

Eve asks the serpent for a story

by [Lynn Domina](#) in the [February 9, 2022](#) issue

He began by telling her about rain,  
how some is soft, barely mist  
against her arm, how some days  
her hot skin will welcome its moisture  
but how other times it is fierce, frightening,  
loud as peacocks or elephants, how it rushes  
like owls, muddying rivers until you can't see  
trout or wide-mouth bass or painted turtles.  
He told her about a time  
when rain never stopped, when water swirled  
above the whole land.  
She could have seen, if she'd been there,  
ripples ring her knees, she could have felt  
her waist looped by flood. Sometimes,  
he said, *frightening* is another word  
for *exciting*. Then he described how raindrops  
linger on leaves or a grasshopper's wing or an apple's  
red skin, glimmering, the apple  
beautiful as ruby but still sweet, still plump with juice, still  
soft on her tongue.  
He was right, she knew, he was right,  
as soon as she took the fruit,  
bit into its ripe flesh.