

A photograph of a forest path in autumn. The path is covered in fallen leaves and leads through a dense forest of tall, thin trees. The leaves are in various stages of autumn, with some green, some yellow, and some brown. The sky is visible through the canopy, showing a clear blue color. The overall scene is peaceful and scenic.

The Road Not Taken

Fall 2015

The Road Not Taken: A Journal of Formal Poetry

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Editor's Corner

Welcome to the Fall 2015 Issue of *The Road Not Taken.*

All sorts of things have been happening at *The Road Not Taken* lately, as many of our readers already know. In fact, they've been happening for a good two years now, since the retirement of our **Founding Editor, James Prothero**. So it occurred to the current editors

**Kathryn Jacobs, Managing editor, and
Rachel Jacobs, Associate editor**

that it was time to tell *all* of our readers (old and new) what to expect in the future. And that in turn led to what we hope will be a new tradition at *Road*:

The Editor's Corner.

For those of you who are new, then.

When Jim Prothero first founded our journal in 2007, he did so to establish a “counter-tradition” to what is variously called “free verse” or (as I prefer to call it) *Internal Form*. Internal form is not the enemy however; there are actually *advantages* to internal form. For instance, a little flexibility allows the writer to use line breaks as a form of punctuation (say, dividing pentameter over two lines). In short, *The Road Not Taken* is not rigid; it just believes in the importance of having (at least) **Rules To Break**. Which brings us back to *External Form*.

To put it another way: it is impossible to feel the violation of a hyphenated run-over or an enjambed line without external form. Likewise, to *hear* the difference between what is – *aurally* – external form, and – *visually* – internal form, you have to hear the patterns being messed with.

A case in point: I myself write a great deal of poetry that might superficially be categorized as “free verse.” *None of it is free verse however* in my own opinion, because it is all **aurally** dictated: i.e. if I have a 7 syllable metrical line, I generally follow it with a 3 syllable line: we *see* varying line length, but we *hear* pentameter.

So yes, this is a metrical journal, but we are tolerant of visual variation as long as we *hear* patterns: the ear rules. And of course we welcome traditional forms, as always.

Which Brings us to 2015.

Last issue we had the great good fortune to welcome from the University of Chicago a new editor to *Road Not Taken*: Rachel Jacobs. With her help, *The Road Not Taken* is evolving: we are becoming more organized and elegant. First, we have decided to make **The Editor's Corner** a regular feature. This will be followed by a **Feature Poem** and an **Editor's Choice**.

The Road Not Taken is evolving in other words. Please share it with your friends: help us to

promote the ethos of aural poetry. Welcome to the Fall Issue of *The Road Not Taken* – Kathryn Jacobs

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Feature Poem

Jenni Wyn Hyatt

Jenni Wyn Hyatt is a retired teacher and family history researcher who has been writing poetry for only a few years. She has had some competition success with her humorous verse and has recently had two of her serious pieces published by 'The Lyric'.

She was born in Maesteg, South Wales, U.K., educated, many years ago, at Aberystwyth and Worcester Universities and currently lives in Derbyshire with husband, Pete, and black and white cat, Mabon.

Saltmarsh in October

Small groups of skylarks rise and spiral-soar
and distant curlews keen their plaintive cry.
Runnels and peaty pools reflect the sky.
The wind disturbs the rushes and my hair,
like a new lover's rough caress - and flings
the gulls about the sky on paper wings.
My feet are silent on the sandy path
save when they step, unheeding, on the black
pods of the pistol-popping bladder-wrack,
strange to my ears - while stretched, before my eyes,
in orange, russet, lichen-yellow hues,
the marshland lies in many-textured bands,
a sampler by a needlewoman's hand,
its hem a distant estuary-blue.

Editor's Choice

(Rachel Jacobs)

Donald Mace Williams

Donald Mace Williams, a retired journalist and professor, has a chapbook, *Wolfe*, which was published by Rattle Editions. His poems have run in *Measure*, *Rattle*, *Barrow Street*, *Anglican Theological Review*, *American Arts Quarterly* online, *San Pedro River Review*, and other magazines. He lives in Canyon, Texas.

The Foot-Drying

Her hair fell thick and soft across his feet,
caressed them with a hovering womanness,
a proxy of her lips, almost as sweet.
About how he felt then, we have to guess.

