips  
Dust bunnies clung to the edges for dear life  
As they were abruptly lifted from their slumber

I could still see the vision  
flowers, blooming abstractly  
a quote, dancing in gold ribbon-like script  
i have to do that!

I never chose the quote  
Never learned flower painting technique  
No paint glossed over the agitated ridges of the canvas

It simply never came to be.