

Adam and Eve

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There was the Day,
and then came the Night.
The Earth was not beautiful,
it was a wasteland.

'What is your name?'

he shouted at her, face to face,
as if in despair
afraid that he is in a dream.
And his mouth has been awashed by rain.

For the water was still, upright,
as if being the sixth finger above the act of fish.
There's no punt, no church,
no hearing the God.

'My name is Eve.'

She said in a low voice, more silent than woods.
The reptiles were sweeping the heathers.
Below the World, swirling through darkness,
there was a moth leg, shivering.

The bell rang.

The serpent murder blossomed.
He turned his pockets inside out,
laid a splinter and a knife in front of her
and piled up feathers there as well.

'My name is Adam!'

he cried out loud.
The clouds moved in procession.
'My name is Adam!' Everything begins and ends
at the beginning.

She smiled unhappily.

The sorrow as well as gratitude

like the furniture that has been auctioned off
lied dead inside her, piled up,
as far as the last line.

He knelt down to her feet.

Suffocating by the darkness,
she hid him from herself.
The God gasped, unseen,
creating the late love.