

AFTER EVE

The newspaper ad reads,
“Will clean out Eves,”
mostly goes unnoticed,
after all only so much

to be made of a mishap.
Between misgivings
and amusement, there’s birth
and degradation. The Garden

is found in the unruly rosebushes
and voices in the well-trimmed
juniper hedges all along
Gladstone and Aldeah Avenues.

Behind the gutter, the downspouts,
the spiders web
and brittle leaves wedge.
Spread around each house’s

hidden inattentions, is the long past
where residents second guess
their nakedness, only to mention
the blistered and peeling

paint on southern exposures.
It’s obviously a man’s job,
only a man could conceive
of correcting love.