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The Eve of Spring

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THE EVE OF SPRING

Tia Lawson

Her legs were smooth
as Satan slithered between them,
opening, exposing her.
Sensuous desire wet her lips
like Adam had never done.
She knelt,
sucking dry the evil
that hung far below him.
Leaves fell silently,
wanting to cover his desire
and her pointed perfections.
The browns, tans and greens fused,
camouflaging their wrongs,
deceiving the wildness.

Colored in crimson,
she shied from his gaze.
“Why me?” she whispered.
After all, she had only been
His second thought.
Vengeance tasted thick, salty and warm
as he licked clean her first purities.
Rising above, hissing,
ejecting creation’s living venom.
Gasping for infantile air her body
lay stricken upon the fertile floor.
“Hallelujah!” she sang,
praising the scales that tingled inside her.

The ferns cradled their tired bodies,
while their arms embraced
in malice and deceit.

From the Tree of Knowledge
they plucked two figs.
The first,
for their own sustenance.
Then, the other,
with which to form her missing rib.
Now, molded from the sweet nectar of raw fruit,
Eden’s clay and Adam’s bone.
She had the logic of man,
felt the frailty of the Earth,
and the sugar of desire deep within her.
Her body, no longer like man’s,
stood looking to the tree instead of the sky.
Horror seethed in the eyes of her maker as
she finished the job He was unwilling to do.