

Writing Poetry

Salon



Before Eve left the garden, she tugged Adam's sleeve and said,
One more, one more. You would think it was the pomegranate
branch she wanted, the round, drab bush dribbling myth
above a tedious brook or to retrieve a copy of *The Temptation of Baghdad*,
the novel she kept hidden in the rattler's den. Perhaps the absurd
peacock's ritual or chameleon. The elm or the oak. The cedars of
Lebanon. Ulysses? The buttock of the master on his side. You would
think to leave sword fern or limpet or humpback or rose would be the
definition of loss. England. Oh, England. Sweat of afternoon on alpaca
palm. The Nepalese. The world before and after. You would bet on
the ease of knowing God. Ontological prayer. Yes. Idleness. Check.
No ubiquitous errand. All darkness visible. Proust? Eve tugged on
Adam's sleeve, the fabric new to her, coarse like a broadleaf maple
tucked behind a barrel, a hard/soft gown Plato would wear to the
baths. One? One, she said.

Susan Stenson

Susan Stenson teaches English and creative writing at Claremont Secondary in the Saanich school district. In 2011 she received a Prime Minister's Award for Teaching Excellence. She has published three books of poetry and her work is widely anthologized, most recently in *Desperately Seeking Susans* (2012) and in *Force Field 77 Women Poets of BC* (2013).