

# Eve Revisited

By Alison Hawthorne Deming

Pomegranates fell from the trees  
in our sleep. If we stayed  
in the sun too long  
there were aloes  
to cool the burn.  
Henbane for predators  
and succulents when the rain was scarce.

There was no glorified past  
to point the way  
true and natural  
for the sexes to meet.  
He kept looking to the heavens  
as if the answer were anywhere  
but here. I was so bored  
with our goodness  
I couldn't suck the juice  
from one more pear.

It's *here*, I kept telling him,  
*here*, rooted in the soil  
like every other tree  
you know. And I wove us  
a bed of its uppermost branches.

Alison Deming, "Eve Revisited" from *Science and Other Poems*. Copyright © 1994 by Alison Deming. Reprinted by permission of Louisiana State University Press.

Source: *Science and Other Poems* (Louisiana State University Press, 1994)