

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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