

Adam & Eve in the Attic  
*William Ford*

When the light switch fails  
Our eyes fall down in the dark  
And both of us stumble  
And we learn on our knees

The Torah of attics,  
That everything labors  
To return to the threads  
And pulps of themselves

No matter how much is left  
Dumbly on the floor,  
The air a blue-black bruise  
Scented with dried apple.