Devotion
Terresa Wellborn

The heart can think of no devotion
Greater than being shore to ocean
Holding the curve of one position,
Counting an endless repetition.
—Robert Frost

Every Tuesday morning, sky dark,
I rise to the temple. Today, by the
time we reach the Garden, the
actors need help with their lines.
I am reminded of a school play,
our drama teacher whispering
our lines off stage, and us stuttering,
poor acoustics, munged beneath
spotlights. In the fallen world,
the room warms. I fiddle with my
sash as Eve’s last words rise like a
fresh tide across bright earth,
while under cover of veil and fig
leaf every Adam and Eve cry.