

University of Mary Washington

Eagle Scholar

Student Research Submissions

Fall 12-10-2021

Songs of Eden

Emma Atkinson

Follow this and additional works at: https://scholar.umw.edu/student_research



Part of the [Classics Commons](#), [Creative Writing Commons](#), and the [Religion Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Atkinson, Emma, "Songs of Eden" (2021). *Student Research Submissions*. 437.
https://scholar.umw.edu/student_research/437

This Honors Project is brought to you for free and open access by Eagle Scholar. It has been accepted for inclusion in Student Research Submissions by an authorized administrator of Eagle Scholar. For more information, please contact archives@umw.edu.



Songs of Eden

Songs of Eden

by Emma Atkinson


Contents

Adam.....	1
Eve	27
Walking in the Garden	53


Adam

“It is not good that man should be alone.”


~ Gen. 2:18




The rain fell upon me,
caressing my lips,
but I could not hold it.
Water's hands are cold and gone,
and offer no comfort.
They still my thirst,
but my hurt is deeper
than the parched pores
of my skin.




It is the beginning,
yet I am hollow,
as a dying oak
lying by the stream.



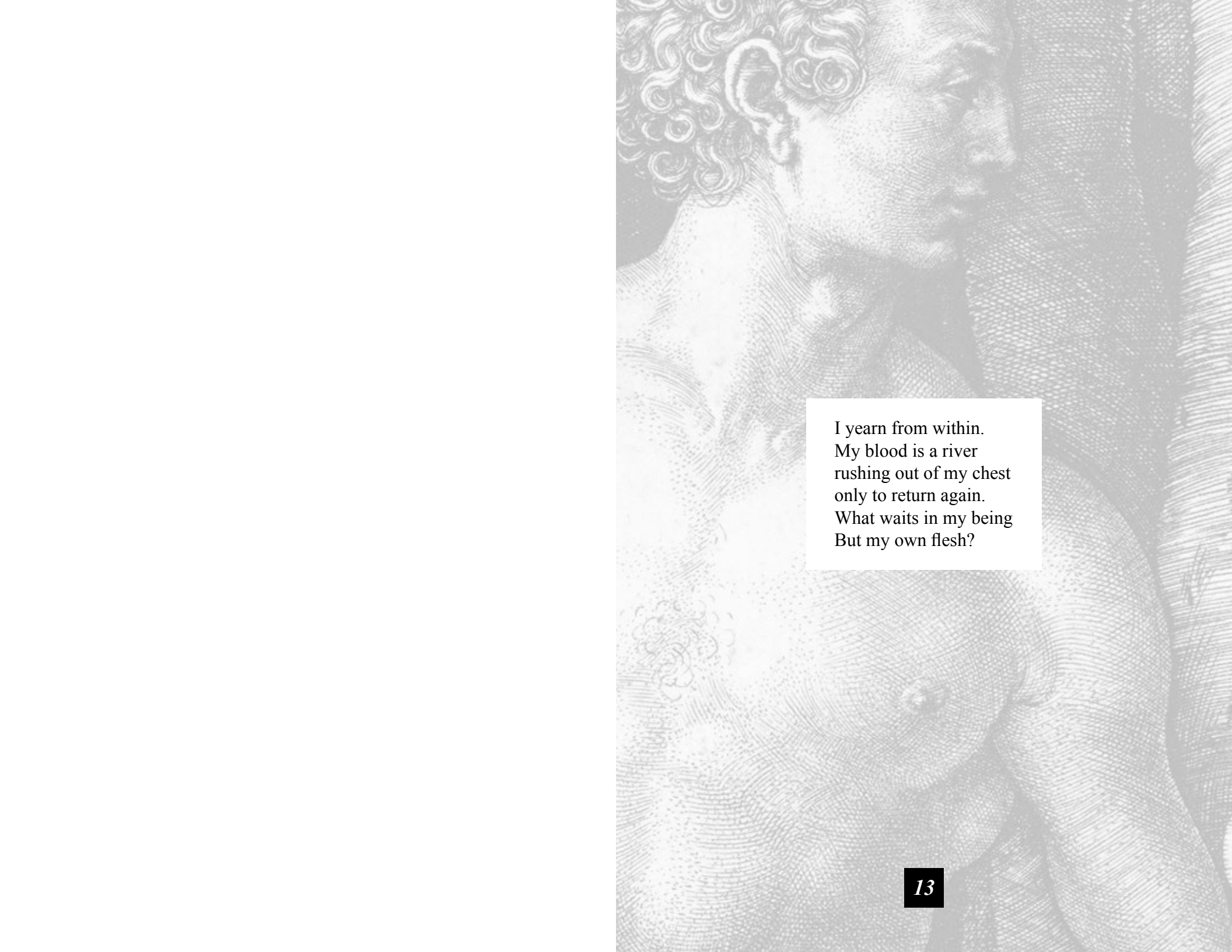
I hunt with eyes stone-heavy and new
in crystal pools and nooks of trees,
yet no voice to mine responds.
Not even the breeze,
whose fingers, like a mother,
ruffle the hair on my head—she
does not lift a finger, but leaves me
abandoned where I lay.



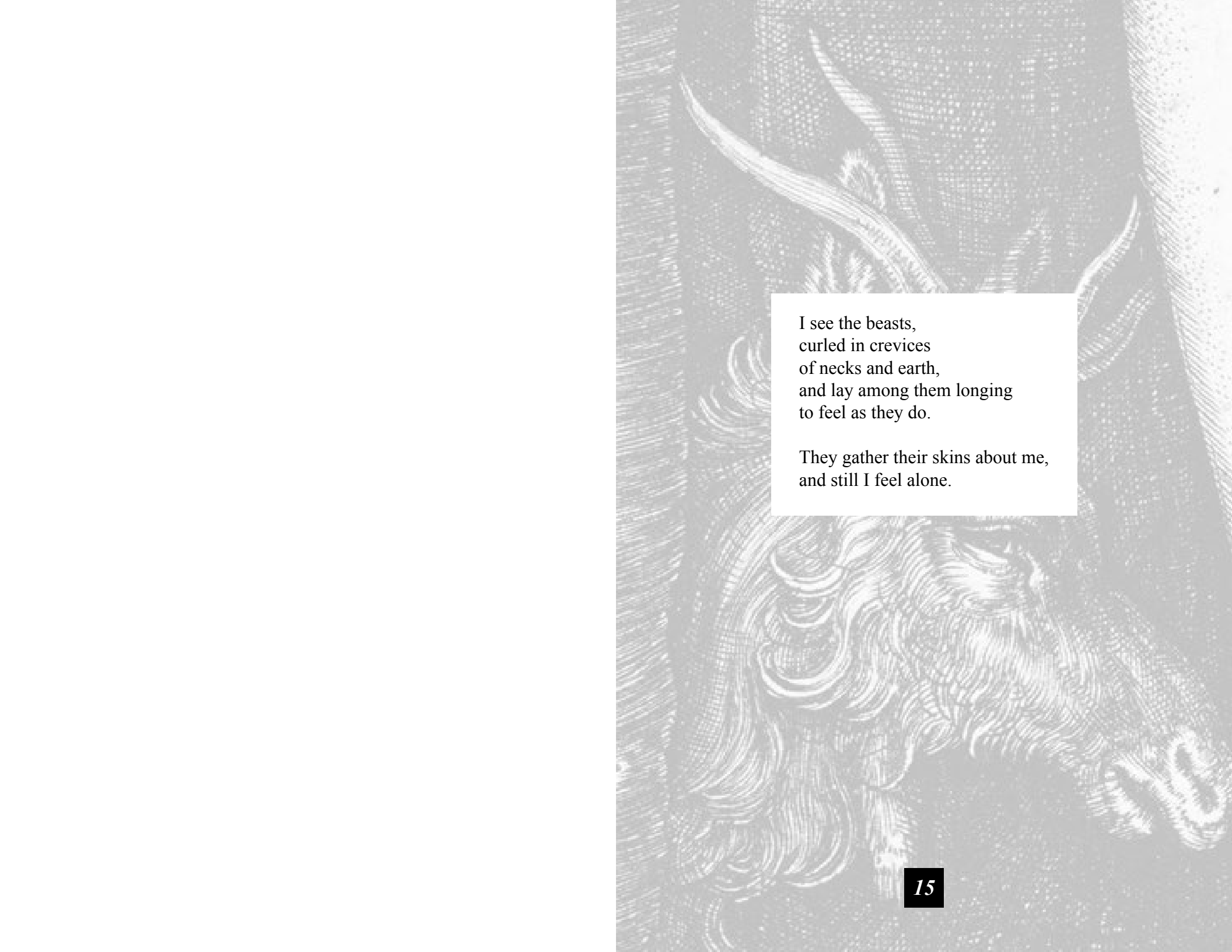
My Father speaks to me; I know his face,
radiant among the blossoms of earth,
His form the lightning in the sky,
His gaze warmer the sun that covers me
on the coldest of days.



