

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.

James Como is the author, most recently, of