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The Creation of the World

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Eva Toth · *Hungary*

THE CREATION OF THE WORLD

The first day

I caught my breath in the darkness shivered while
gathering dry branches lit them He came out of the
cave held his hands over the fire and said Let there
be light

The second day

I got up at dawn fetched water from the river sprinkled
the ground to keep the dust down when He came out I
poured water into his palms he washed his face looked
up and said Let us call the roof sky what is solid
earth and the place where the waters come together sea

The third day

I got up early went to gather blue red yellow fruits
small grains ground them between two stones kneaded
and cooked them He got up stretched ate the bread the
sweet fruits and said Let the earth bring forth tender
grasses bring forth grasses with grains and fruit trees

The fourth day

I awoke very early swept the yard with a green bough
put the clothes in to soak scrubbed the pots cleaned
the tools the sound of the scythe awoke him He turned
to the wall and said Let the sky's high dome be filled
with bodies that give off light to separate the night
from the day

The fifth day

I got up at the crack of dawn filled the troughs with
water gave the horses hay milked the cow sheared the
sheep took the goats to graze fed the geese cut nettles
for the ducklings shucked corn for the hens cooked slops
for the hogs threw bones to the dog left milk for the
cat He yawned rubbed his eyes and said Grow and multiply
populate the earth

The sixth day

I was awakened by labor pains gave birth to the child of
my womb bathed swaddled and suckled him He leaned over
and let the tiny hands reach out and grasp his little
finger smiled at his image his likeness and saw that the
whole of his creation was indeed good

The seventh day

I awoke to the baby's cry quickly changed his diapers
dressed and nursed him and he was quiet I lit the stove
aired the house went down for the papers watered the
plants dusted the furniture made breakfast silently the
smell of coffee woke him up He turned on the radio lit
a cigarette and blessed the seventh day

translated by Marianna Abrahamowicz