I am His,
yet not His equal,
abide with Him,
yet stand in the field
like a seed without water.

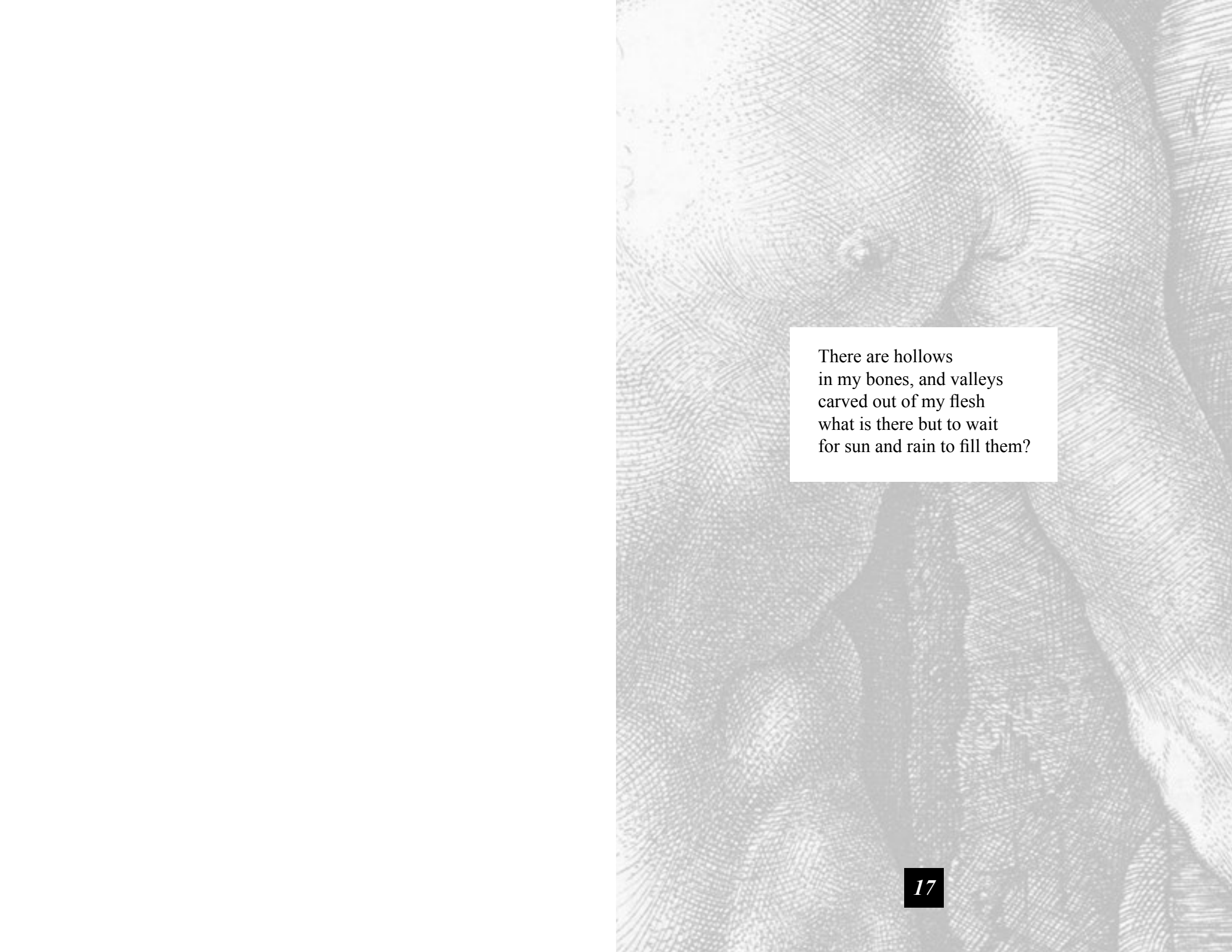


I yearn from within.
My blood is a river
rushing out of my chest
only to return again.
What waits in my being
But my own flesh?




I see the beasts,
curled in crevices
of necks and earth,
and lay among them longing
to feel as they do.

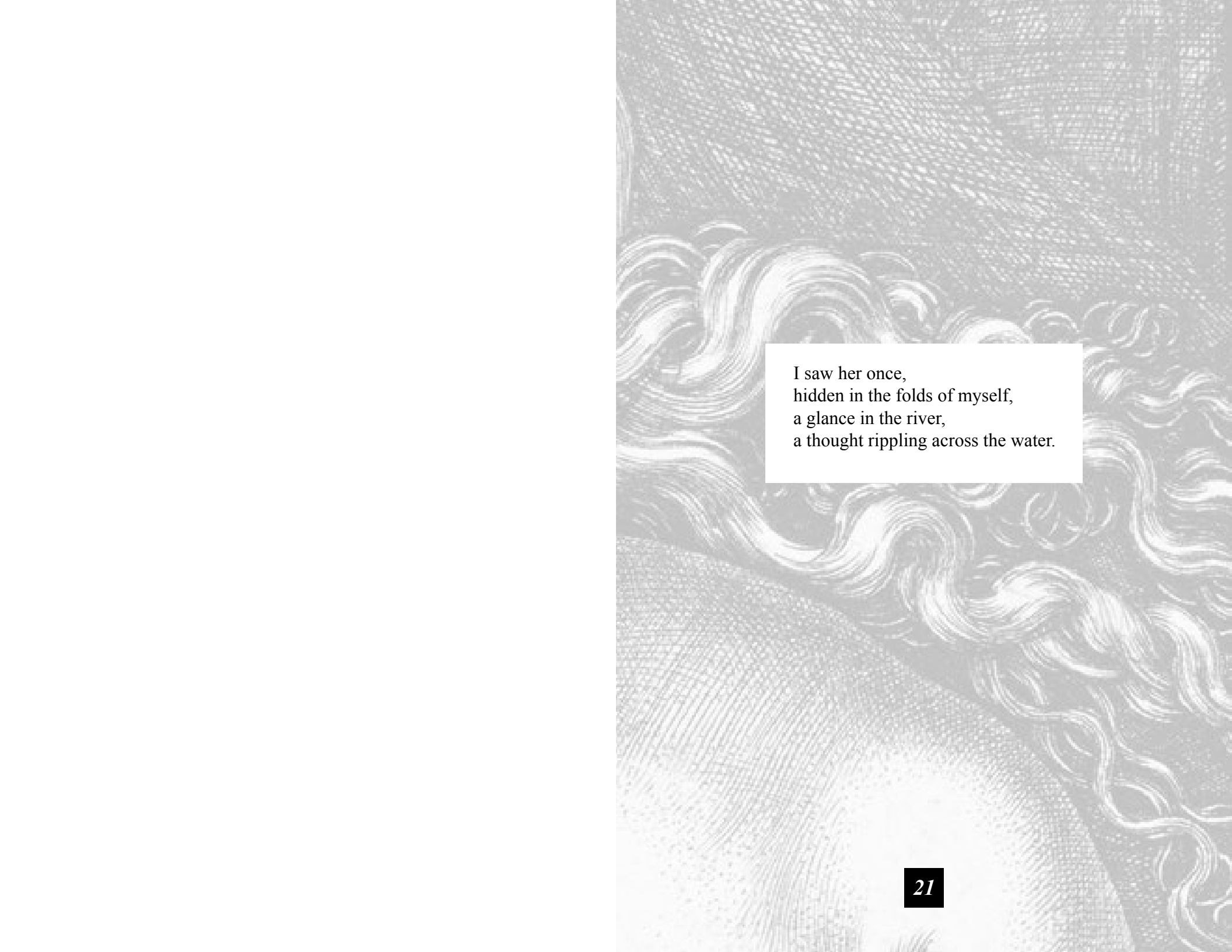
They gather their skins about me,
and still I feel alone.




