

Alternate Tale

by Ed Higgins

Suppose Eve, strolling through the sunlit Garden, had not stumbled on that particular Tree at all, the wily serpent twined in its lower branches? She's walking along the river's pleasant edge instead. Thinking a swim in the buff would be nice, if only she knew how. While the serpent, bored to tears waiting for her--spoiling his big moment--decides to eat the shiny apple himself. And chokes to death trying to swallow the thing whole. What would God do with that? Upset naturally over his favorite snake, belly-up, stiff-legged, pointing heavenward, there under the Tree? Mad at Eve because she hadn't lived up to expectations? Call her from the riverbank where she's skipping stones to at least clean up the mess she was now responsible for?

shamelessly dropping
her half-eaten apple. . .
on the snake's tale

