

The tempter returns

by [Gracia Grindal](#) in the [June 20, 2018](#) issue

He kept coming back, hissing in the trees,
Whispering sly seductions, making me think
Life would be sweeter if I yielded to his pleas.
Adam grew dull, the children over the brink,
I was his first, he said, "Keep reaching out to take
Fruit flushed with ripeness, you are getting old."
Age drooped before me, remote and bleak,
I longed to taste it, once again be bold.
The little treaties that I made with him
Did nothing, ink spelling out sorrow, pain,
Betrayals to our flesh, hurt to the brim,
Leaving us spent and wasted, praying for rain
To wash away the grievous fault we shared,
The war we waged but never quite declared.