There are hollows
in my bones, and valleys
carved out of my flesh
what is there but to wait
for sun and rain to fill them?

A grayscale photograph of a tropical beach scene. In the foreground, the fronds of a palm tree are visible on the left. In the background, a person is walking on the beach, and the ocean waves are breaking. The sky is bright and clear.

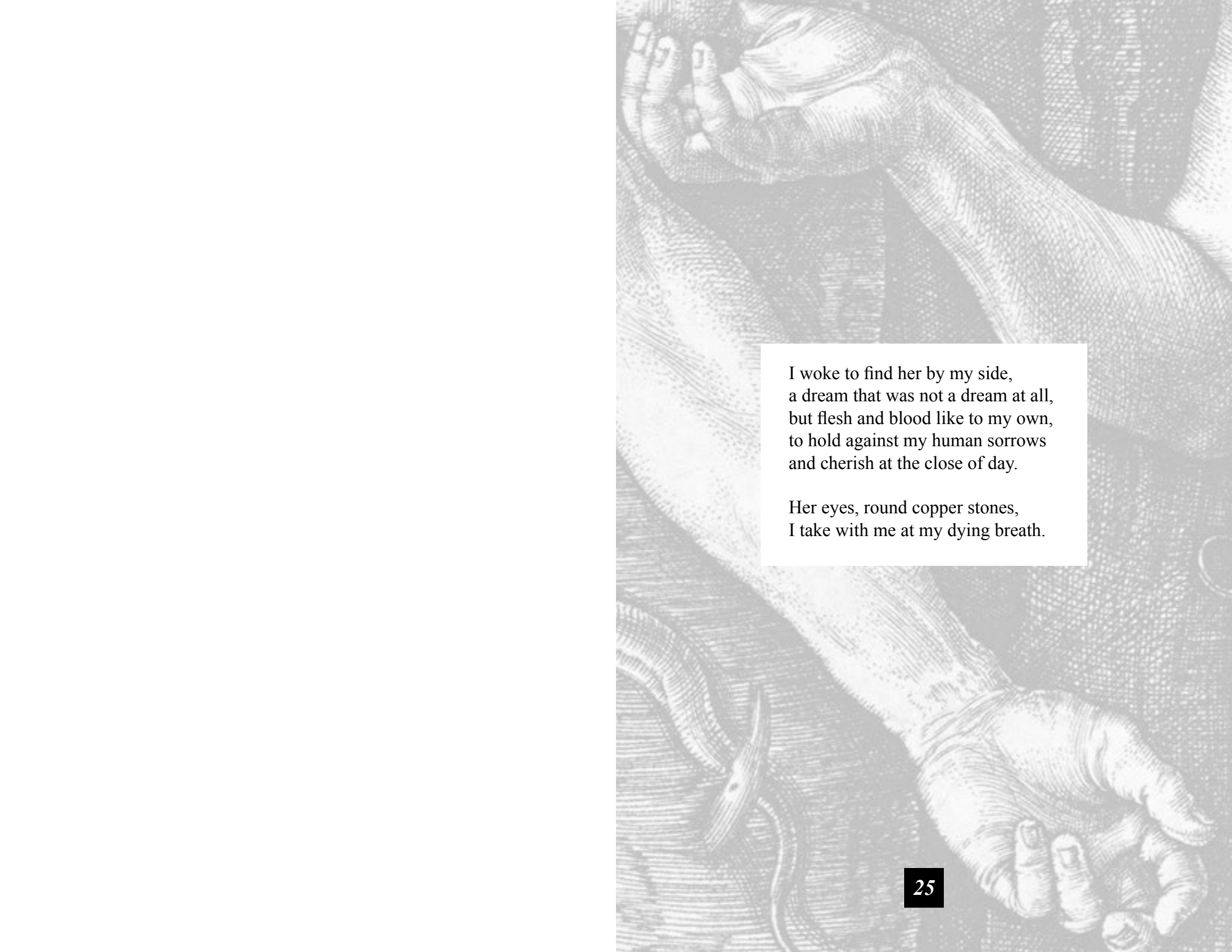
In the night I dream
of eyes like stars.
In the night, I dream
of her.



I saw her once,
hidden in the folds of myself,
a glance in the river,
a thought rippling across the water.



I sleep in the shadow of knowing
what lies within. I lie
under the shade of the trees,
waiting for a dream to be born.




I woke to find her by my side,
a dream that was not a dream at all,
but flesh and blood like to my own,
to hold against my human sorrows
and cherish at the close of day.

Her eyes, round copper stones,
I take with me at my dying breath.

