Eve, After Eating

Published by

Williams, Lisa.
Hammered Dulcimer.
Project MUSE. muse.jhu.edu/book/9345.

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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.