



The Mercury  
The Student Art &  
Literary Magazine  
of Gettysburg  
College

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Volume 2024

Article 48

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May 2024

## Myself as a Movie-Watcher

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### Recommended Citation

Basil, Cyndy (2024) "Myself as a Movie-Watcher," *The Mercury*: Year 2024, Article 48.  
Available at: <https://cupola.gettysburg.edu/mercury/vol2024/iss1/48>

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## Myself as a Movie-Watcher

### Author Bio

Cyndy Basil is a junior majoring in English with a Writing Concentration and Art History. She is co-president of Artem and an attendant at Schmucker Art Gallery. Her goal is to always be surrounded by and working with art.

## Myself as a Movie-Watcher

CYNDY BASIL

In the empty air of a theater,  
movie-voices play  
loud but distant,  
as if the vinyl screen before me  
was some permeable membranea rupturable amniotic sac,  
that might grant entrance to breathing  
and beating world,  
where human connection is condensed  
into a two-hour plot.  
The darkness,  
out of which the softly illuminated  
planes of faces emerge,  
casts a shadow of intimacy.  
Invested breath shifts  
my back up and down  
against the clumped velvet of  
cinema seats.  
Perhaps, if I were to reach out  
to the screen ahead,  
it would be made warm and skin-like  
by light,  
undulating movement barely perceptible  
beneath its surface,  
like shifting eyes  
under the lids of someone fast asleep,  
their dreams spilled  
on the bone white stretch of fabric  
by spinning film.  
My own face is transformed  
into that of the recognized stranger  
who appears night after night  
in the mind's subconscious musings.

I, like a lobotomist's pick,  
creep through the corners of eyes,  
poke the skull,  
and nestle between the frontal lobe and thalamus.  
There, I find salvation  
in vicarious observation,  
Drinking up offered bits  
of someone else's life  
and a large sticky-cupped lemonade.