Hawwa is Creating her Garden

Before her, the clay
of evergreen and juniper and oak.

Hawwa drinks sweet water from the well
studies the spine of each tree,
kisses each face
she finds in the river.

Hawwa is this garden. Look closely
at the rosary beads that glisten
like blackberries
on the bough.

Hawwa is olivine
and zinc,

she has planted seeds beneath the highest point
of the sun
and unfolded her body
onto the earth. She rises
like an eagle,
and laughs like a wasp.

Hawwa loves many things, and what she loves
she gives a name—the birds
that ki ki ki

are northern flickers. She cracks open a
pistachio
and delights in its snap.
Hawwa is heart and animal and breast and god.