



# THE MERCURY

THE STUDENT ART & LITERARY MAGAZINE OF GETTYSBURG COLLEGE

---

Year 2006

Article 23

---

1-1-2006

## Rusty Lovers

Molly C. Masich

Gettysburg College, masimo02@cnav.gettysburg.edu

Class of 2006

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



Part of the [Poetry Commons](#)

**Share feedback about the accessibility of this item.**

---

Masich, Molly C. (2015) "Rusty Lovers," *The Mercury*: Year 2006, Article 23.

Available at: <https://cupola.gettysburg.edu/mercury/vol2006/iss1/23>

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).

---

# Rusty Lovers

**Keywords**

creative writing, poetry

**Author Bio**

Molly Masich is a Senior Film Studies Major/Spanish Minor with a penchant for sass and intrigue. Molly! wants you to know that sometimes Right and Wrong are the same thing.

When my feet hit the pavement, I turned and looked back up the path. You could see the whole hill, right up to the woods that fence off my back yard, and stretching out to both sides. Nearly all my life, it had all been orchards. Before, you couldn't see anything from the road, not for the trees. I had always thought it was such a great distance, and so beautiful. But it was clear now, and exposed. It wasn't big anymore, and it wasn't nice. The land beneath it had been there all along, as had the migrant workers' huts. I couldn't stand to look at the ugly grooves that had sectioned off the orchards. It wouldn't be long before the path I'd walked was a paved road with a meaningless name, before everyone who remembered playing in the orchards as a child was gone from the neighborhood. How long would it be before it was completely unrecognizable?

When people and places change, they change for good. Nothing grows on a scar. Nothing grows on concrete, just as nothing grows in a relationship where fond memories have been ripped away. If there's nothing left to remind you why you were there in the first place, you won't go back. You can't go back.

The sky opened up, drenching me in rain as I stared at the open landscape. I turned to look up the main road, which is at least twice as long as the path. I started walking

MOLLY MASICH

## Rusty Lovers

Old men walk like their fronts are falling down while their backs stand straight up, rigidly. You can't image their hips ever moved like a well oiled machine. Their lovemaking must always have been rusty.