

Mia Shaw

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Eden

Take one
left-turn through the chamber doors of your heart,
down the dark staircase, to the garden gate.

How long since you have visited? What happens
to what we refuse to mend?

I swallowed many matches, burnt
every living tree.
What small armies settled there?
Did I permit their entry?

In a dimly lit memory I am barely conscious,
lying on my back, looking to my left
hand at an apple,
barely bitten,
rolling from my palm towards all
the unknown alternatives.
The snake is eating all of my first fruit
hissing *I'm sorry it hurts*.

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Today I took one
left-turn through the chamber doors of my heart,
downstairs to the secret gate at which I sat for
an hour. Then I opened it to see

her, as she was in childhood,

sitting with her legs crossed under the living tree,

in conversation with the snake,

laughing, eating

apple after apple.