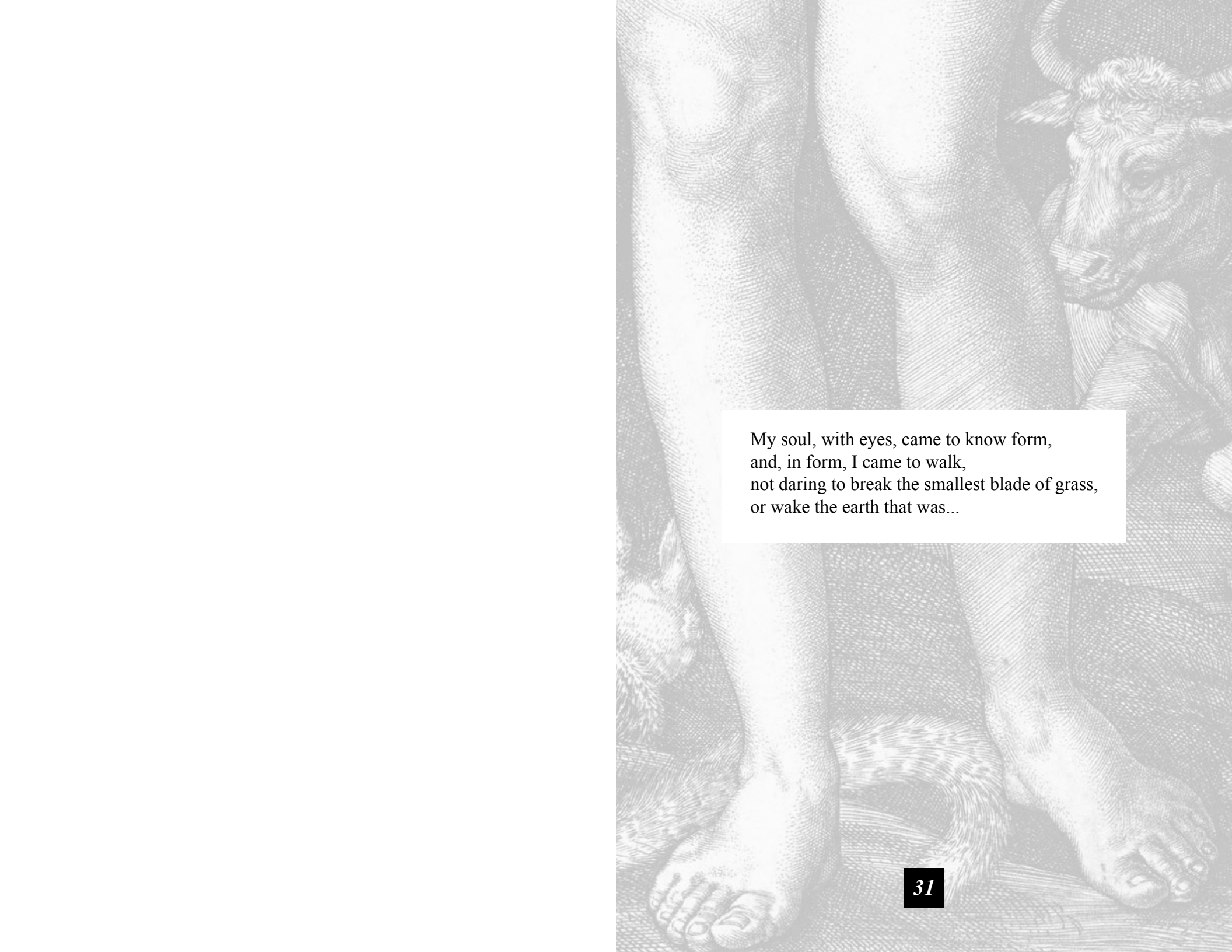
Eve

*“This one shall be called ‘woman,’ for out of ‘her man’
this one has been taken.”*

