2006

Under Limbs

Meghan Prichard

St. John Fisher College

Follow this and additional works at: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle

Part of the Creative Writing Commons

How has open access to Fisher Digital Publications benefited you?

Recommended Citation

Available at: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2007/iss1/3

This document is posted at https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2007/iss1/3 and is brought to you for free and open access by Fisher Digital Publications at St. John Fisher College. For more information, please contact fisherpub@sjfc.edu.
Under Limbs

Cover Page Footnote

This poem is available in The Angle: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2007/iss1/3
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.