

# Eve's Curse in Silence and Sorrow

*by* Katie Moore

Back in the way back I would have been so unclean  
that you would have treated me  
like a Goddess or the womb of the world all  
while thinking you were just locking me away  
for your purity's protection. My blood  
could get your soul dirty, and we all bled  
together so you shut us all up together  
and together we weren't silent at all, but laughing  
behind our drawn tent flaps, silken screens,  
locked doors. To touch our skin was filthy,  
to spread our legs a mortal sin. You closed  
the keyholes to keep us apart, so we used them  
to keep you out and keep our secrets to ourselves.  
Laughing, cramping, moaning, spinning rivers  
and oceans of stories, spilling bowlfuls  
bright with red, staining cushions. They were ours  
to stain. Then. But now we get no rest within our wicked  
week and work while our wombs cramp, most of us  
not knowing to wish for the days of confinement,  
the segregation of the sullied.

I spread my soiled self around the world.

