

Part one

I looked at her with curiosity. The one that I called bone of my bones, and flesh of my flesh is right there next to me as I have never looked at her before, Naked. Fear rushing through me, the one that I have cleaved onto has caused me such a disaster. I looked at her again, but never the same as I looked at her minutes before. “We should do something,” she said. We? It’s we forever as we have been one flesh. But I kept wondering, was she not naked before? Then why are we afraid all of a sudden? “Adam?” she looked at me with tears. “Hmm,” I said. As my words refused to come out. Has Garden of Eden ever been this cold? She kept shivering. We came up with an idea and sewed fig leaves together, and made ourselves aprons. After that no words were said. We were both afraid and all I can see is what she has done. I looked at her, but never the same as I looked at her before. I kept fighting with my thoughts, what would our lord say after he has seen what we have done? of all the fruits that were allowed why did we ate the one fruit that was prohibited? After all the things that she has done why do I still have this feeling for her? Who put this love in me that whenever I see her, I felt countless emotions that cannot be told? It’s we I said it will always be we after he made as one. I kept shivering; those figs are not enough for this shame. Suddenly we felt the presence of God, the voice of the lord walking in the garden in the cool of the day. We looked at each other, and we found ourselves hidden from the presence of the lord. She is my flesh Afterall, things can be done with only one look into the eyes. But why did we hide ourselves from the presence of God rather than beg for his forgiveness? “Adam, where are you?” I heard his voice. I shivered.

“I heard,” my voice was shaking, “I heard you moving about in the orchard, and I was afraid because I was naked, so I hid”.

“Who told you that you were naked? Did you eat from the tree that I commanded you not to eat from?”

I looked at her, but not as I looked at her before, my heart was filled with hatred wondering why he gave her to me. “The woman whom you gave me, she gave me some fruit from the tree and I ate it” guilt was rushing through my stomach as I blame it on her. It should have been me standing in front of her and protecting her at all cost but all I did was blame her. She was asked and she blamed it on the serpent. The lord gave all three of us our punishment that we very much did deserve.

But this fig is not enough for the cold and shame. And the regrets were like a river that I was drowning into. He doesn’t love me anymore, I thought. he made me by his image, breathed into my nostril the breath of life, placed me in Eden, and look what I have done. He won’t communicate with me anymore, I began sobbing. He is my friend; he knows me more than her; I have known him before I knew her. I have his breath in me. What would I do if this breath is taken away? What will I do if he takes his image from me? I kept sobbing. But this fig, this fig

is not enough for pulling me out from where I was drowning. What a friend we have in God. He is all and in all. I lost my all, and that was God.

Suddenly I felt a warmth throughout my body. I looked up and there was the lord. After all the things I have done did he just cloth me from the garment that was made by him? my legs began to disown. He looked at me the same way he looked at me before. Shouldn't anger be fuming through his eyes like mine did. Shouldn't he feel a flood of hatred like I did on my one. He looked at me the same way he looked before. But why I wondered, why won't he fume, why won't he take his breath from me? What made him to act the way he is acting. I only had one answer, unconditional love.

Part Two

Someone was standing by my door, they kept on knocking. My anger was fuming inside me. I won't open now why would I? I rolled my eyes. They kept on knocking with no tiresome. I opened it with my downcast expression and there was Yahweh at the door. Jehovah, I am, was standing at my door. What made him stand all those hours and wait for me to open? Does he not know that I am planning to kill my brother? What made him tell me that sin is crouching at my door and I must subdue it. Does he not know that my heart is like stone? Does he not know that everyone runs away from Cain? Why would he wait for me? why all this mercy? Why would he care about my right doing? What made him the way he is? I only had one answer, unconditional love, the same love that he has shown my father.

Part Three

Eli's eyes had begun to fail, so that he was unable to see well. At that time, he was lying down in his place. I was lying down in the temple of the lord as well, where I always will be, the ark of God was also there. I heard someone calling me and I replied "Here I am!" I ran back to Eli wondering if he called me but he told me he didn't and that I should go back and lie down. I was sure that I was called though, a familiar voice, a voice that I am used to but I don't know where. I went back and lied down. I again heard my name being called. I went back to Eli but he again told me he didn't and I went back and lied down. But the voice, I was sure of the voice. I again heard my name being called for the third time, I went to Eli and said "Here I am for you called me." Eli then smiled at me and said "when he calls you again say Speak Lord, for your servant is listening." I went back and lied down. I suddenly felt this rushing feeling. Someone is here, someone that is so much extraordinary that his presence is giving me goosebumps. That his fragrance has filled this room. That my breath is shortening for it knows who made it is near. At that moment I knew that the lord has come and has stood nearby.

The Word of the lord was rare in my days, and revelatory visions were infrequent, but that didn't hold him from calling me three times. Note that I was a child, and I couldn't even recognize his voice; but that wasn't something to hold him back. He came and called me three times. The lord

the Alpha and Omega has called me three times. Why would he be bothered to do that though? Unconditional love.

