Memory of Eden

The sky could have been
an angel, it was so
white. It could have been God, resting
on His Sabbath
in blinding perfection.

Spring warm, glory bright, nothing was vile
that day. Ants carried
dust on their black backs
to create a home inside our home.
The fang of the rosehip was
an invitation to taste
its red nectar.
Even the smooth green snake
wiggling across our path was
a ticklish child.

We could have stayed
in the garden all day, exposing ourselves
to the first pure gifts.
We could have stayed
there forever, if not for

the cloud, blossoming
out of nowhere, its hard rain
chasing us away from the wild rosehips
to the nearest tree.

ALLISON CHILDS