

Devotion

Terresa Wellborn

*The heart can think of no devotion
Greater than being shore to ocean
Holding the curve of one position,
Counting an endless repetition.*
—Robert Frost

Every Tuesday morning, sky dark,
I rise to the temple. Today, by the
time we reach the Garden, the
actors need help with their lines.
I am reminded of a school play,
our drama teacher whispering
our lines off stage, and us stuttering,
poor acoustics, munged beneath
spotlights. In the fallen world,
the room warms. I fiddle with my
sash as Eve's last words rise like a
fresh tide across bright earth,
while under cover of veil and fig
leaf every Adam and Eve cry.