

With Cherubim and a Flaming Sword

The bed of grass too damp where love too soon
became historic. Heavy fossil. Feelings
ushered in where paradise had stood. How easy
to disregard well-meaning commands that lulled
them into safety where hands touched
nothing. Or was the intellect to blame, suffused
with hostile glamour? Accusations issuing forth
from such unruly mouths—ignorant
of the simple bliss that they had always known.