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## Planetary Eyes

Marilyn S. Springer

Gettysburg College, [sprima02@cnav.gettysburg.edu](mailto:sprima02@cnav.gettysburg.edu)

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# Planetary Eyes

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**Author Bio**

Marilyn Springer is one of the most random people you will ever meet, and a sophomore at Gettysburg College. With her outlandish thoughts, she likes to freak people out with her crazy and sometimes disturbing pieces of writing. She will beat any challenger in an eating contest or a standoff of FRIENDS trivia, and in the next life she would love to have a breakfast buffet with John Lennon and Salvador Dali.

## Planetary Eyes

She stands outside the main door, waiting to get in, until the guy at the door grabs her hand, smears an X on it with black sharpie, and encourages her to have a good time. The air is so cold the hair on her skin stands up in a fight against it, a fight against the bitter coldness that seems to form a thick layer encompassing her skin, finding its way down her esophagus and through her nasal passages. All she can think about is getting inside. But then she reaches the steps and knows she'll be warm soon. No. She'll be hot soon. The whole room will be filled with a sticky heat. A hotness that breathes fire down her neck and traps the cold underneath it like a bubble under her skin, so she feels her body grow hot as heat radiates from the room, but that lingering coldness seems to continue penetrating her core. And somehow the cold manages to freeze itself under her skin. She's inhaling ice.

She's walking down the steps, past the Stop sign, which just makes her feel as though she belongs in this room. The lights start to change from intoxicating fluorescent, as it all mixes to a sort of purplish blue haze. Bright spots of white penetrate her retinas. First stepping onto the linoleum, her feet slip as she loses grip with the ground. No-grip sandals were a great choice. As the night continues the linoleum will fight harder and harder against her shoes to form a barrier in order to keep them from touching. She can't tell what has made her shirt so moist, but knows these floating, glowing plastic cups of intensely yellow alcohol around her must have something to do with it. Finally, through a mass of planetary eyes, she finds a face that looks like his. Yeah. It's him. How could anyone possibly mistake that Neanderthal appearance? His eyebrows stand apart, as though they've been shaved in the middle, like two soldiers at arms. His stupid, dumb grin glows with the fire of a thousand shots of vodka and his eyes... those bright blue eyes... they penetrate her. They always do. Maybe it's the glowing radiance that entrances her. Maybe it's their emptiness that makes her venture in and get lost in the blinding white mass of their empty intensity. She doesn't even notice him coming toward her but suddenly feels a soggy sensation press on her lips as he kisses her and she breathes in his hot breath. It fills her with a feeling that's icier than the chill of the late November night air.

So this is her night. His rough hands slither around her arms and down to her waist. She doesn't want those hands there, but feels them melt around her like there's no way to escape the water that encompasses you in the ocean. He smells like vinegar and mothballs. But she doesn't care. He's encircling her; forming for her a protective shield against the people in here that want to swarm around her, swallow her whole in their heated, delirious intoxication. But his intention is not to save her from them. No, his intention is only to prove himself to them. He holds her up as a prize that he's won, deeming him superior to their drunken aims of random hook-ups and one night stands. A little lip and tongue action never hurt anyone. Unless its repetition formed a sort of emotionally inept relationship.

Music, of what song she can't even recognize, flows into her ears, so they're throbbing with the sound. She can't shake it out. Her hair tosses everywhere, as her head jerks around. It's an entangled medusa-esque mess and sticks in her lip-gloss; her earrings lodge in her hair. Strands fixate like glue to her forehead, as her sweat forms a sort of adhesive. Here, they're all just cleverly disguised messes with pearl earrings and Hollister shirts, wanting someone to wipe the hair away from their eyes.

She feels pressure building near her left ear as he brings his lips to her and his raspy voice mumbles a casual line. She immediately pulls away. But what's the difference, he won't remember in the morning, so she whispers, "I love you too." She can make it just as casual as him. She aches to see what he refuses to show behind those planetary eyes, but knows at this point that he's just a hollow brain, a body looking for reassurance, looking for someone to be his savior in his drunken world of egotism and uncertainty. But she's just a pawn, she's just an ideal, she's not actually what he needs. But who the fuck can even tell what he needs besides another Natty.

