

Andrea Janelle Dickens

Eden

—After the Garden of Eden scene carved on the
façade of the Cathedral of Notre Dame, Paris.

She sways above the scene, while
down below Adam and Eve tentatively

touch hands. This serpent watches
over Eve, a maternal tilt to her head

and eyes, a mother who's only looking at
her daughter. Adam looks, too. Between them,

she curls, just a growth in their tree.
And Eve, through all of this, looks inwards,

not noticing either side of this attentive
triangle. Apple to mouth, Eve ponders

some old knowledge, an idea that crosses
just behind her brow once again,

a vague remembrance. The face above,
her head and breasts, the viney hair, curves

of each slender shoulder atop the tree
stake her claim on it, her body

announces it is the body to which
trees belong. Tells how her desire

will always be softer than bark, harder
than blossoms. The fruit she's given

her children, the fruits of this tree,
fruit from the blossoms of her own body.

And Eve remembers her future, at last.