

Ha'adam

By Mia L.

God was a sculptor, before he was a father-
Raking his hands through the ground,
Forming a sustenance of clay, and mud, darkened by his bleeding palms.
His nailbeds were long torn to pieces,
His fingertips mere shredded stubs of flesh.
And when he wiped his brow,
It wasn't ashes, but blood,
That crossed his forehead.

Who would have thought,
That even Gods bleed?

There was nobody around to see the sculptures
That littered around you like tombstones in a cemetery.
For you had long destroyed them,
before Adam ever opened his eyes.

You carved his veins with the very branch of that pomegranate tree,
That you planted, and later forbade them from reaching towards.
Did you tell them-

It was themselves that they longed for.

And yet you did not know he would sometimes trace those lines himself,
On lonely nights, following
The atlas of rivers that ran underneath his skin.

You told him his veins were blue,
Because you poured the Nile into those caverns/empty canyons.
You did not tell him,
That it was saltwater that ran its course,
from your own eyes.

And when he asked about its path,
You did not tell him those are the seams
You had to stitch together, to *keep* him together,
After the first time you broke him.

But he soon figured out,
That whatever adorned his skin,
That you didn't have,
Was just another stitch/seam.

You stopped breaking your clay sculptures,
And started to figure out you could dip your finger into your blood to fill

the cracks, instead.
It didn't take much more,
you were already bleeding.

You did not tell him, that the blood that flowed inside of him,
Was the blood you had lost, trying to create him.

You did not tell him, that the whites of his eyes
Were the color of those birch trees that adorned the path you walked on,
Because every time you looked at yourself,
You could only see bones,
And ivy climbing your ivory spine,
As you *ask* yourself again and again-
how much flesh are you willing to give?
How many bones do you need to be able to see,
Until they stop calling you human?
And start calling you God, instead.

Did you tell him he took his first steps
Under the Apricus
On grass that grew mere inches away from
The buried pieces of those
That would have been him?
That the earth his bare feet walked upon,
Was it the very clay that had made him?

And when he smiled, you brushed your thumb across his cheek,
And he mistook your fingertips, as clay that had dried
rather than the remnants of the flesh, that you draped upon his bones-
He didn't know that

you still had your 17th kill,
On your hands.

That

he was not whole, and would never be whole.
Soon you would reach out,
And break a rib from his bonecage.
Soon, you would find yourself wanting to tell him
Tell you had first planned for his eyes to be blue,
Cupping the ocean's saltwater in your palms,
So it may one day return from its covenant.
That the skin that was torn away when he tripped on the rocks for the
first time,
Was not his own.

(and it was not yours either).

And all of this-
It scares him. It might even scare you.

Sing to me, this melody,
As the dulcet creatures do,
Maybe I can get this message through to you,
As you untangle the roots of sequoias and aspens
Call out to you while you pinch the clouds into Cumulonimbus,
Coaxing the birds to sink into oblivion
As I wonder if this the beginning of my denouement
As I ponder a word to call what I feel:
Lonely, I am lonely

**“Love me gently, (you) do not (have to) break my rib cage just to
cradle my heart”**
**And my voice is soft but inside I know I’m screaming, inside I know
I’m weeping**

And when Adam first opened his eyes,
God wept,
At his **favorite creation.**
For it is one thing to let flowers take root into the earth,
And spread the wings of sparrows.
It is something else to exhale,
Into another’s mouth,
As they call your breath
Their first.

Did you tell him,
You never intended to give him a name?
It had never occurred to you, for you were the first creature of your kind,
But you do not go naming every gazelle you see,
Nor every osprey that hatches.
So I do not tell you the fish you roast over the fire, I named Anydricus
As you tell me again, that **mortality is a beautiful thing**
As I stand before you, and the flesh falls away
And mud and clay litters the ground around me as
Suddenly I am simply bone

Later I stare at you, saying “You should have told me”
As you say, “You would have called me a killer”
So I stand before you now,
Saying “Father, I fear I am a killer,
for I have

erred in my mercy.
And I don't know what I am
And I'm afraid if you call out to me,
I will answer to monster
(as much as I will to victim)

And for a moment,
They stand looking at each other unveiled.
Father and Son,
God and unnamed mortal.

But when you called him *ha'adam*,
You called him human, in Hebrew
And *aphar min-ha'adamah*
You told him he was
The dust of the ground.