

Our Last Day in Eden

He came to us,
In the cool of the day,
Just as He always had.

The rivers, deep indigo in the twilight, gurgled and jumped in their beds.
He came to talk with us,
to walk with us,
to laugh with us.
There was no sorrow yet.

He asked about the animals,
the lions and the gazelles romping in the plains,
the birds singing in the skyline,
the horse and his majestic mane.

He asked about the growing trees and their fruit:

What was our favorite?

How did we plan on expanding the Garden?

The Tree was not mentioned.

I wonder what He thought of us, the night before
We lost our Home.
His words or his countenance did not indicate what was to come.
The choice was ours.