

McMaster University, English & Cultural Studies 1A03 (Fall 2016) / Dr. David L. Clark / 19 Sept. 2016

"The Wall," by Donald Justice (1960)

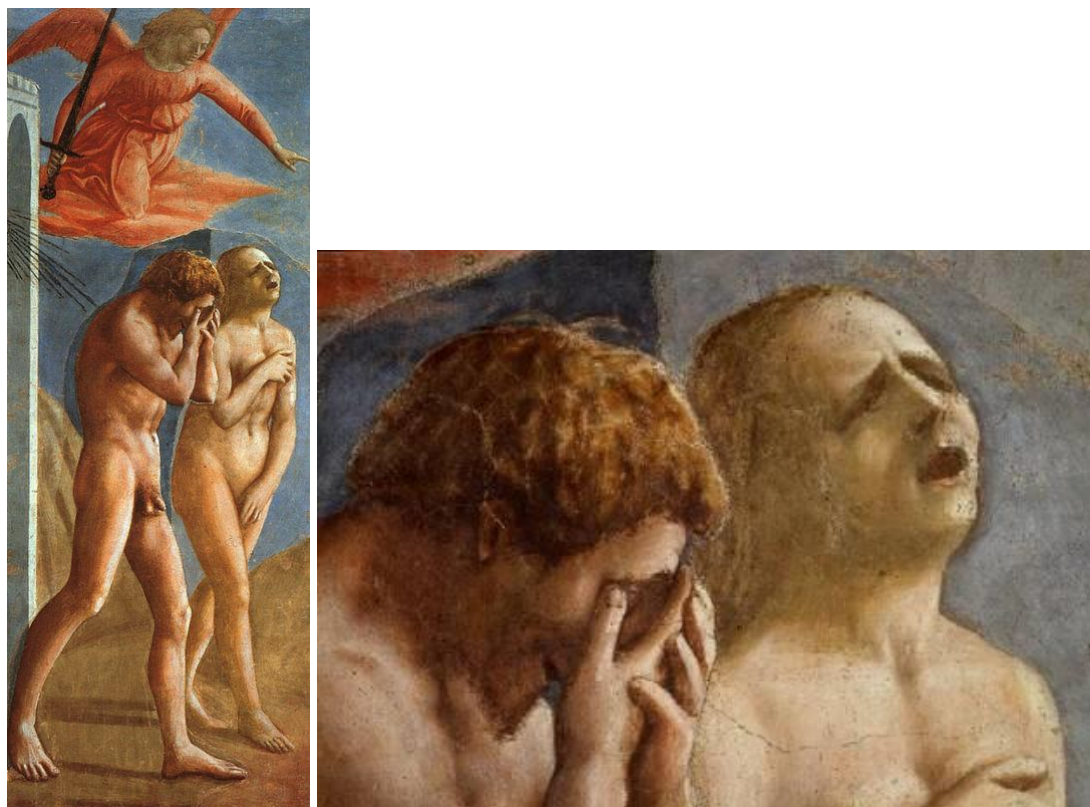
The wall surrounding them they never saw;  
The angels, often. Angels were as common  
As birds or butterflies, but looked more human.  
As long as the wings were furled, they felt no awe.  
Beasts, too, were friendly. They could find no flaw  
In all of Eden: this was the first omen.  
The second was the dream which woke the woman.  
She dreamed she saw the lion sharpen his claw.  
As for the fruit, it had no taste at all.  
They had been warned of what was bound to happen.  
They had been told of something called the world.  
They had been told and told about the wall.  
They saw it now; the gate was standing open.  
As they advanced, the giant wings unfurled.

"Torso," by Henri Cole (1993)

Propped up in bed, my narrow waist a pedestal,  
I cannot think who or where I am, until  
a couple, pausing in the corridor, embrace,  
their pink mouths calling to mind the face  
on the night table of my former self behind glass.  
My temperatures chart a perilous graph,  
alas, those who visit seldom touch me.  
I am the white embroidered glove longing to be  
tugged upon a cadet's hand. "Let me die!"  
I implore, but each night the village clocks, dry-eyed,  
force me to live another day. Like gods,  
they are jealous of one another. As if a marauding  
heart is all I am, or was, and the pink dot  
on the monitor a marker for the one I sought.



Nicholas Nixon, *Tom Moran*, Boston, Mass., 1988 (gelatin-silver print)



Masaccio, *Expulsion from the Garden of Eden* (1425)



Benjamin West, *The Expulsion of Adam and Eve from Paradise* (1791)