Climbing Back Home to Mother Tree

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The Creation
(from the Gospel of Eve)
Christy Lenzi

The First Day
In the beginning, I dozed in the arms of the earth. Slumber clung to my eyelids, pressing me into the soft ground like heavy hands sliding over my skin. It was the Gardener. His calloused fingers clutched my bones, kneaded my flesh. The rhythm of his work set the pulse of my sleepy heart. But still, I did not know him.

When he finished with me and rose, I felt unhinged as if I, too, were rising. But the earth held onto me, gentle and soft. The haze of twilight settled over me once again. The Gardener’s voice, low and distant, murmured, “She’s all yours.” But he was not talking to the earth.

A figure, blurry in the shadowy garden, lay beside me, moaning softly. The Gardener grew smaller and darker until he disappeared into the shadows and I was alone with my groaning companion.

I swam in and out of moments. A moment floated by with an image of the moaning boy. He clutched his side. His eyes hated to look at me, narrowing and hardening into sharp edges, as if my presence injured him.

I have hurt him.

He told me this as red seeped between his fingers. It leaked from the gaps between the Gardener’s stitches.

I belonged to the boy. I was his helper.

He said the Gardener told him this.

The boy stretched his red finger toward me. He touched my side. My skin shuddered, but still he pushed his finger into my flesh, pressing it to the bone.

This is mine, inside you. Mine.

I closed my eyes and sank back into the earth, away from the boy’s hard eyes and prodding finger. I tried to slip back to the place I came from, before that moment the Gardener laid his hands on me. But I became lost.

And there was sleeping, and there was rising, the first day.

The Creation/2

The Second Day
The earth cradled me while I slumbered on the waves of twilight moments, rocking in and out of the garden where the boy’s stern voice summoned and sighed. Only when softness grazed my body did my eyelids flutter.

She stood so near that her hide brushed against my skin, sending a shiver through my bones. Her large eyes were made of dark kindness and deep sweetness. She pulled the purple from the green leaves until it snapped free. Her long, tender jaw rolled as she chewed it.

Purple dripped to the ground and sparkled on her hard little feet.

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