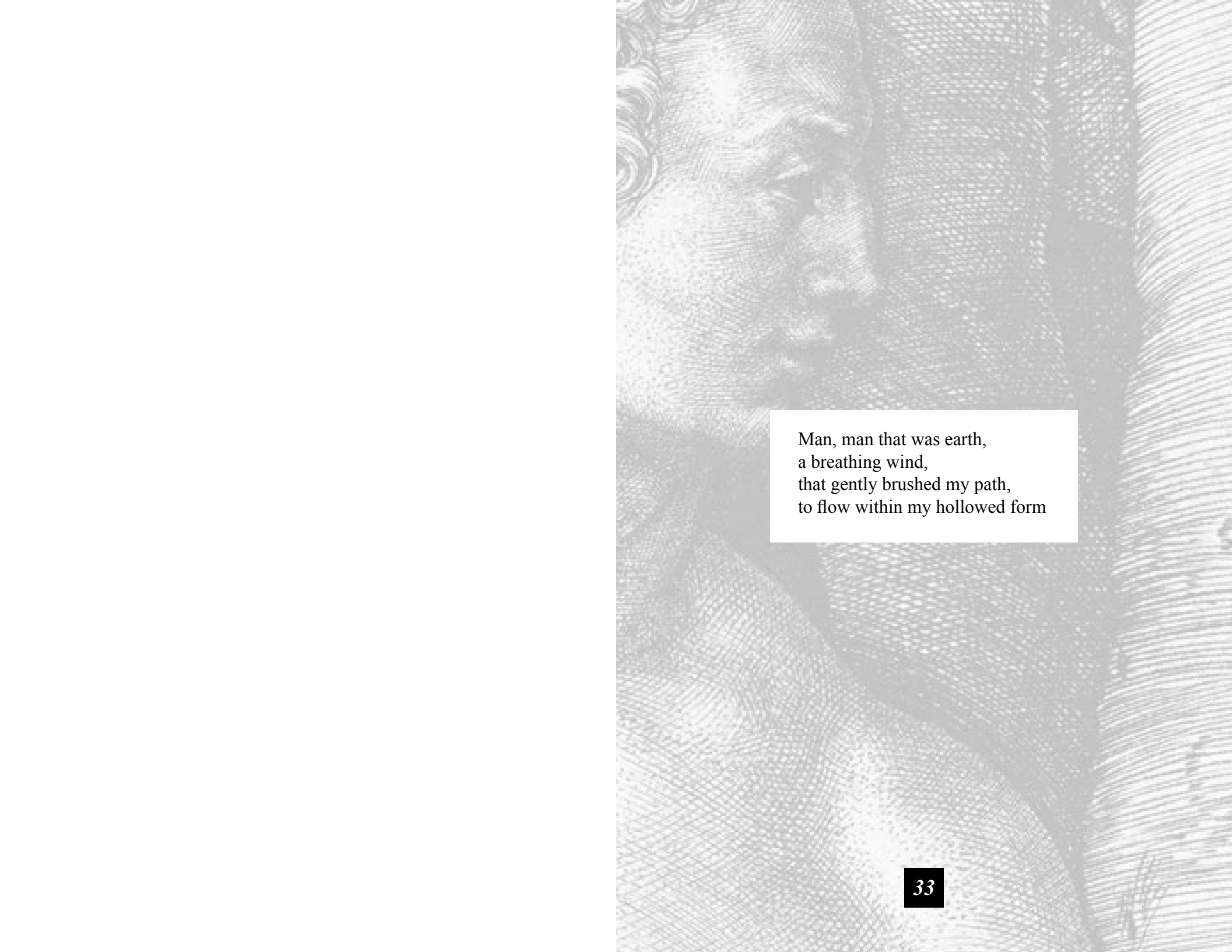
~ Gen. 2:23



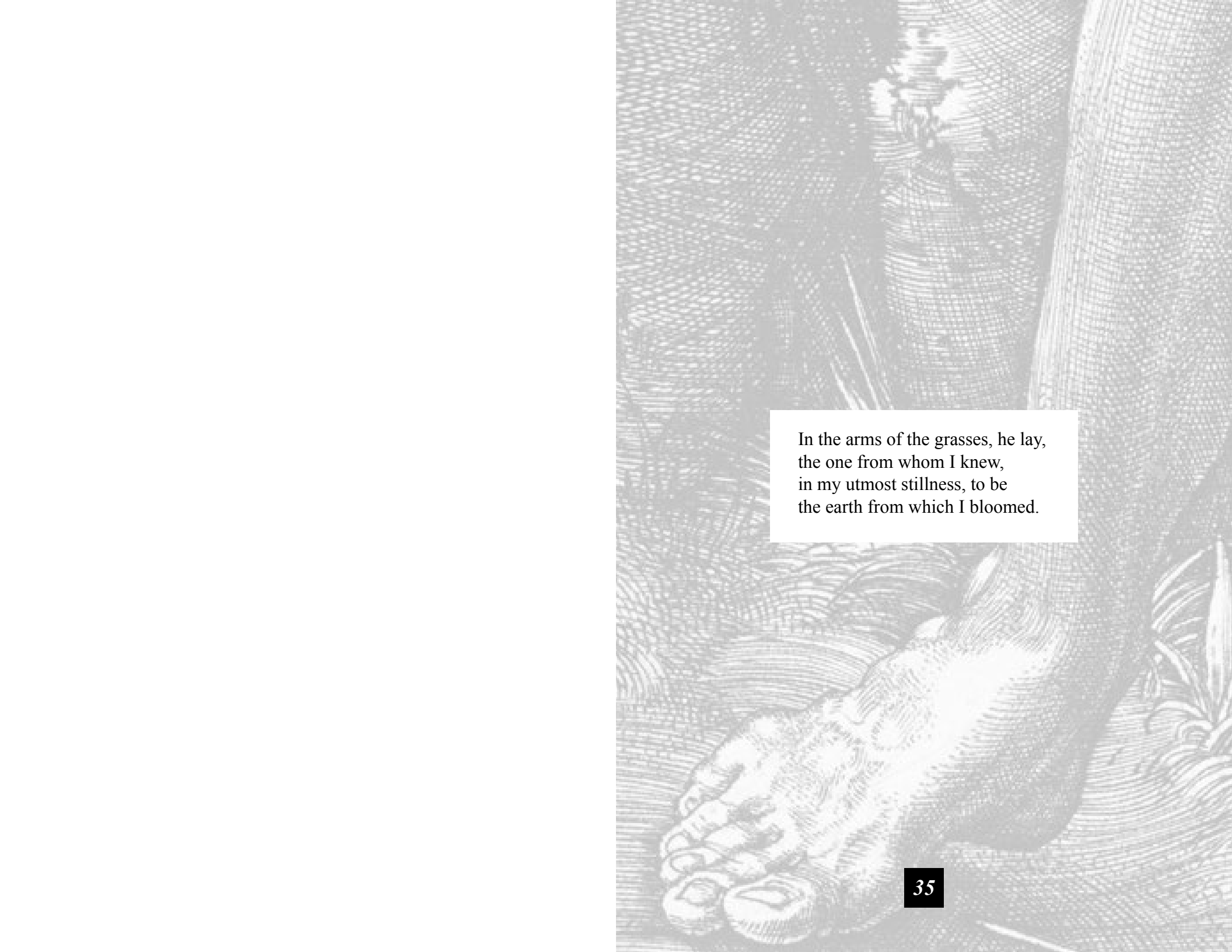
Silence...
I knew it as I knew my soul.
Quiet among the fields of earth...
Quiet, the stirring breath that by me dwelt
and in me breathed.



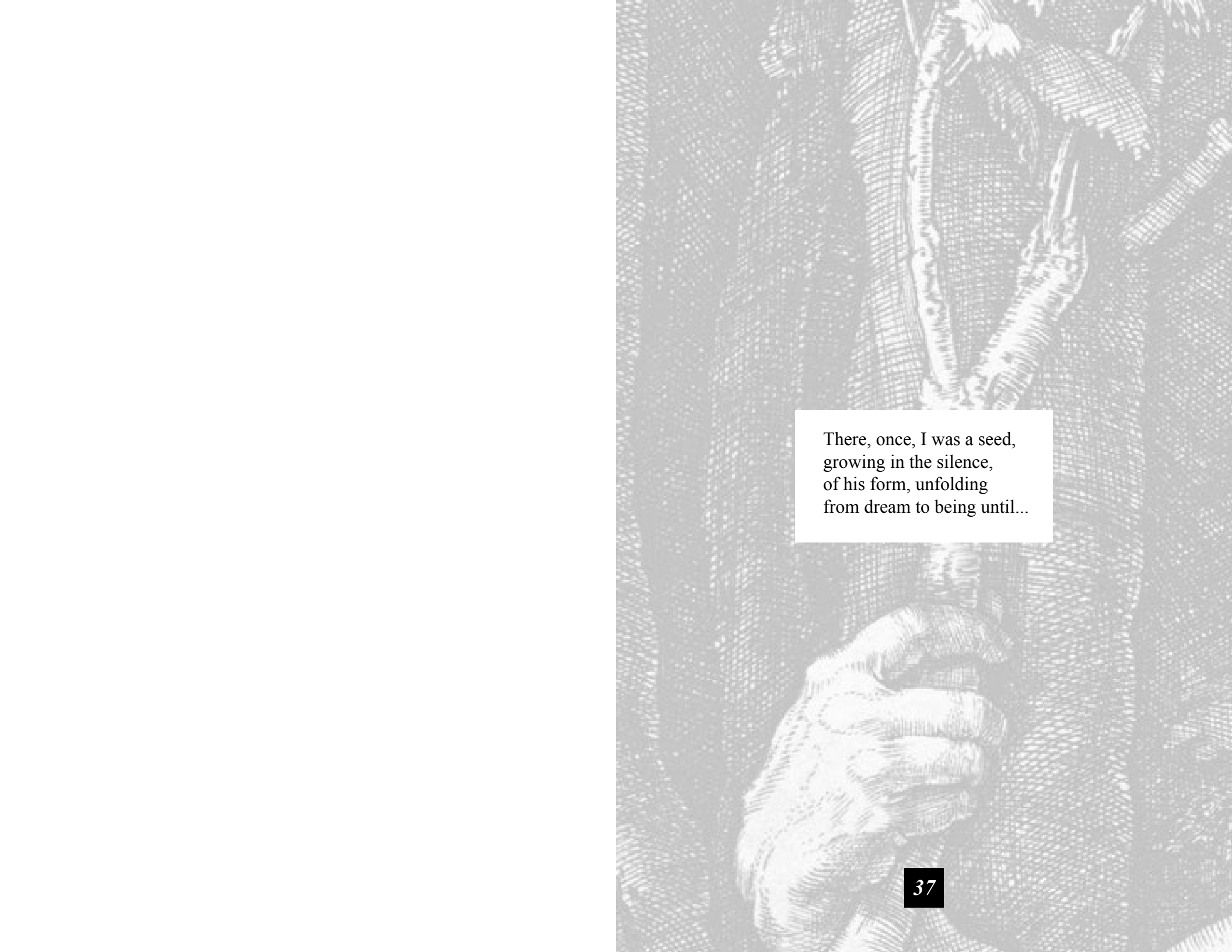
My soul, with eyes, came to know form,
and, in form, I came to walk,
not daring to break the smallest blade of grass,
or wake the earth that was...



