

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.