

# Eve (or, The History of Blood)

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The origin of blood is not violence.  
It did not come into this world angry.  
It did not drip from broken noses,  
or scraped knee caps,  
or cut up wrists.

The origin of blood was internal.  
It flowed amid arteries,  
between sparking metaphors.  
Tore itself slowly  
from the womb,  
trickled out,  
congealed in Eve's hair.

It lived in the swelling of bellies.  
When it ripped through  
the vaginal opening,  
all chaos and birth,  
not even then was it cold.  
This blessing of a punishment  
ran like a river down Eve's legs,  
washed away her sorrowed past.

She looked at Cain's face,  
covered in red,  
and thanked God  
there was enough blood to go around.  
Thanked God he was birthed in flesh,  
that no dust made him,  
that he was human and ready  
for vengeance.

amongst the wheat,  
when God looked down  
and did not stop it,  
proving he is but a man  
after all,  
when they let the river  
split in two,  
let it rush past  
a mourning Eve  
who held the ghosts  
of both her babes  
do you think she thought, then, that the blood was worth it?  
Do you think she cut open her cheek just to feel it bleed?  
Do you think she put her fingers to her face  
and felt the difference?