

Eden in the a.m.

by [Richard Schiffman](#) in the [June 3, 2020](#) issue

In a time of no wind, in a spell of stasis after stars.  
In the almost morning morning, in the dawn before  
the solar dawning, the pause before the prelude,  
the hush that wombs the day, just stay, stay put  
before the roving eye can see, before the ear can hear  
the no-news news. Be here, exactly where you are,  
and where you aren't, in the unsown garden,  
in the sheer unknowing, in the windless blowing,  
in the fenceless land, in the I before the I began.  
Abide, don't hide, but neither spin the wheel of fate.  
There is still time. No time at all. Don't bum-rush  
Eden's gate. The snake will wait.