

Genesis

*in honor of Sylvia Plath*

but we've come so far  
from small hands in a backyard  
and stars in glass jars

There is blood on all the flowers now.  
I never liked them anyway,  
Their blues and purples only reminded me of previous bruises.  
I am Eden and her inverse  
An oasis of decay.

God, unresponsive and blank, resembles a question  
Unwilling to be answered.  
I know it well. I have lived it.  
But no more, no more,  
The flowers will take my shape when I'm gone.  
They are sad, I presume,  
This pitiful animal strewn in the garden  
Is foreign to their fragile features.

The songs of angels and sinners hold the same tune  
If you close your eyes for long enough.

So we spawn a thousand red rivers.  
I have bitten the fruit now  
And there's no turning back.

A snake slithers by and bites my foot.  
I don't feel a thing.

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