

# Creation of Eve

By Shaun Johnston, see [shaunjohnston.org](http://shaunjohnston.org). 2013.

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The Earth was barely cool from being made  
when Adam threw aside his garden spade.

Away he crept,  
and wept.

Now God, perceiving Adam's sore distress  
and that it stemmed from unstemmed loneliness,  
walked deep in thought along the Heavenly Way  
till, stopping by some mounds of human clay,  
He sat upon my consciousness and planned  
the first rough draft of Eve upon the sand.

Virtue, vice, desire, perversion  
God deployed for man's diversion.  
Blow by blow the toll of talents  
blew me, threw me, off my balance,  
cast me, gasping, aching, shaking,  
head a-whirling, heart a-breaking,  
here and there, below, above,  
mad with passion—mad with love;  
pining for my natal crib  
and consummation with that rib.

But now, at last a man,  
I can  
perceive  
Eve  
dead.

Yet know, Oh woman on my arm,  
that Eve, the sole repository of charm,  
still has my heart;  
the only part  
you play is, in my dreams,  
personifying weakly her extremes.