

Plot with Eve

The seagulls at the drift of that sea, the salt of lot's wife.
In this poem, I make a case for the God of obedience.
In the end, everything dies. How did the end arrive?
A tree in God's garden. A fruit. Adam's absence. Hunger.
Look at God. Look at the gimmicks of shadows dancing
in the nude. In the Persian Gulf of the garden, a boy
calls his mother & my mother arrives with a basket
full of water. Miracle. A prophet once told me to bring
myself to submission to God, then he kissed me. Tell me
who to trust with this grand music of a body
dancing to its own falling. I prayed the hands that
brought me into arrival, loved the touch but hated
the owner. I love God. Look at us at the corner of
the room—God & I—discussing the importance of
shadow. How easy it is to diminish in the dark. Light leaks into
the room & a silhouette of the lamppost outside forms on the wall.
I wonder why Eve ate the apple. Was it hunger or desire? To be loved
everywhere except the house to which I belong? The morning my father
left, I cried. Was it me? My mother asked, *was it me?*
Father, God, do you see me whole? Touched by the prophet
asking me to kneel before the church. The pews in my body sing.
Look at the way this prophet desired me, says *there's something
silly in your eyes*. There must have been something silly
in the apple. God planted the tree. All the serpent did was
turn Eve toward light.