

# Eve and Lilith Back at the Garden

*Lynn Levin*

Eve and Lilith peered through  
the padlocked gates of the garden  
now a restricted community.

Eve glared at Lilith,  
“You told me it was easier to beg  
forgiveness than ask permission. Now look.”

“That’s what *I* always do,” Lilith replied,  
aware that under the circumstances  
she sounded pretty lame.

“Plus,” said Eve, “I think I’m pregnant.”  
“I told you to use protection,” said Lilith.  
“But Adam promised...” Lilith rolled her eyes.

“Him and his teaspoon of joy,” said Eve.  
A fault line threatened her brow.  
“Girlfriend,” counseled Lilith,

“either change your life or accept your life  
but don’t go around mad.  
Let that anger go,” said Lilith. “Just let it go.”

Eve hated it when her friend got preachy.  
Anyhow when it came to holding onto anger  
Eve was an Olympian, a gold medalist.

She clung to a grudge  
like a shipwrecked sailor to a scrap of wood.  
It had something to do

with her excellent memory.  
As Eve sucked on the red lollipop of her hurt  
the two women trudged back to Nod.

All of a sudden something dark  
waved in the grass.  
“Eek!” shrieked Lilith. “A snake!”

She high-stepped in panic.  
Oh, woman-up, thought Eve  
as she grabbed a Y-shaped stick,

immobilized the critter’s head,  
stared straight into its eyes.  
The snake looked back at her with a *who me?* look.

“This one’s harmless.  
It’s only a dumb animal,” said Eve.  
“Kill it! Kill it!” pleaded Lilith.

“Sorry,” said her friend. “No can do.”  
Eve let the snake go.  
She just let it go.

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