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