

## IN THE BEGINNING

Chila Woychik

Start at the beginning of everything: fresh, ideal, blue sky. Everything love. Everything soft. Everything warm cookies. Everything forward. Everything yet.

Eve

The prototype wilderness woman ranged across miles of celibate terrain scratching for answers. Would she need a truck to carry all the newness? How did she get there – waking up with amnesia, and no childhood memories?

First fruit. A peach? First drink. Crystal clear and certainly clean. First sex. Was he big? Was it good? Was he gentle, fast, slow, frequent? First storm. Did it scare her? (We should ask that about the sex too.) First sunburn. First tree climbing? First period. First load of laundry. Wait. No clothes. Lucky. First sunset. First vision of a speckled night sky. First morning sun to streak across her face. First time washing her face, her hair. How did she cut her toenails, fingernails? What did she use for toilet paper, for tampons? Did everything feel like a training op, a test determining destiny? Was she stuck there so far from everywhere else? Did she make it to the other side, take the untrodden trails? Or did she merely shadow Adam, an empty exoskeleton, a receptacle for his desires? No, she had a mind of her own.

Adam

All the firsts first. That's kind of substantial.

Why that one cloud fluffed and pretty sticks together like that, is what he wants to know, and if there's another version of it. If this is the world's edge or its middle, and what made everything jump, and who's ringing that bell. Lights, lights, flung so freely. But mostly, eventually, he wants to know if so much beauty is meant to give weary eyes and spent spirits hope.

Was she the cheerleader you hoped for? And before her, were you the first poet to sit in a corner with only your hands for company? Were you? Did you?

What did they argue about? Finances? No chance. And it's hard to overcook the meat when you're vegan.

Did you speak in special strains, sweet and soft, or did you forget a promise? Did your vocal cords learn their volume? Surely, the salt in your sweat corroded conversation.

Did he kill the spiders, swat the flies, chase the rats away?

Can I get you something, Adam? Courage? Perspective? You discovered you can't hide forever.

In the End

Everything changes. Everything will fall into place and be fine, though casualties will be extensive. Maybe I'm not being clear. We listen to the branches when the wind blows. We rent a shack on the beach and watch the tides hug the earth, sway with the pulling of the moon. And then we go off Book off Book far off Book to make the prophecy sometimes, sometimes, come true.