

# Enoch

by [Julie L. Moore](#) in the [April 20, 2004](#) issue

First there was the twitch  
of the olive leaf lipping its stem,  
then the sigh of silt, settling,  
and the surrender of crickets, their legs,  
like fans, folding,  
when the trill of a brook,  
intoxicating, irresistible,  
like the grace of his Lord,  
carried him away that evening—  
no chariot for Enoch  
at the age of 365  
who walked with God  
and simply  
like the last day in a year  
was no more.