



PROJECT MUSE®

Hammered Dulcimer

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EVE, AFTER EATING

It had nothing to do with God,
what had made her
plunge her teeth into fate,
and nothing to do with hunger.
The shape of her lust
was not one of those globed fruits.
Nor was the pleasure
of pulp on her tongue
as simple as Truth
spilling seeds in the mind.
The snake wasn't so clever,
"Empress" this, "Goddess" that.
She saw through his compliments.
It was simply a choice,
to open an error,
to pluck from the branch
of knowledge and abundance
as it had been defined.
Her mouth filled with juice.
Her blood filled with song.
*The plant at the center,
the growth in the heart,
the self and its lover,
are joined in this art . . .*
A strange afternoon.
Afterwards,
she lay on the ground
listening to the wind
as it paused in the orchards,
hoping they wouldn't come yet
—death, god, the man.
She needed to think for a while,
and to learn.