

Eden

When they ate the fruit  
and suddenly knew  
about life beyond their walls  
God punished them  
or gifted them  
the world.

I have no fruit.  
But I do have knowledge:  
what I remember  
as though from a past life,  
what I imagine  
from what I read in books.  
And so I hide here,  
safe,  
and cry.  
Because safety isn't what I'm really after.  
I don't want a cage,  
I want to roam free  
even if it's harder  
and easier to get hurt.  
I'll take the hurt.

Let me out of the cage.  
Or let me forget  
that my walls  
have anything else  
on the other side.