

Death

by [Gracia Grindal](#) in the [April 20, 2022](#) issue

from *Epistles to Eve*

You had to shape your habits by yourself,
How to face death, unknown until his blood
Soaked into earth, shrieking to you like hell,
To raise his body sinking into the mud.
You reached for Adam, holding him for grief
Wiping away your salt tears with his hand.
Hating and loving Cain, the murderer and thief
Of your loves, you hallowed the virgin land
With his remains. Now we crouch in our homes
Without ceremony, forbidden human touch.
Like Adam raised up out of the garden loam,
With no relatives, unable to figure much.
He longed for congress in the green outside
Empty as Good Friday absent the Son who died.