

Sleepwalkers in the Garden

At least afterward, Adam and Eve knew
what they'd lost. Knew their bodies
as separate, which gave them something
to long for. Knew God—that companion
who'd strolled beside them in the appled
evenings—as a whispering in the quiet
corner of their chests: a new reason
to be still and listen.

When my grandmother
moaned into the pain of her final days, there
were her bottom teeth—those pickets, the same
irregular pattern as mine. Her eyes, the same
too, only flecked with the green of new leaves.
Why had it taken me until then to see? Paradise
is every moment we've ever left, all the small
unnoticed gardens we can never again enter.

Jessica Jacobs