

## Wisdom of Eve

By Leslie Moise

She waits in the doorway  
robed only in knowledge:  
We are all naked. My body,  
yours, only an urn for blood,  
bone, spirit. We climb a stair  
between life and death. Which  
way do we choose? To embrace  
our chains: hate, anger—shields  
of secret fear. Or do we see,  
can we know, do we dare to  
question with Eve's innocent  
passion? Will we say, There  
is no friend, no enemy, only  
light of moon in one sky,  
above one earth, one ocean?

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Artwork by Charron Andrews