

# Eve's Psalm

*Anne Elizabeth Berbert*

My fingers, like God's fingers,  
point to the dawn of salvation.  
I clasp this pomegranate, its seeds like  
worlds extending our isolated existence.

Long before the fruit, I breathed the blossoms,  
their pollen curling through the air  
back and forward all that ever was and will be  
and most importantly, now is.

Answers weigh heavier  
than any life that we conceive can bear.  
The bees will honey and the bears will sup  
while God in His pasture flocks our fields—  
atmosphere in His music,  
air dances to His name despite our posture—  
singing hope, shouting joy,  
wedding emotion to knowledge.

I now know pain.  
I anticipate joy.  
Our Savior will suffer because of us.  
He will suffer for us.

I find today to praise, rays of power,  
springs of laughter (we will laugh)  
trees of life.  
I leap into my human heart.  
I bow the branch.  
I bear the fruit.  
I say, "amen,"  
and kneel on fallen weight.