

Eve's Offering

Jenifer Lee

Sacred, subtle slavery, the mother's task—
That burden of creation's holy power.
To love a clot of flesh and never ask
If it deserves its soul at chosen hour.
If menses hints to Eve that it may fade,
That jolt which all her feelings can dislodge,
She mourns a cherub loved but never made—
Her grief real, though the creature was mirage.
When Eve shares her essential vapor's red,
Their spirits even mingle as it hides,
Umbilical communions sensed, not said—
Her pulse's sing-song message never lies.
Gray Eve's beauty and love on altar thrown,
Offering left behind and soon outgrown.

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