

Eve, the apple was a pomegranate—

Exhausting, the tear and pull
of scabrous flesh, exposing pale
pulp, the seeds sleek pulse.

Her fingers bleed red and

Adam takes the peel, pulls away

the arils. Two in his hand, two on her tongue.

You want them to see you, to offer you
your share. You expect Eve to thank you,
Adam to take your hand, take away the pen,
write the last words:

How many times will you write
redemption without being

redeemed?

—E. S. Jenkins

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