Being, Pound said, a man, "no capon priest,"
did he hang nightly from a cross of no,
burn at that foot-drying to be released
for an hour with her, for the elders to rise and go?

He had the power to order things that way,
to draw young women into dim back rooms
regularly. The gospels never say,
no wheres or whens, if so, nor hows nor whoms.

To say so would of course have seemed a breach,
unholy and, besides, impolitic,
not well-designed to help the future teach
a heaven-sent perfection, the mystique

required to draw in multiples of masses,
burgeoning at the word of something more,
reward, reunion, when the present passes.
So if we knock, no one unlocks that door.

It may be just as well. If he in fact
did love and word had sped upslope, downslope
across the earth, the future would have lacked
a godly image. And lacked, therefore, hope.

Stephen Larsen

Bio: Stephen Larsen earned his MFA through UC Riverside in 2014. A devotee of metrical and epic verse, he is currently working on an adaptation of Dante's *Paradise*.

Portrait of a Woman as a Thunderbird

Listen: that girl is a thunderbird—
The black flap of her coat's a storm-cocked wing
The upturn of her collar, brewing thunder,
Her eyebrow's arch, barbed lightning, and her hair
Is made of rain: in it she wears the comb
From her ancestors on the Floating Mountain.

When she gets angry, storm clouds are her eyebrows.
She'll raise her voice and raze a city,
Stamp her foot and turn you into ash—
But when she smiles, even the darkest sky
Will have to brighten.

Love her, but fear her, too—
Because her smile is fleeting, because her eyes
Are greener than the heart's lone wandering,
Because her coat is made of feathers—
And if she were to raise her outstretched arms
The wind would carry her away from you.

Jean L. Kreiling

Jean L. Kreiling's first collection of poems, *The Truth in Dissonance* (Kelsay Books), was published in 2014. Her work has appeared widely in print and online journals, including *American Arts Quarterly*, *Angle*, *The Evansville Review*, *Measure*, and *Mezzo Cammin*, and in several anthologies. Kreiling is a past winner of the *String Poet Prize* and the *Able Muse Write Prize*, and she has been a finalist for the Frost Farm Prize, the Howard Nemerov Sonnet Award, and the Richard Wilbur Poetry Award.

Golden Fiasco

(St. Thomas, Virgin Islands)

At Magens Bay, the sand seems to be spun
from gold, and water sparkles under sun
made mild by gentle breezes that entice
the tourists to believe in paradise.
Our vintage photograph from Magens Bay
shows four young kids who interrupted play
to pose obligingly for Mom and Dad:
a small boy in blue trunks and three girls clad
in matching two-piece bathing suits. That's me,
the second from the left, ungracefully
slant-shouldered, with my skinny right hip thrust
toward my older sister. She has just
bent one leg back and toed the sand, more subtle
than I, her poise a dignified rebuttal
to my nine-year-old faux sophistication;
she smiles at my misguided affectation.
Our younger sister, on my left, is grinning
and golden-haired; she seems intent on pinning
our little brother to the spot, her hands
on his thin shoulders. He laughs as he stands
in front of her and reaches back to pry
her hands away. Although the sun was high,
the scene's glittering golds and aqua blues
have faded. While old photos often lose
their luster, these four aging kids would claim
clear memories of what's caught in this frame:
warm water, fine-grained sand, and salty air,
a morning swim, a day without a care—
we only had to dodge some jellyfish.
Our parents, though, had cause for feverish
anxiety: this prime vacation spot
was really our new home, and life was not
as golden as the photo might suggest.
Dad's job was shaky, Mom was unimpressed
by what she'd seen of our prospective school,
and at our new house, big bugs seemed to rule.
Our parents knew they'd made a foolish deal,
or they'd been conned, their dream now a surreal

