

it was paradise, He liked to say.
garden of eden, freedom. leave him.
but it was easy to call it paradise
He never lived there with adam.

adam who found pleasure in perambulating the paths,
naming his naked surroundings,
lion, lily, light. sparrow, stone, sky.
he used to name me too
as if i were unfinished until spoken by him.
eve, evil, evening
funny how he associated me with decline.

i think he meant well, i suppose i can't blame him for
the walls he mistook for horizons.
he thought love was a shadow i should reside in,
he thought our garden was enough.

but he saw my silence as consent.
he didn't expect eve, mother of all to be eve, the fall.

so i divined my own way out.
the apple was my exit strategy.
so i sunk in my teeth hard, and the skin snapped as if i'd broken the sky,
but all i'd done was finally break the God-awful silence.
juice dripping from my chin, a sweet sharpness reverberated from within.

why they credit the serpent is beyond me.
it lay in the grass, its whispers brushing my ankle,
as it praised me for my sins.
but i took the bite. i made the choice.

i bit for freedom, i bit for truth.
adam gasped and choked at me,
his pink throat a void bare of any words.
his eyes watered - but not for me.
no, his eyes glistened with the realisation
that control was only ever a myth
he entertained himself with.

exile? call it emancipation.
i would've eaten a thousand
apples before i shrunk myself back into eden, into a rib.
and so i marched out of that garden
with my head held high
with a mouthful of liberation staining my tongue.
original sin? i win