1960

Adam

J. W. Miller
St. John Fisher College

How has open access to Fisher Digital Publications benefited you?
Follow this and additional works at: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle
Part of the Creative Writing Commons

Recommended Citation
Available at: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1960/iss1/15

This document is posted at http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1960/iss1/15 and is brought to you for free and open access by Fisher Digital Publications at St. John Fisher College. For more information, please contact fisherpub@sjfc.edu.
Adam

Cover Page Footnote
Appeared in the issue: Volume 5, Spring, 1960.

This poem is available in The Angle: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1960/iss1/15
The salient darkness was not of the soul
That night. Well, Eve, you drew the blanket
Over me and went to view with moody curiosity
The moon drifting lightly through the hills of Eden.
The river had a silver-skinned unity, and the scales
Of the Serpent too scintillated like pearly spores.
Reflecting each a possible world. It was an hour
For imagination to reinterpret the elements of creation,
The eleventh hour of our pristine history.
And the call went out of your restless bosom
For a new arrangement of our many-generationed life.
Decades had passed, and a new attitude was needed.
The subtle insinuation murmured like misty intuition.
And you wanted out of the fool’s paradise you had been born into. Our social status would be higher, you thought, To eat the apple and become as God. It pleased you, the good sappy fragrance, like The satisfaction of munching nuts while playing Innocently at dinosaur-dice. You were relaxed. Enjoying a good show: quintessential drama: The alienation, the recognition, all that: Both hubris and catharsis for the actor-spectator. But look at Cain, our firstborn and now to be The firstdead. Was it worth it, rescinding The ordered intensity of infused knowledge For the challenge of the empirical act, The tainted adventure of an intellectual epicure, Feeding the sense for the sake of the mind? No crescendo of passion moved you onward, Merely the old demon Experience, the little hells We all demand to fructify our heaven. Ah, Eve, you should have let the deer, Stalking fearlessly in the fields of Paradise, Eat the apple. For him it was no cosmic act, Echoing through the loins of unweaned children. Seeding history with the germ of dissolution, A flake of oxide rust on the mechanism of existence. Thinking of what you’ve done, Sitting here in misery for the first time, Agonized even at this new vocabulary of sorrow, I cannot suffer in silence. My boy, Unwombed in sin. can only learn our sorrow By incarnating endlessly our error. His infant moan is a wail of doubt, unanswered at birth, Unanswerable until the timeless moment after death. Our little world of light has melted into twilight And the illumination we now love is darkness. What words will ever convey to our son the vision That was real enough to touch and push over? What will I tell him, Eve, when he listens in silent anguish To our tale of the lost Paradise?