if golden nightmare, and they rued their own
naïveté. They'd taken out a loan
to fund this fantasy, and they had lost
their bet, incurring a disastrous cost.
But look at us: as happy as four clams,
completely ignorant of any scams
or disappointments, unaware of debt;
we never guessed that someone could regret
this lark. Yes, Mom and Dad protected us—
adult concerns were not ours to discuss—
but more than that, they too enjoyed these days,
despite their woes. Not much could really faze
these experts in adventure—though they'd call
this one their grand fiasco—and we all
were trained to follow their good-humored lead,
to revel in the light, and not concede
to darker circumstance. We learned to find
the gold in what we or the fates had mined,
to shed the slag, to shine like island sun.
Our parents had a buoyant sense of fun
that bad luck couldn't sink, and they would tread
rough water cheerfully, to dampen dread.
Their old jobs gone, their checkbook balance low,
they took us to the beach, and caught the glow
of tropical good times on glossy paper:
a moment from their Virgin Islands caper
worth celebrating. We kids all have prints
of this old snapshot, and the decades since
have only made its lesson more compelling,
the tale reminding us, in each retelling,
of how we basked in joy—and we still do.
Though we've had our own griefs, and though time flew
at Magens Bay and flies much faster now,
we savor sunny moments. We learned how
from undisputed masters of the art,
who nurtured in each one of us a heart
inclined, like gold, to softness and reflection,
sustained by unconditional affection,
alert to opportunities for play,
resilient as the tides in Magens Bay.

The Beast in the Jungle

(after the novella by Henry James)

When Marcher did meet tooth and claw at last,
he recognized at once the fatal cost
of waiting for the beast. He had miscast
himself in baseless drama, and he'd lost
his shot at roles rejected out of dread,
his own brush painting jungle scenery
and black earth he now tasted as if dead,
long self-interred by his false destiny.
Miss Bartram languished in the wings for years
while he insisted on protecting her
from horrors born of his self-centered fears—
the beast he'd nurtured. What would you defer,
if tortured by what you anticipated?
What have you buried? How long have you waited?

Charles Southerland

Charlie owns a farm in Arkansas where he bales hay, cuts lumber on his mill, hunts and fishes, and writes poetry. He has been published in several poetry journals this year and he has been nominated for a 2016 Pushcart Prize.

Back Porch Fairy Tale: A Sapphic

It begins when loneliness forces me to
stray into an anarchist's bar while looking
for a babe— it's darker inside than outside.

(Listener's squeal. *Yes!*)

Over there, she's throwing some darts and hitting
what she wants, a bullseye, another double,
drinking ale, so accurate, I go over.

(*Innocent face on.*)

Ask her; "May I join you and try my hand too?"
Hold my breath. She nods and I nearly faint there
right in front of every last soul who sees me.

Andrea warns her—

*Stay away from him or regret it in the
morning.* Still, I'm holding my breath; the "Android"
moves on, dancing. Atta girl, keep on, vanish.

Quietly, I throw.

Deftly, like a ninja I strike three times. Ton-
eighty, tight and casual. I impress her.
I impress myself for a moment there. Yes.

Casualties pile up.

As we count the points off and chalk the tally,
laugh, we very cannily touch each others
fingers; let them forecast the weather, twining.

Glorious sunshine!

Midnight hours come, evident by the sounds we
make which ricochet off the walls and empty
tables past the bottles and barmaids shuffling.

Words we say, tumble.

She is slightly drunk on a favored micro-
brew and she is holding so tightly to her
steel-tip darts like candy or faith or reason.

Sweet-talking fails me.

I am lost in love, reignited with the
thought of her my whole life and now I've found her
hiding here in plain sight and wanting. Waiting.

Waiting for me, too.

We walk out of darkness into the night-scape
making demons exodus, flee our soiled past.
Drive my Green Bean pick-up into the sunrise—

Letting the darts strike...

Beth Houston

Beth Houston was the first featured poet at *Able Muse* and has published nearly three hundred poems in dozens of journals such as *The Literary Review*, *Yale Review*, *Massachusetts Review*, *Chicago Review*, *Feminist Studies*, *American Literary Review*, and *Sand Hill Review*. She has taught creative writing and composition at ten universities and colleges in California and Florida.

Cupid's Text to Venus

Let me now to the marriage of two mimes
Admit impediments—That wag's a gag!
Think Chaplin, Keaton, Lloyd, Marceau—his crime's
This teapot tempest dragged to nagging hag.
The couple's whiteface made-up, prison stripes
Chic wedding black-and-white, suspenders hold
Unaltered pants up—now the pose: Each wipes
The other's lips and cheeks with cake, they scold,
Their mirrored ghostly grimace holds for weeks,
In perfect silence, sculpted gestures feast.
No Pantomimus of the Ancient Greeks!
No mime Aurelius made Phoebus' priest!
Let farce to bending sickle's compass come;
Words frozen on the edge of doom, strike dumb.

