



THE MERCURY

THE STUDENT ART & LITERARY MAGAZINE OF GETTYSBURG COLLEGE

Year 2007

Article 19

1-1-2007

Edward the Saint

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Class of 2009

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Mailander, Elena G. (2015) "Edward the Saint," *The Mercury*: Year 2007, Article 19.

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Edward the Saint

Keywords

creative writing, poetry

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Elena Mailander hails from the far-off land of Reno, Nevada. She likes to write, draw, listen to music, and daydream. She is studying Japanese and studio art, and is currently pursuing a career as a comic book artist.

Edward the Saint

In 1887, the "safety bicycle" hit the shelves:
with its two identical owl-eye wheels,
it promised that, New York or Alabama,
dirt or asphalt,
if, or inevitably when, you fell from its height,
you wouldn't hurt yourself.
Well...all that badly.
But falling from a bicycle is much different from falling into life.
Into someone's waiting hands.
Both can be catastrophic, if you make them,
when you emphasize the flaws
- the rocks
- the yellow curtains
- the passing motorcar
- a pressed flower album
And growing up is no easy chore, for then
you've got the added risk
of others on the road.
Passing the landmarks: your father's store, your clapboard school,
the cemetery, the church, the ocean.
The tree you splattered the perfect snowball against.
The blue gingham dress of the girl you kissed behind the fence,
who gave you her ribbon and died of pneumonia in the fall.
If you look closely enough in the dirt,
you can still see the footprints
from your graduation march
or the tire tracks
of that "safety bicycle"
that you rode outside of Paris,
on leave from the war.
The ripples of water from your arms
when you fell into the stream
with a bullet in your back.
The string of diamonds
that trailed from your mouth
up through the water
and exploded on the quicksilver surface.
To be a saint is to revel in life
and to catch the patterned scarves it trails off
in its winding path.
It has nothing to do with piety
or holiness