

# On the Eighth Day

by [James Como](#) (March 2019)



*The Fall of Man*, Titian, 1550

Our very Eve stretching slowly far  
Down, coolly supine, languorous in repose  
beneath her tree, its fruit still whole to the look:  
eyes gazing, full-lit caves, beckoning,  
ablaze in the dark, quickening our abandon,  
inviting our genius to divinity  
our mourning as yet unreckoned.  
Here, in this dank ether,  
voluble intent congeals against  
that unreflected light, begotten  
not meant to adorn: one in  
being with the Weeping Root.  
Only its sweet and rinsing well  
gives Utterance on that day—

the spring of all days,  
the spring of life eternal,  
the beginning of the end  
of all our winter longing.

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**James Como** is the author, most recently, of