Yates Young

Yates Young has been writing poetry for over forty years. He majored in English Literature and minored in Mandarin Chinese at the undergraduate and graduate levels. In addition to writing original poetry, he translates Classical, Tang and Sung poetry. He resides in Palm Coast, Florida.

Absolution

Bless me, Father,
for I have seen
those fingers clutch
communion wafers.

Bless me, Father,
for I have heard
those lips demand
forbidden favors.

Bless me, Father,
for it has been
how long –
I couldn't say

Since I could kneel
before my bed
bow down my head
and pray.

Bless me, Father,
an ocean of holy water
could never wash
it all away.

James Hamby

James Hamby teaches courses in English literature and composition at Middle Tennessee State University, where he also serves as the Assistant Director of the University Writing Center. His poetry has appeared previously in *The Road Not Taken* and in *Collage: A Journal of Creative Expression*.

A Sock's Complaint

Together we were bundled as a pair;
Content and young, we owned each other's heart.
But then we were unpacked, and washed for wear,
Cruelly sundered—sometimes drawers apart.

At times I've seen her briefly in the wash,
And there we pass like sail-ships in the night.
With other clothes we swirl around and slosh—
And soon she once again recedes from sight.

At other times I see her in the drawer,
And there she's coupled with another mate.
How cruel to watch the one that I adore
Be matched to someone else...but such is fate.

And if again we ever should embrace,
What would I say, and would she know my face?

Susan Martin

Susan Martin, a retired English and creative writing teacher, has had poetry and short fiction published in several literary magazines and anthologies. Most recently she has had poetry published in *Foliate Oak Literary Magazine*, *Still Crazy Literary Magazine*, *Torrid Literature Journal*, *Muse Pie Press: Shot Glass Journal*, and *the Society of Classical Poets' Anthology: 2014*. She has won prizes in Oneal Walters 2009 Women's Inspirational Contest and the New Jersey Poetry Society's 2012 Contest. She was awarded honorable mention in *Torrid Literature Journal's Annual Contest: 2014*.

Negative Space

The have-to's and want-to's and ought-to's and shoulds,
The could've's and would've's and would if I could's.
Compulsive, obsessive, imperative tools,
Used to govern ourselves by our own set of rules.

The mustn't's and dare not's, and will not's and shant's,
The wouldn't's and shouldn't's and couldn't's and can't's,
The rules firmly set are clearly defined,
Limitations set by our limited minds.

Unscathed, protected, prudent, discreet,
Wary, innocuous, self's self defeat.
We're safe in a world made a miniscule sphere
Based on circumscribed margins, governed by fear.

Oppressive, regressive, impassive defeat,
Each a thread in our own winding sheet.
No saying I'm sorry, no need to forgive,
A life worth living if you choose not to live.

Gregory Palmerino

Gregory Palmerino's essays and poems have appeared in *Explicator*, *Teaching English in the Two Year College*, *College English*, *Amaze: The Cinquain Journal*, *International Poetry Review*, *Courtland Review*, *Shot Glass Journal*, *The Lyric*, *the fib review*, *The Road Not Taken* and *Society of Classical Poets*. He teaches writing at Manchester Community College and writes poetry in Connecticut's Quiet Corner, where he lives with his wife and three children.

Slings and Arrows

There's no lack of poetry
in ICU, where one aligns
on white sheets: your *to be*

flows through sensory lines
reciting beats and measures
displayed in visual signs.

Not even this outrageous
fortune can keep your life-
breath sleeping quietus.

You are a poem, dear wife,
of strength and frailty,
and I am pale with relief.

American Nike

After *The Dinner Horn* (*Blowing the horn at seaside*),
Winslow Homer, 1870

Her pewter horn points out to sea and back
over the heads of five white-shirted men
busy from feeding a well-fed haystack

and three plain chickens pecking at the fen
that look content around a red heifer
belayed by work and light set far away.

At center, her flowing white dress frames her
antique design and holds this sun-filled day,
but no one yet heeds her diurnal blow.

As happy boughs lay petals at her feet,
this domestic triumphal stands for show
where free motion and sudden stillness meet.

Is this Homer's New World *Winged Victory*
or one maid blowing her own shivaree?

James B. Nicola

James B. Nicola has had recent poems in *TRNT* and in the *Southwest, Atlanta, and Lullwater Reviews*. His nonfiction book *Playing the Audience* won a Choice award. His first full-length poetry collection, *Manhattan Plaza*, has just been released; his second, *Stage to Page: Poems from the Theater*, will be out in 2016. More at sites.google.com/site/jamesbnicola.

