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## Under Limbs

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## Under Limbs

### Cover Page Footnote

"Second Prize Winner" Appeared in the issue: Volume 7, Issue 1, 2006.

# MEGHAN PRICHARD

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## UNDER LIMBS

I am creased from every blade  
That died before I came.  
Underneath bloomed apples that bruise  
The way all things living do.

And I remember now  
Why wilting trees are less like me.  
And so much more like you.

I don't remember anything.  
I don't remember anything I don't want to.  
Blooming beards that hide a brown-eyed boy  
Or jet black baby's rooms.

Leaving is leaving when fall comes calling.  
And I forget regret when all it is, is longing.

The snow moves outside my bed frame.  
I'm in a children's book  
Where everything comes alive.  
Wish while still half asleep to hesitate,  
Curl into something small.

I'll tell you one thing  
When everything's in frost  
There is nothing left of fall.