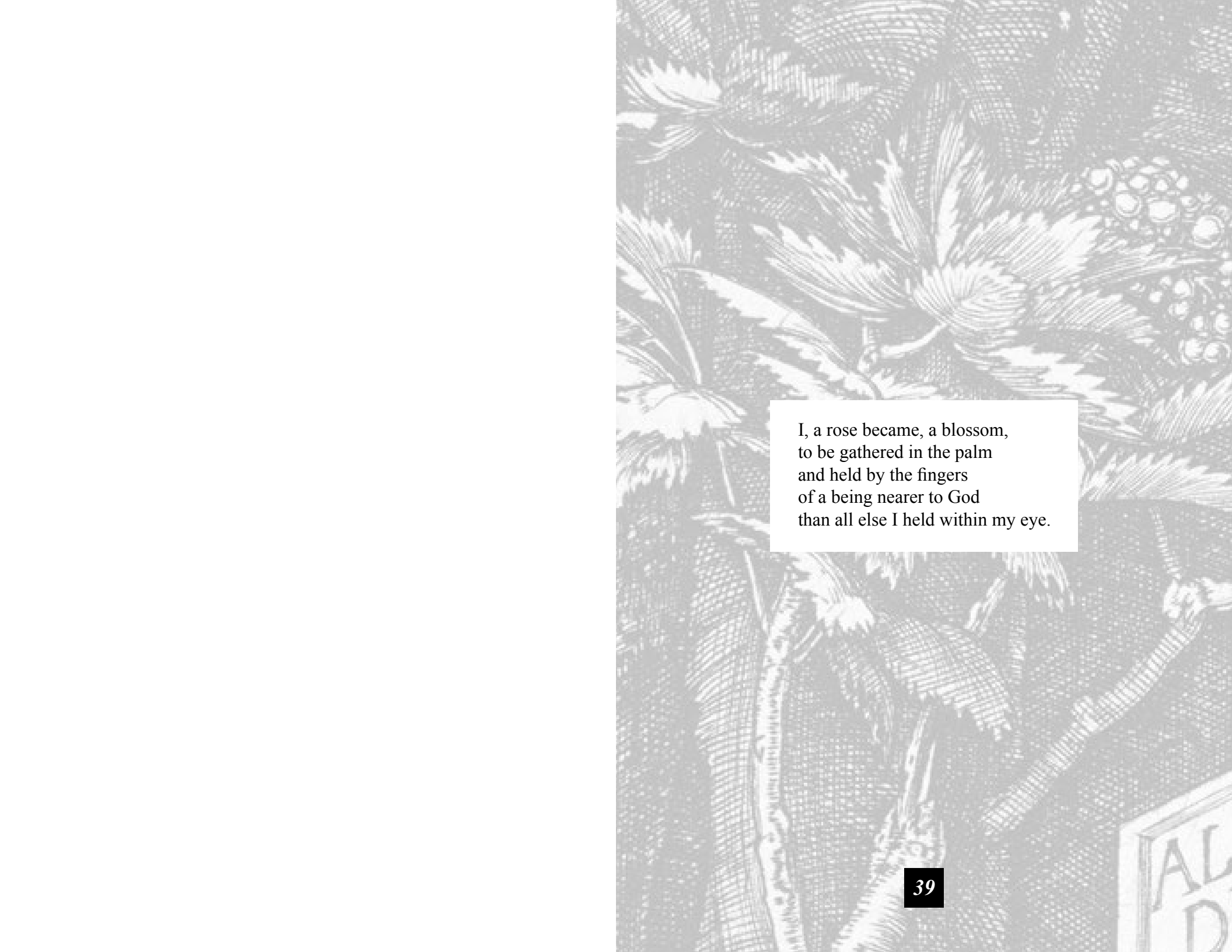
Man, man that was earth,
a breathing wind,
that gently brushed my path,
to flow within my hollowed form



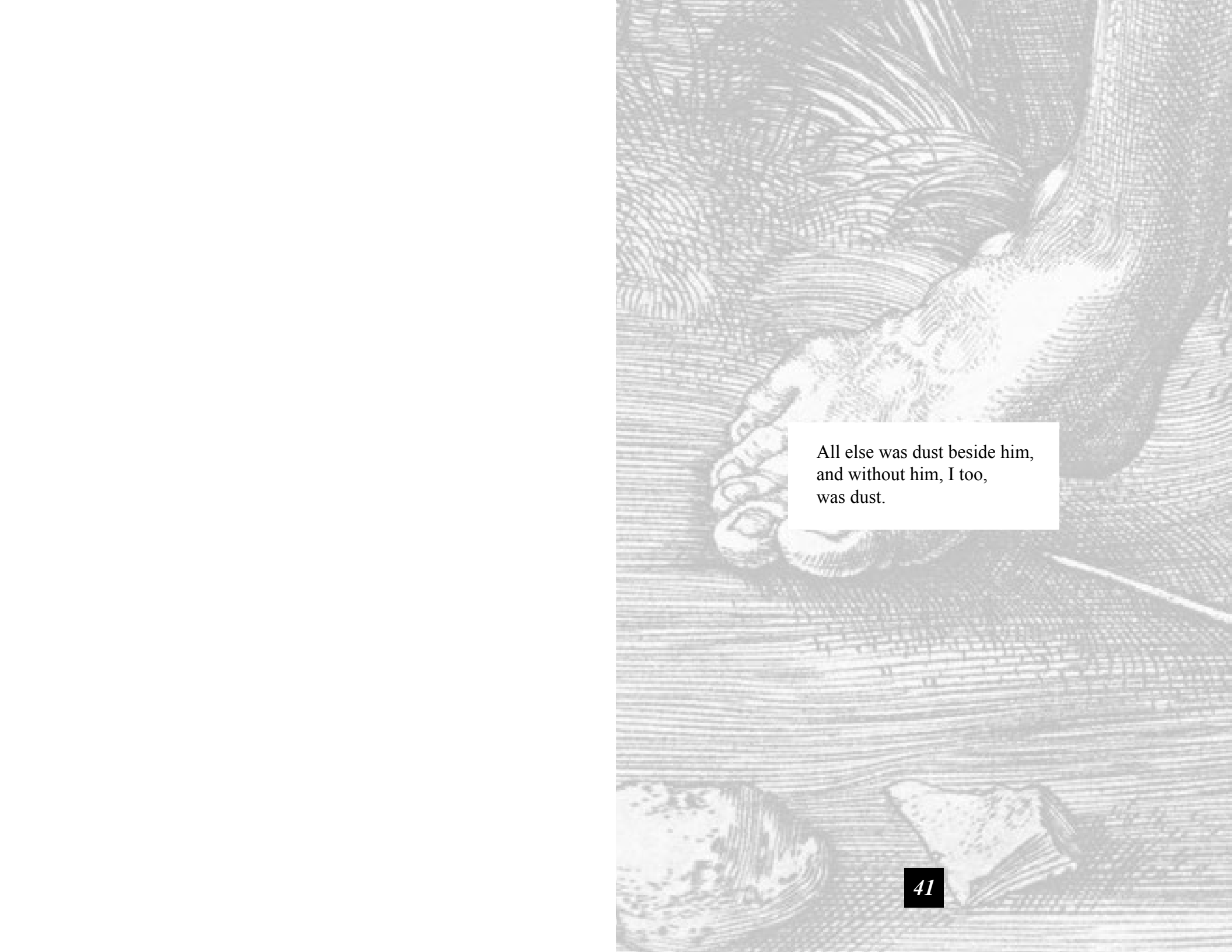
In the arms of the grasses, he lay,
the one from whom I knew,
in my utmost stillness, to be
the earth from which I bloomed.



