

Carry On

by Gary Hardaway

So, there was Adam, alone,
none too bright, and bored
in the garden. God decided
his boy needed a job
that wouldn't muck up
all that He had done
and said to Adam:

Name the things I've made-
the beasts of the garden,
the flowering and quieter plants
of the garden, the rivers and hills,
the stones, the birds, the crawling
and buzzing things,
and lights in the sky, day and night,
and the winds and wisps and rains.

And Adam, single minded as he was,
set about the task in proto-Aramaic,
striving to name names he could recall
when God returned to learn of his efforts-
for, in those days, God was resting,
having burst His mind in a spasm of creation,
and had the time to chat.

And God saw Adam's energy and devotion to
the naming of names and made a mental note
of the names Adam made knowing as He did
the earnest but dim little brain of His boy.

But God could tell that Adam was still not
right with His world, alone as he was. Alone

is fine for a Maker of Worlds but facsimiles
are so much less than the Original. God decided
a nice surprise of a mate might cheer the boy up,
loosen his mind and lighten his load.
But all the original dust had been used up
fashioning the world, its features and inhabitants.
He considered the body of the boy
and its redundancies. A rib could be spared.

And from the rib, an Eve, and from an Eve
a flurry of desire which would surely sharpen Adam.
And Adam saw Eve and knew that it- she- was good.
And Eve saw Adam and knew her work would never end.

