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Lilith

Enid Dame

**k**icked myself out of paradise  
left a hole in the morning  
no note no goodbye

the man I lived with  
was patient and hairy

he cared for the animals  
worked late at night  
planting vegetables  
under the moon

sometimes he'd hold me  
our long hair tangled  
he kept me from rolling  
off the planet

it was  
always safe there  
but safety

wasn't enough. I kept nagging  
pointing out flaws  
in his logic

he carried a god  
around in his pocket  
consulted it like  
a watch or an almanac

it always proved  
I was wrong

two against one  
isn't fair! I cried  
and stormed out of Eden  
into history:

the Middle Ages  
were sort of fun  
they called me a witch  
I kept dropping  
in and out  
of people's sexual fantasies

now  
I work in New Jersey  
take art lessons  
live with a cabdriver

he says: baby  
what I like about you  
is your sense of humor

sometimes  
I cry in the bathroom  
remembering Eden  
and the man and the god  
I couldn't live with

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## Lilith's Version

Ona Gritz-Gilbert