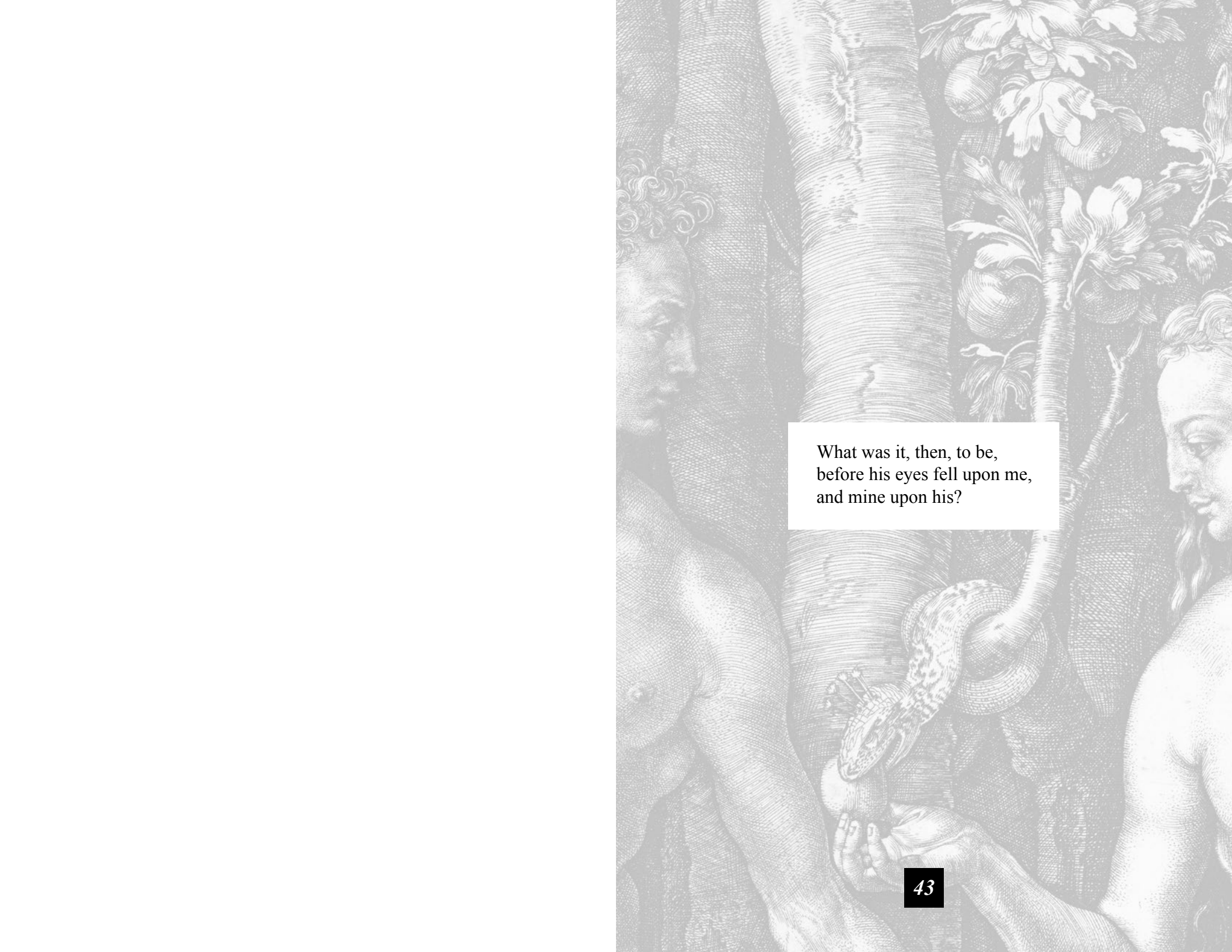
There, once, I was a seed,
growing in the silence,
of his form, unfolding
from dream to being until...



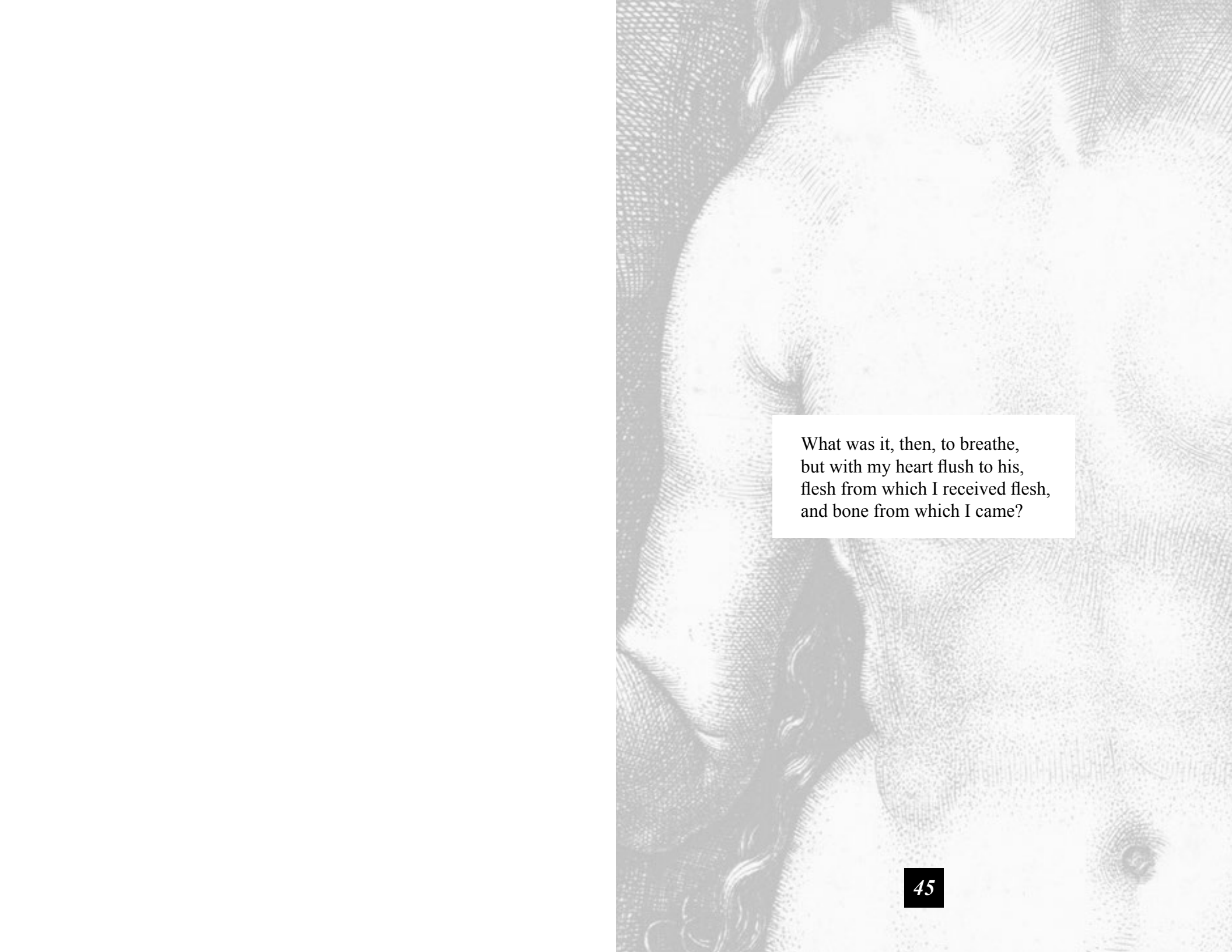
I, a rose became, a blossom,
to be gathered in the palm
and held by the fingers
of a being nearer to God
than all else I held within my eye.



