

# The Tempting

Sue Swartz

We were both ready.

When I unfolded on the ground  
 for the first time,  
 felt the dampness of juice  
 dribbled on morning earth,  
 smelled the dusky smell of it up close,  
 looked up and saw everything,  
 everything from this lowly place,  
 the edge of heaven on fire,  
 I knew it was worth it –  
 and took to crawling on my belly  
 in all its silky sweetness.

What I will do  
 when the Woman kicks at my head  
 for the first time, when she fails  
 to recognize me, I do not know.  
 What I will do if she does see  
 and does remember,  
 (yet stifles her own giggles)  
 I also do not know.  
 Will I keep from hissing out  
 my own delight? Or will  
 our laughter blow the world open?

*Sue Swartz lives in Bloomington, Indiana, where she teaches and consults on social change. She is the winner of the 2007 Joy Harjo Prize in Poetry and her poems have appeared recently in Cutthroat, Isotope, Smartish Pace, and Trivia: Voices of Feminism. She is obsessed with ballroom dancing and Middle East peace politics.  
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