

# Epitaph

You would never have known  
youth from old age  
if the sky had not  
split  
from earth, spring  
from winter, and winter  
from the common rut  
of the calling ground.

You see your face  
in the river any more. Nor mine,  
that has worn to wrinkles  
like the tide that worries out  
at evening.

Now earth hands hold you,  
pull you down like a root: you never knew  
your own springs, cursed  
the mother of all living,  
forced names on the fatherless beasts.

Silenced, you go before me,  
my sweet light locked  
in your vanquished eyes. Even I shall follow,  
though you did not know.  
For while I, in fear, saw my one flesh grow,  
possessed by the life that slept within,

you trod by the river, alone, lamenting  
your empty belly,  
your unknown sin.

From Eve's Diary  
by Kathleen Moore