Ozzy

If you remember Shelley's sand-logged king,
Ozymandias, notice he's come back
as a giant feathered creature that is lack-
ing both in size of brain and span of wing:
Ozzy the Ostrich. O, the eager bird,
too great to fly, can only fall, earth-bound
although resilient. So some mean warlord
took down The Congo, and Nepal was ground-
ed by his son on a spree. Princess Di,
Indira, John-John, all were clipped of wings
by circumstances, insubstantial things,
and lowly persons: bodyguard, chauffeur,
not seeing when it wasn't safe to fly. . . .
Like Ozzy, head in sand, as kings once were.

Brian Gavin

Brian Gavin has always harbored a passion for poetry, especially the poetry of Robert Frost. He is now semi-retired with the time to indulge this passion. He's pleased to have published a poem in the summer issue of *The Road Not Taken*, and his poetry will also appear in the Fall edition of *Peninsula Poets*. He lives with his wife, Karen, in Lakeport Michigan.

St. Clair River in Fog, 5:00 AM

From here I see the bridge, the half in air ---
un-shrouded half --- from which the quiet cars,
are launched to the abyss that isn't there
and, leaning forward on the railing bars,
I see my fingers trembling to discern
an ore boat hurtling silently through the strait ---
and, blindly, dragging shadow toward the turn;
inside it, 50 million pounds of freight.
My mind in fog drags shadow of its own
through the disproportionate quiet. Then the boat,
in statement of itself, sends out a moan ---
one long, lamenting, aching, basal note
upon the stunned stillness. Then, it is gone;
yet --- like the fog --- still saturates the dawn.

Johnny Longfellow

Johnny Longfellow is the editor of the online street-poetry site, *Midnight Lane Boutique*. A twenty year mentor to Newburyport, MA high school students through their annual Poetry Soup reading program and print journal, his verse has appeared online at a handful of sites, including *The Five-Two*, *Horror Sleaze Trash*, *The Literary Hatchet*, *The Rotary Dial*, and *Stepping Stones Magazine*.

Parkin' at a Rest Stop on a Snowy Ev'nin'

The highway slick with drifts o' snow
I've come to this rest stop I know
To watch them flakes that gently fall
On top o' rigs, parked in a row.

My dispatcher 'll sho'ly call
An' say, "Hey pal, git on the ball!
Whaddaya think? We work fo' free?
Ya' gotta Goddam load to haul . . ."

I guess that's jus' my luck, ya' see?
To drive all night on 93
With winds that make my trailer shake,
An' some damn fool on my C.B.

My time ain't mine—it's his to take—
But Hell, I need to sneak this break,
An' sniff some coke to stay awake,
An' sniff—! some coke—! to stay awake.

To Those Who Hold The Bag

Now sure, it's only summertime
An' it's jus' barely dark,
But lookee how them Christmas lights
Light up our trailer park . . .

It's women leave 'em lit like that:
They love to decorate—
An' sure enough, ya' do some 'shrooms,
Them lights look frickin' great!

But don't ya' know, in Springersville
There's folk mo' well-refined,
Who write petitions that begin
With, "We, the undersigned . . ."

To them, our park's a big ol' mess—
They've sensibilities
Far more concerned with "Goin' Green,"
Nice lawns, 'n' SUVs.

Them types, they see no beauty in
Them lights that burn all year,
But then, they got mo' proper tastes
Then women do roun' here.

I guess it's like what Jesus said
To Judas, long ago:
"Let Martha's sister be, ol' friend—
Yo'll always have the po' . . ."

Ruth Foley

Ruth Foley lives in Massachusetts, where she teaches English for Wheaton College. Her work appears in numerous web and print journals, including *Antiphon*, *The Bellingham Review*, and *Sou'wester*. She is the author of three chapbooks, *Dear Turquoise*, *Creature Feature*, and *Sink and Drift*; and her first full-length collection, *Dead Man's Float*, is forthcoming from ELJ Publications. She serves as Managing Editor for *Cider Press Review*.

Atalanta

I've never found an apple irresistible—
a convenience I held for your pursuit.
Know I don't make facile promises.
If you must have me, I must be undone.
I have built a rapid reputation for
persistence—it does not shred lightly.
It's not that I've neglected love exactly
but it's treacherous and easily outrun.

