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Under Limbs

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Cover Page Footnote

This poem is available in The Angle: http://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.