

The Inheritance

I should have made you master
his forge
for a place in his favour. Now he
plots with Abel to betray
my womb: to marry Abel to your twin,
Labuda. From Aqlima, plain and
strong as earth, they turn away
and scheme, while her sister
laps up their praise like a thirsty ass.

Qayin,
all my names I gave you,
my secret herbs to heal,
taught you
to count moons
for the time to pick them. You know
which reeds blow sweet,
which weave a windbrake
and which can print
with blood of berries.

You gather beads
of grain and grind them, find fruit
and figs, while Adam and Abel stuff
themselves with roasted flesh
preferring it,
even out of season.
I cannot stand
the bleating
when they lead them to the river. Like a fire
their blood rushes downstream.

From Eve's Diary
by Kathleen Moore