Part Four

He asked” is that all the young men?” at this rate has Jesse left me. He wasn’t bothered to even call me to see when one of my brothers will be anointed. Nobody has ever guessed that I will be appointed for my appearance nor my height nor the place where I mostly be, is fitted to be a king. But who knows who will and will not be for the lord sees the heart and not the outward appearance? My God doesn’t view things the way men do. My God was there when my mother and father weren’t. He raised me, he feed me, he was there when I fought with the lion or bear to protect my flock, he is my strength and my exceeding great reward, he is my shepherd, I lack nothing, he takes me to lush pastures, he leads me to refreshing water. Even when I must walk through the darkest valley, I fear no danger, for he is with me, his rod and his staff reassure me. He is my lord he protects my life and I am afraid of no one. I am loved by my shepherd and that sets my heart at peace.

Part Five

I was beaming, dancing and twirling my dress. “Eat!” I said to my friends. For I have gathered my myrrh with my balsam spice and I have eaten my honeycomb and my honey, I have drunk my wine and my milk. “Eat!” I said to my friends. For I was sate and my happiness was flooding out of me. “Eat! Friends, and drink! Drink freely O lovers!” I shouted from the top of my throat. For I was sate from the earthly food and my soon to be gone happiness was flooding out of me.” Eat,” I lowered my voice as I was being tired. For I shouted and danced on earthly things for them to be happy.

I was asleep, but my mind was dreaming. Listen! My lover is knocking at my door! The lover to his beloved. “Open for me my sister, my darling, my dove, my flawless one! My head is drenched with dew, my hair with dampness of the night.” I rolled my eyes, I have already taken off my robe now, must I put it on again? I have already washed my feet; must I soil them again? My lover thrust his hand through the hole, and my feelings were stirred for him. Does he not know? Does he not know, that even If I longed for his presence I prioritized my sleep, that even if I missed him so much and there were nights that I didn’t sleep for a second, longing for the fragrance of his cologne; but now that I am tired? Does he not know that I boasted to my friends saying that I am my beloved’s and he desires me but now, but now I am extremely exhausted? Why would he knock my door with his head drenched with dew, when he knows that I will prioritize my comfort. Unconditional love!

I arose to open for my beloved; my hands dripped with myrrh my fingers flowed with myrrh on the handles of the lock. I opened for my beloved, but my lover had already turned and gone away. I fell into despair when he departed. I looked for him but did not find him; I called him but

he did not answer me. The watchmen found me as they made their rounds in the city. They beat me, they bruised me, they took away my cloak, those watchmen on the walls! I kept on going with blood drenching on my dress which I cared of, with my feet being bruised. I kept on going, longing for his presence. “O maidens of Jerusalem, I command you; if you find my beloved, that you tell him that I am sick of love!” They scoffed “why is your beloved better than others, O most beautiful of women,” they were comparing my beloved with theirs. Impossible! “Why is your beloved better than others, that you would command us in this manner?” I smiled” my beloved,” butterflies in my stomach as I talk about him “my beloved is dazzling and ruddy; he stands out in comparison to all other men. His head is like the most pure gold. His hair is curly, black like raven. His eyes are like doves by streams of water, washed in milk, mounted in jewels. His cheeks are like garden beds full of balsam trees yielding perfume. His lips are like lilies dripping with drops of myrrh. His arms are like rods of gold set with chrysolite. His abdomen is like polished ivory inlaid with sapphires. His legs are like pillars of marble set on bases of pure gold. His appearance is like Lebanon, choice as its cedars. His mouth is very sweet; he is totally desirable” I scoffed; how could they compare my beloved with theirs. I glared at them as they were all confused, “O maidens of Jerusalem!” I shouted “this is my beloved and this is my companion!”

Part Six

“Blen,” he said. “Huh,” I snapped out from my thought. “You didn’t answer my question?” he said. I scanned the room and my eyes met my friend. She mouthed” you zoned out?” I nodded fully ashamed. “Answer?” he said “huh” I repeated. “So, the question is,” he noticed that I zoned out, “define God with one word.” “God with one word?” I scanned the room again, 6 have answered the question. They defined God with one word. Words came and go through my mind, should I say lord, savior, love, shield, reward, shepherd, father, friend, beloved, strength, omnipresent, omnipotent, unconditional, creator, righteous, Elshaddai, Elohim, Yahweh, Jehovah, Rabbi or what? One word crossed my mind. I can’t say shepherd and pass that he is my lord. Nor can I say he is my lord and pass that he is also my reward, he is given to me unconditionally. He is my strength and my savior. He is love and also my father. “Blu?” I smiled there was this name that my grandmother used to call me with, I didn’t deserve it but I know who does. I smiled and said “**שׁוּאָב**”.