

Grace B. Fahlin

Like a seal freshly waxed
upon the deed,
she rests steadily within my heart.
Lord, that I might glorify her
by the gait
of my hands and feet to mete
out Your Presence.

For when I fell from her, so she fell to me.
—So sayeth Eve.

—*Rachel L. Eblin-Dodds*

The Fall God

Just like autumn
is the Tree in Eden,
the hues of blood and fire.
Down to earth thoughts flutter
borrowing a thought that transpires
the mutating form of “each other.”
I say, man, even woman, can deny what it is that they create,
to destroy for renewal of pleasure; but remain fruitful.
Multitudes have multiplied the many
false witnesses and prophets
until the earth grows tired from waste and
this is trash—the leaders who speak and reveal not, but proclaim
nothing.
The god they worship isn’t
the god I know
is as nothing
like autumn leaves falling.

—*Rachel L. Eblin-Dodds*