

# Transcontinental

## Spud Murphy

Engine severs lower legs  
I feel my bruised heart beating  
Spinal cord remains intact  
Still sending and receiving Lying back on shoulder blades  
The cargo rushing past  
Missing limbs beneath the cars  
Twitching on the tracks Click clack now handicapped  
North am transcontinental I remember as I bleed  
Certain tales of bravery  
A man whose legs were crushed beneath  
A fallen evergreen tree He decided he would chop them off above the knee  
To sacrifice his shins and feet to make his torso free  
The luxury of having been spared the hard part  
You'd think would be enough for me to pull this off But I'm left to bleed to death, now all the man I've ever been  
North am transcontinental

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