

## *Apple sauce for Eve*

Those old daddies cursed you and us in you,  
damned for your curiosity: for your sin  
was wanting knowledge. To try, to taste,  
to take into the body, into the brain  
and turn each thing, each sign, each factoid  
round and round as new facets glint and white  
fractures into colors and the image breaks  
into crystal fragments that pierce the nerves  
while the brain casts the chips into patterns.

Each experiment sticks a finger deep in the pie,  
dares existence, blows a horn in the ear  
of belief, lets the nasty and difficult brats  
of real questions into the still air  
of the desiccated parlor of stasis.  
What we all know to be true, constant,  
melts like frost landscapes on a window  
in a jet of steam. How many last words  
in how many dead languages would translate into,  
But what happens if I, and Whoops!

We see Adam wagging his tail, good dog, good  
dog, while you and the snake shimmy up the tree,  
lab partners in a dance of will and hunger,  
that thirst not of the flesh but of the brain.  
Men always think women are wanting sex,  
cock, snake, when it is the world she's after.  
The birth trauma for the first conceived kid  
of the ego, I think therefore I am, I  
kick the tree, who am I, why am I,  
going, going to die, die, die.

You are indeed the mother of invention,  
the first scientist. Your name means  
life: finite, dynamic, swimming against  
the current of time, tasting, testing,  
eating knowledge like any other nutrient.  
We are all the children of your bright hunger.  
We are all products of that first experiment,  
for if death was the worm in that apple,  
the seeds were freedom and the flowering of choice.