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Eve’s Awakening

I woke and was alone in some new world—there wasn’t world before, or wasn’t me to see it, call it world. Birds made as if to speak to someone I couldn’t see, trees waved green arms like flags swimming light winds, echoing clouds that ornamented blue. Everything echoed there, held conversation with itself, or with some likeness of itself. I was alone, and woke into the sound of world: rose into that colloquy of purple and yellow flowers I couldn’t name. I heard some waters calling me, rose and walked toward that music, and lay down beside a sky that had laid itself down for me, the sky laid low with waiting for me, having given up above. My face waited for me in the singing water, welcomed me with my own gaze; my own lips rose up to kiss my name into my voice. But then another voice called me away from me, calling my face his likeness, and made me half, who had been whole, beside myself
lying there beside the lake of sky.
He called me by a name I'd never heard,
tried to enclose my hand in his: that garden

suddenly seemed small, enclosed
on every side by God, something that said
to call him that. Everything sang me

but him; I heard a voice and turned away.