

## 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