Tell you the truth, I'm tired of being
capable, being hunter, being untouched
on this sea of men. You were willing
to believe you could outthink me. It is
enough. It fills me more than fruit, this
measured chase, this invented overtaking.

Jane Blancherd

Jane Blanchard lives and writes in Georgia. Her poetry has recently appeared in *Angle, Lighten Up Online, The Rotary Dial*, and *U.S.1 Worksheets*. One of her sonnets was a Laureate's Choice Winner in the 2015 Maria Faust Sonnet Contest.

Abode

Awkward is how I feel when visiting
a house no longer mine. Too much has changed:
paint, paper, carpet with the opening
of once-closed rooms, their confines re-arranged
and filled with furniture I neither chose
nor bought. A mounted television, on
low volume during my brief tour, shows
high-definition sports. Nothing bon-ton
demands attention, just the normal stuff
of daily life—books, cushions, lamps, knick-knacks,
clocks, candles, potted plants, more than enough
in place or out to make most guests relax.
But strangely I do not become less tense
until I leave—again—this residence.

M.A. Rodriguez

M. A. Rodriguez is a freelance writer and artist based in the San Francisco Bay Area. He's been writing poetry since high school but his passion for the art form really took root while he attended college at California State University, East Bay.

The Towers

Rising from a battered and torn city
like steel spires reaching up for the sky
and watched over by a lone guardian,
the site of the towers captures my eye.

In the light—between echoes of darkness,
Sabato Rodia achieved his dream.
Covered in thick mortar and wire mesh,
in Watts, a grand mosaic reigns supreme.

Refuse is given new color and life,
a monumental feat with little help.
Made of porcelain, glass, seashells and tiles;
it is a window to his inner self.

Did madness or genius birth his vision
with the desire to be remembered
like Columbus or Michelangelo
and live on as fires sparked from embers?

Many men wish to become immortal
even up against impossible odds.
But nobly and with the simplest of tools
ordinary men can too become gods.

Mary Wallach

Mary Wallach's poetry has been published in *The Mississippi Review*, *Cider Press Review*, *Shangri-la Shack* and other journals. She studied prosody with the late Robert Fitzgerald. She lives in New York City where she enjoys occasionally giving readings of her work.

Eden Sestina

The problem was not one of imperfection,
but seeing it, especially when God had warned
that all things were exactly as they were supposed
to be. Which is why when the serpent approached
and asked in seeming innocence, "Is *this* good?"
Eve bit, felt obliged to look, taste, pass judgment.

What did she know from good? (This is not a judgment.
Eve had no context in which to place imperfection,
no experience with better, worse, not one scrap of good
or bad knowledge.) So she overreached even as she warned,
"I've never done this before." Warily she approached
the tree and scrutinized each fruit as she supposed

she was supposed to do. Unfortunately, she supposed
wrong. Her teeth broke skin, the juice a judgment
against her as it dribbled down her chin. Adam approached
and demanded an explanation. And although imperfection,
her own, was a defense, even as she begged, warned
him, he just couldn't let it go. And so, for their own good,

he also bit, wanting to see for himself. And it *was* good—
tart, crispy, just as he had always imagined it was supposed
to be although at first he pretended it wasn't good, warned
Eve of the bellyaches that awaited them, God's judgment,
punishment, wrath. But Adam was a poor actor. His imperfection
made Eve smile. He was the only man who even approached

her idea of "The One," a pragmatic partner who approached
each day in the garden with awe and aplomb. He was good
at extolling every creation, discovery, lauding imperfection
as perfection just as God had commanded or as he supposed
God had. What did he know? He accepted God's judgment
until Eve disobeyed, albeit by deceit. But she had been warned.

She had an explanation, but no excuse. They'd both been warned.
The sky grew dark. The snake slipped down its hole. God approached
in no mood for excuses, let alone explanations. He rendered a judgment
unimaginable, for the garden was their only context, one so good
it hurt. "But aren't we innocent?" ventured Eve. "Aren't we supposed
to trust?" before Adam could shush her, sheepish in his own imperfection.

But they'd been warned, so they had to bid the garden good-bye. As they approached the gate, burning with supposed shame, inwardly they railed at God's judgment, felt set up by their own imperfection. Snorted Eve, "Perfect!"