She stumbles with him to the bar and once the cases of sweet glowing nectar are in view he pokes her in the pudgy section of her waist. She hates when he does that, and he knows this. But, she picks up on his hint and strategically placing her arms on top of the cool wooden bar, she leans into it, resting her chest on top of it, squeezing her elbows together to create even more cleavage than she already has. A girl does what she can to get a few beers.

After chugging its contents she slides along the linoleum and somehow finds the door leading into the bathroom. Looking into the mirror she wonders what the hell happened to her face. Black smudges are under her eyelashes and rings of purplish blue are below her eyes, right above the cheek bones, and make her complexion seem hollow. The once white corners of her eyes take on a pinkish hue and tiny bubbles of perspiration form an attractive mustache above her lip. She knows she didn't look this way when she left. But it doesn't matter. Man-made light makes any imperfection in the appearance seem extra noticeable.

Leaving the bathroom she sees him again, in between the numerous forms of circular bobbing heads. His white teeth glow with a greenish tint. His smile is the crooked hook that grasps into the meaty parts of her heart. He reels her in, dragging her across the sticky floor until she's wrapped up in the entangling net of his arms. Maybe if she had more strength, if she hadn't had those last few cups, if she didn't feel so much safety in his web, then maybe she might try to escape. But it was just too easy to stay there, looking up at him.

Their legs become entwined and he's pulling her so close she can feel the subtle pressure between his legs pushing on her. It grows stronger with every move. His dark eyes look black in this light and continue to fixate on her. They don't glow so intensely anymore, but she feels like he's staring through her pupils to the back of her skull with sniper-like radar, burning a crisp, bullet-like hole.

A muggy heat begins to encompass her, and his lips create pressure points of moisture that travel from her forehead down to her neck as he smothers her with kisses. Slowly she feels his lips move to her mouth. She's so thirsty, she can't fight him away. Suddenly she feels a gust of air and the massive weight of his body throws itself over her as he throws her body onto the couch and fixes himself on top of her. She feels the pressure of the couch against her back, but she's not uncomfortable. But with this heavy weight she can only find the strength to move her fingers. They gloss over smooth, greasy hair until she finds a different patch of texture that feels like rough, damp flesh with prickly hairs. Someone forgot to shave. Her mouth moves involuntarily as she feels her lips bump and collide with his wet slither of a mouth. There's no pleasure here, just the inability to function beyond the simple motions she's turned on and can't shut off.

She feels the sensation of his fingers glossing up her stomach and slithering upward underneath her shirt. She wonders if people are still even here and if they're watching them. But then she gets her answer as the weight of his body abruptly shifts off of her and her vision is cleared. Something reaches out toward her in a sweeping motion as someone reaches out their hand and smacks her with the full force of twelve beers. She feels a sting across her left cheek, slightly subdued by the alcohol, and she feels herself traveling downward as she's thrown off the couch. She hits cold ground and immediately finds herself looking into black. Raising her head up she notices she's just become familiar with the linoleum that had tried so hard earlier to keep her feet from touching it. The sting transforms into a pounding ache and she feels the corners of her eyes beginning to water as hot streams of liquid trickle down to the sticky floor underneath her. She's crying uncontrollably until her vision spins her down into the vortex of the floor.

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Opening her eyes again, a piercing yellow light filtering in through the blinds in front of her, forces her to wince. Adjusting her eyes to the natural light she hasn't been used to in some time, she looks around and notices nothing that holds any place of familiarity to her. She shoots her upper body up and the covers fall down to her waist. Her arms immediately move to cover her exposed breasts and glancing at the floor near the bed she notices a pair of purple underwear with white polka dots. She knows who was wearing those last night. Her first reaction is to throw the covers off her waist – only to stare at her own naked body. The hair on her arms begins to rise. An invisible compressor seems to push in against her and as her eyes glance at the body next to her on the bed she feels her blood begin to freeze. That iciness that once encompassed her skin seems to chill the dark secret chambers of her skull, filling her with an immeasurable feeling of dread. She knows those chambers below the waist aren't so secret anymore. Her vision becomes blurry and she begins to cry, as she realizes she has no idea who this body is lying next to her. A pair of green eyes looks viciously into her, eyeing every crevice in her body, and suddenly images of intoxicated lust begin to take shape and burn behind her retinas. And regret saturates her, and transforms her, and changes her once blue eyes, planetary.