Metamorphosis #2

Kaelani Valdez Nawatani

University of the Pacific

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The Creation/5
The Fifth Day
Always the Gardener watched us. His ravenous eyes followed me around the
garden. As soon as I rose from sleep, His eyes reached for me as the Clever One’s
tongue had stretched toward the buzzing creature. But in the heat of mid-day, the
Gardener slept in the shade of the
Tree of Life and I could rest.
The boy told me a secret.
The Gardener said the tree of Life is a special tree, the tallest in the whole garden.
Its fruit keeps us exactly as we are, always. But we will spoil everything if we go
near the Crooked Tree.
I told him a secret.
I have stopped eating the bitter fruit from the Tree of Life.
It makes the rising moments too much like the sleeping ones. There are other
trees in the garden with much sweeter fruit. I wonder what the Crooked Tree’s
fruit tastes like.
My whispered words made the boy frown. He glanced over his shoulder.
I told him another secret.
The Tree of Life is not a good tree for climbing. But the Crooked Tree has low
branches and plump, golden fruit.
The boy’s eyes narrowed and became sharp. He poked the dirt with his stick, so I
stopped speaking to him.
I did not care about the Tree of Life. I wanted to change like the Clever One. I
wanted to know Good and Evil. I wanted to know what it is to die.
My clever friend came to me in sleeping visions. His scales were black like the
dome of the night sky; his scales twinkled silver like stars. The Gardener was not
the only one who could make such beauty—my clever friend created himself each
moment into something new, all by himself. I would find him when the Greater
Light rose into the sky. The thought comforted me the way the arms of the earth
used to do, back in the beginning.
And there was sleeping, and there was rising, the fifth day.

The Creation/6
The Sixth Day
I woke before the Greater Light. The boy slept, still, red fruit stains covering his
mouth and fingers. The Gardener had not yet come to peer at us through the
plants. I walked along the river to the spring. The Swimming Ones splashed. The
Flying, Singing Ones called to me and I laughed back.
Today I would find him.
I passed the Tree of Life with its dark needles, pointed top, brittle bark, and bitter
ground-fruits that I did not desire. But I breathed in the tree’s scent—greener and