

Eve

By Scarlett (K)

The slick, sly snake sneaking
Speaking,
Almost critiquing the word, the warning waning
In the sun so bright.
The tree in which
you
sat under the guise, in its perfect protection.
Surround by luscious leaves and
Sweet, sweet knowledge,
Knowledge which tangled with sin.
Tangled with you.

Tempt her, tempt him.
The slick, sly snake no longer sneaked
but basked in the mellowness
of their mundane curiosity.
Let them starve in ignorance
Let them gorge in knowledge
Until
grotesque, full, corpulent
with a
dove slaughtered
on their plate.

Her horror, his horror.
The garden gone
Barren, fruitless, starved
Hell born.
Mourn, we mourn, they mourned
Yet you were never torn,
Clever little snake.