

2007

Two Children

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Recommended Citation

Prichard, Meghan (2007) "Two Children," *The Angle*: Vol. 2007: Iss. 4, Article 12.
Available at: <http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2007/iss4/12>

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Cover Page Footnote

Appeared in the issue: Volume 7, Issue 4, 2007.

TWO CHILDREN

BY MEGHAN PRICHARD

Your frame, a far off familiar,
One I want with wine.
My mouth is sleeping,
but moves like a muscle –
A boy's back that buckles
when the rest of his body is fine.

Maybe I'll forget our names in the morning
like barstools or bums;
sleep through the next two years –
classes, semester, rejection.

The one lamp, open and faceless
and warm in the cold.
You tell me,
 "Please, turn it off."
I say,
 "We can sleep when we're old."

We lie on our backs –
Two children who think they won't change.
Squirming, cussing, kissing,
Kicking until all four legs go lame.

The sirens begin to sound in,
but they're silent.
The red refracts itself on the wall.
When I met you
you were a giant in contour,
but the bed makes you a baby that crawls.

The curtains are dresses
like two girls kissing
each other, closed.
By morning, we'll wake up like tombstones,
lined up in rows.