

Eve reaches for forbidden fruit

by [Gracia Grindal](#) in the [February 28, 2018](#) issue

“Thou shalt not eat of the golden fruit of the tree
In the midst of the garden,” the voice a negative
Of flesh drawn toward the deadly lust to live,
To know, to touch forbidden fruit, to see.
A tongue hisses, mocking the cruelty
Carved in commands only deities can give.
“Reach out, my lovely, toward the web I weave—”
His tongue glistens with possibilities.
A globe breaks like a glass of ruby wine
Filling the fissures of the earth with shade.
Knowing, I bid my languid lover dine.
We feed on chaos in the naked glade,
My appetite gorges on shady night.
The earth goes flat, the moon a plate of light.