



Lilith

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I am Lilith,
darkly apocryphal and twisted
risen from the earth
built of my own bones
ribs rattling and thrumming
with the ancient power
in my breast.

I am not a bearer of children
but a wearer of red high heels
and little black dresses
and long wild tresses
that caress your eyes with
smoky temptation.

I was full of truth
long before the fruit
and the snake

and after

I said I will not lie down
on the ground for you, Adam

I was cast out
to live halfway
in mirrors and men's minds.

I bear no fig leaf.

Forgive me Father,
for being naked
and loud
and deeply proud

for in the heat
of believing
in fairness and truth,

I know not what I do.