

The Lesson

She said *He is everywhere,*
even inside you. I felt
my bones bow, my organs
crowd with words
whispered from within.
The thin black dog
leaning against a white fence,
the seamstress pricking
her finger, my father sleeping
at the end of the pew—
inside us all, He listened,
a black phone with a stiff dial
connecting one mind
to the next. I listened to
the circuits of my body
jam with sounds, then
a stillness I feared.
Eve left the garden,
she said. *Eve disobeyed,*
and He marched her
through gates leading
nowhere, and nowhere
stretches. He knew
before she covered
herself in leaves, before
the core swarmed with bees.
He lived inside her
and felt the thought form.