

Please, tell Adam I Won't Be Apologizing

Of course, I was made out to be the bad guy -- or woman, I should say.
Beguiling poor Adam into eating the tempestuous fruit blushed with secrets
Of the world's ever-growing offerings. I was nothing near concerned
Of the snakes supposed "allure". To be a God required an ego too heavy to
Lug; and Adam had enough as it was, just knowing I came from his rib.

The truth is, I was never told to stay away personally; all talk was through Adam.
So yes, I admit to eating the fruit -- allowing the nutrients to melt into my veins,
Equipping me with knowledge. I bit deep into it and swallowed a seed
That planted feelings in my toes. I watered the seed to a sprout. First
Grew anger in my left leg, as I watched wars play out in my mind.
Clouds of greed and envy rained over the earth and flooded the once loving world.
Soon after, sadness ripened in my right leg and I questioned His truth,
His love and His loyalty.
As the plant rose in my body,
Branches took over each limb. I grew hope and love in each arm.
Each appendage cultivated lust and wonder and bravery and joy and fear and
And even more hope.

The seed, watered by curiosity, continued to grow, as a tree flourished in my frame;
Overtaking the body God had created, and cracking the rib of Adam. I no longer
Belonged to him.

Obviously, Adam followed suit. Not realizing that his unconscious being
Would be shaken awake by the hidden plights of the world. Soon after,
A tree too sprouted in him.
Barren, we stayed cold and leafless.
Not yet flowered by the sun's everso gracious rays. God saw us
Scared and stuck in place, afraid to break the new roots that grew
Out of our toes and firmly into the ground. He clothed us with
Leaves and fruits of our own, before uprooting us from the Garden
That was once home.

Adam has blamed me since.
"Without you, I would still be in Paradise," He says while wiping
The sweat from his ugly brow, after a hard days work
That never seems so hard to me. But I am not sorry.

Of course, I will take responsibility for being kicked out.
There is no denying that I ate the fruit. But perfection is ease.
And ease breeds ticks, that cut into your skin
Burrowing their empty bodies deep into your vein,
To feed off your essence and light.

So instead of blaming me for the downfall of Eden
Equip me with your graces and thanks.

I'll start:

“Thank you, Eve, for bearing and birthing the realization
That planted a seed of enlightenment, watered from the same
Can that gave you new life”

Or

“Thank you, Eve, without you man's feet would have no want
To leave God's verdant ground, and explore his sable skies.”
But a regular “thank you” will suffice.

Yesterday I lit a match and set the Garden of God aflame. And I smiled as,
The burning tree that used to breath life melted away. And watched as
My force field surrounded the ripe fruit, with teeth markings still plaguing
It's hemisphere. It laid safe on the ground for other to take a bite.
And as I watched the Garden burn around it, I graciously accepted
The appreciation I rightfully deserved -- which was lost in the greed of the
Torched fruition. And while anger may not subside because of
Paradise lost, remember the words I speak to you. Because it is true
Perfection is the death of creation.