

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.