

# The Messenger

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Volume 2002  
Issue 1 *The Messenger*, 2002

Article 15

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2002

## P. S. Post Script

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### Recommended Citation

O'Brien, Carrie (2002) "P. S. Post Script," *The Messenger*: Vol. 2002: Iss. 1, Article 15.  
Available at: <http://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger/vol2002/iss1/15>

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## P.S. Post Script

Do you want to get down tonight.  
Down. I don't think you want to  
know that my skin could burst  
apart at any moment shatter  
like that eternity of a dry leaf suspended.

Do you (I do) remember  
that moment of fall.  
I watched you walking to me  
(those last days the weather had been manic,  
cold killing the leaves off, draining them brown,  
hot holding them hopeful, bravely hanging on  
until)  
one strong breeze swung with you  
with the falter of your steps  
and ripped them all in snowfall  
flutter fluttering all and covered  
you were glittered, branches bumped  
forward to bare.

What of that.  
My skin bruises easily.  
What of that too.  
Skin and leaves always.  
Skin and leaves  
to go.

(Down.) Leaves on the ground.  
They turn eggshell, that delicate crunch,  
and lie like cupped hands, scraping along,  
with the memory of that silent shush  
and how they tweel, interrupt the sun,  
and the narrow shudder of light escaping,  
bending around and jutting at all angles,  
that dimpled light. That is down there.

by Carrie O'Brien