there is a garden of eden in a city, in a house, in a mind:

it is grainy granite tabletop and it is a weeping willow in the backyard and it is the bones of a pet

it is painted gold with mother’s lemon’s rinds

it is *mama’s*smell baked into the wood and it is *dada’s*summer sweat

it is grainy granite tabletop and it is a weeping willow in the backyard and it is the bones of a pet

now i lie in the heat of the old mahogany bedroom, aged and with dust

and realize that my eyes can’t smell *mama’s*smell baked into the wood and *dada’s*summer sweat,

my heart can no longer see the home in this house of rust,

now i lie in the heat of the old mahogany bedroom, aged and with dust

i ask myself where *mama*and *dada*went

my heart can no longer see the home in this house of rust,

it can only see *mama’s*mascara and *dada’s*shaowded eyes, discontent

i ask myself where *mama*and *dada*went

lying in the heat of our lost garden of eden, heart pried open to find the home that once was

it can only see *mama’s*mascara and *dada’s*shadowed eyes, discontent

in our garden of eden, all that’s left now is flaws

lying in the heat of our lost garden of eden, heart pried open to find the home that once was

dust over mahogany, the only outline the traces of the *snake*

in our garden of eden, all that’s left: flaws

slithering, divorce’s tail: heartache

*adam, eve, and the snake*