

# Lilith

by Enid Dame

Kicked myself out of paradise,  
Left a hole in the morning,  
No note, no goodbye.

The man I lived with,  
Was patient and hairy.

He cared for the animals,  
Worked late at night,  
Planting vegetables,  
Under the moon.

Sometimes he'd hold me,  
Our long hair tangled,  
He kept me from rolling,  
Off the planet.

It was,  
Always safe there,  
But safety,

Wasn't enough. I kept nagging,  
Pointing out flaws,  
In his logic.

He carried a god,  
Around in his pocket,  
Consulted it like,

A watch or an almanac.

It always proved,  
I was wrong.

Two against one,  
Isn't fair! I cried,  
And stormed out of Eden,  
Into history:

The Middle Ages,  
Were sort of fun.  
They called me a witch.  
I kept dropping,  
In and out,  
Of peoples sexual fantasies.

Now.

I work in New Jersey,  
Take art lessons,  
Live with a cabdriver.

He says, baby,  
What I like about you,  
Is your sense of humor.

Sometimes,  
I cry in the bathroom,  
Remembering Eden,  
And the man and the god,  
I couldn't live with.