

your paradise is not for me

Adam warmed Eve's feet with his hands when she was cold in eden

the love between them was perfect: the space between them and paradise was like the angle of air that raises the wing,

then he stopped with the feet and the hands and Eve did her own paths of seeking

and the space became smaller and smaller until they were greater than the garden. the end of the whole appears as dissolving and solidifying at once, like grass first intuiting the failing sun, then breaking skeletal frozen, green to icy powder. no fall, like the end of colours, taste and body. like facing the world new and unknown. but then they keep looking and just today they saw an old man who had lost his way thank his helper wrapping his two hands around hers.

sometimes when you look closely

blinking

into the flashlit fog

there's a piece of green

still

and always

always

pressing against it.