

# Pride of flesh

*For Melanie*

Pride of flesh, skin's vanity,  
blood's boast, hubris of bone,  
these are gifts we bring  
to this arrangement, virtues  
we have more than enough of.

In the mirror, my image wrestles  
yours to the glass, distorting  
not just what we see but the sense  
we have when gazing at perfection  
of being close to what god whispered,

to what he may have had in mind  
for Eve and Adam had they not  
thrown away heaven  
for the dubious pleasures  
of sex and knowledge. For so little,

they quit the garden, crossing  
a boundary beyond which  
there is no conception, brave  
Columbuses sticking out their tongues  
at earth's edge, leaving god's forgiveness

behind them in the constant slant of sky.  
How right the bard was, what fools  
these mortals be, all the more so  
if they think they aren't. Fools  
who gaze at themselves with wonder,

with reverence, as if seeing something  
more than what god had intended,  
the simple arrangement of his form,  
there on the glass, the reflection  
burned with balm onto our perfect eyes.

DAVE MARGOSHES