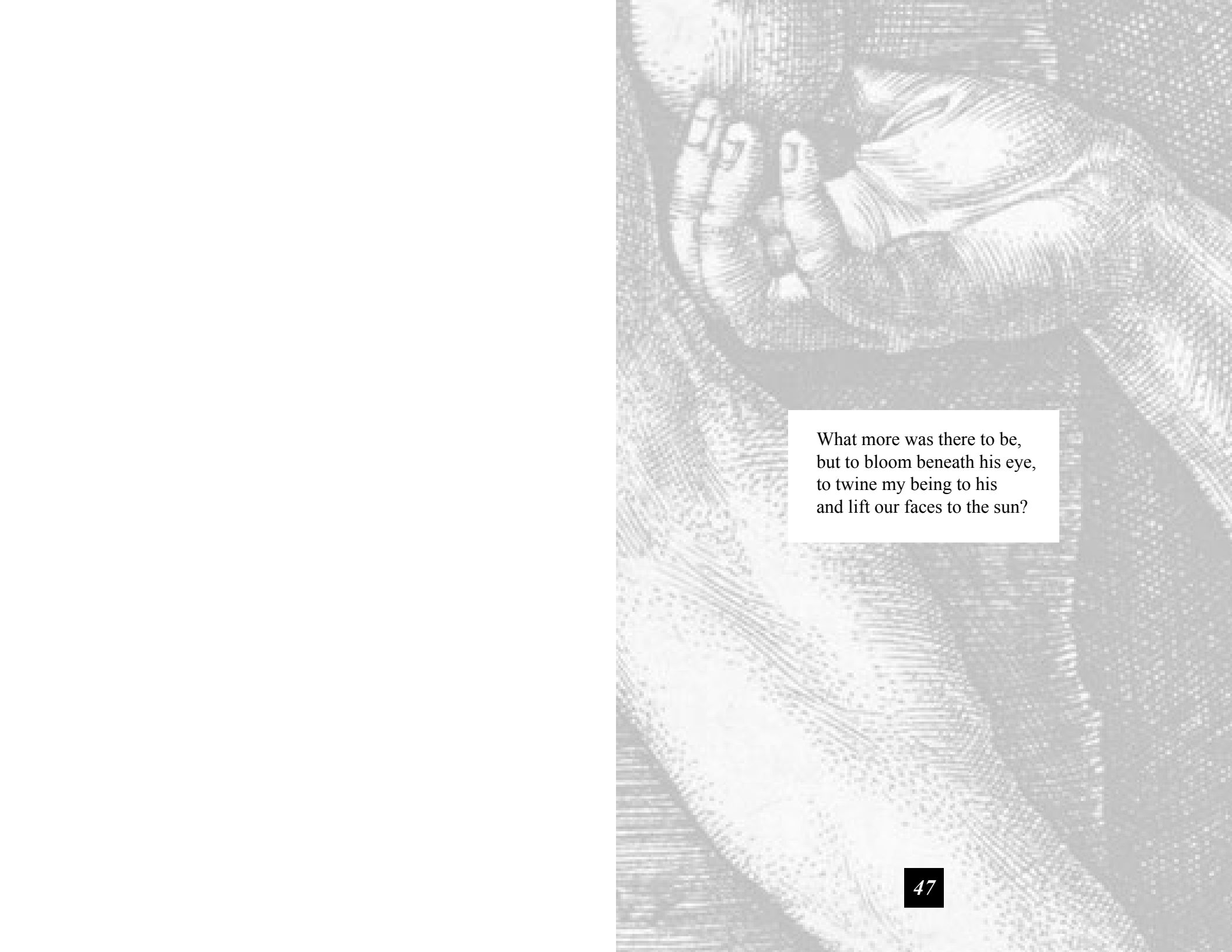
All else was dust beside him,
and without him, I too,
was dust.



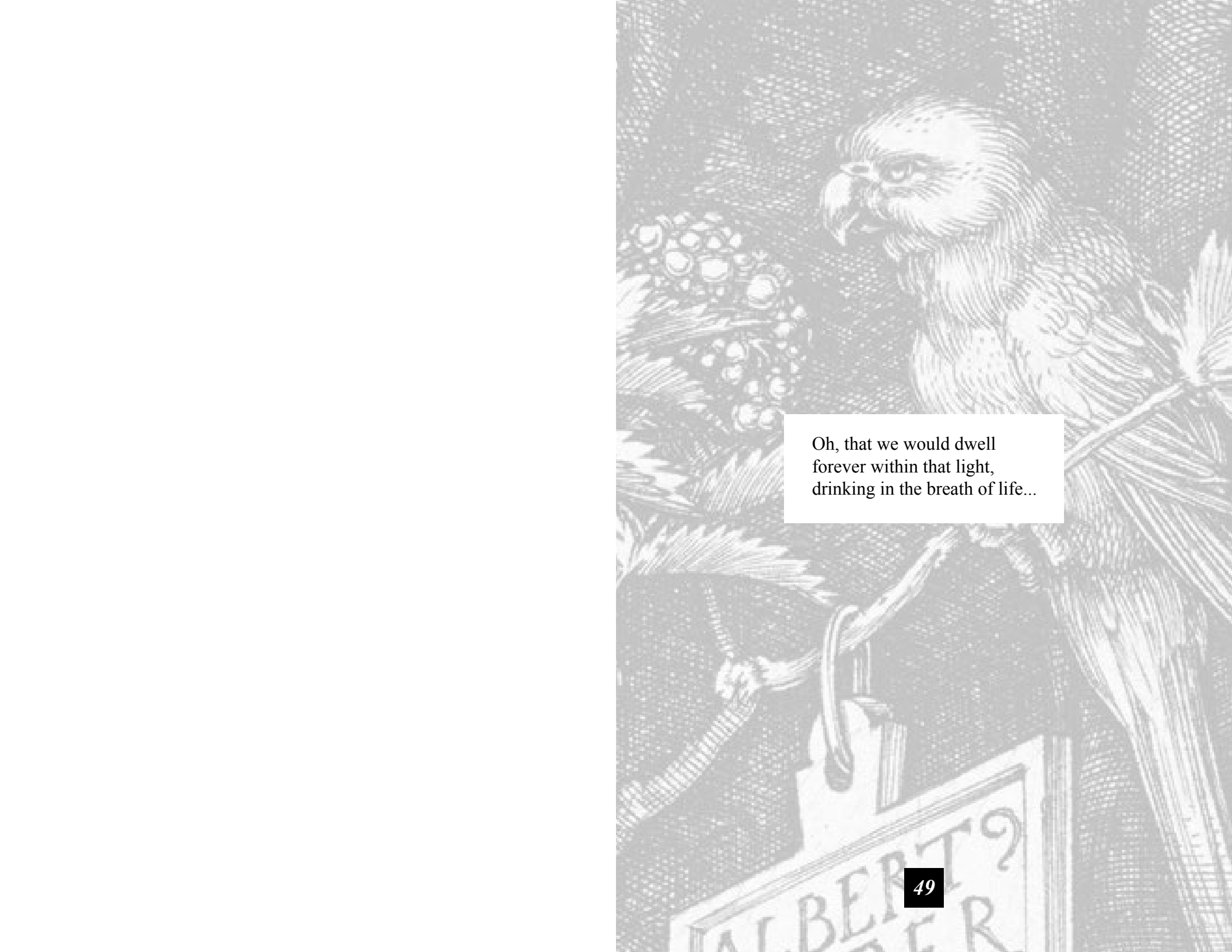
What was it, then, to be,
before his eyes fell upon me,
and mine upon his?




What was it, then, to breathe,
but with my heart flush to his,
flesh from which I received flesh,
and bone from which I came?



What more was there to be,
but to bloom beneath his eye,
to twine my being to his
and lift our faces to the sun?

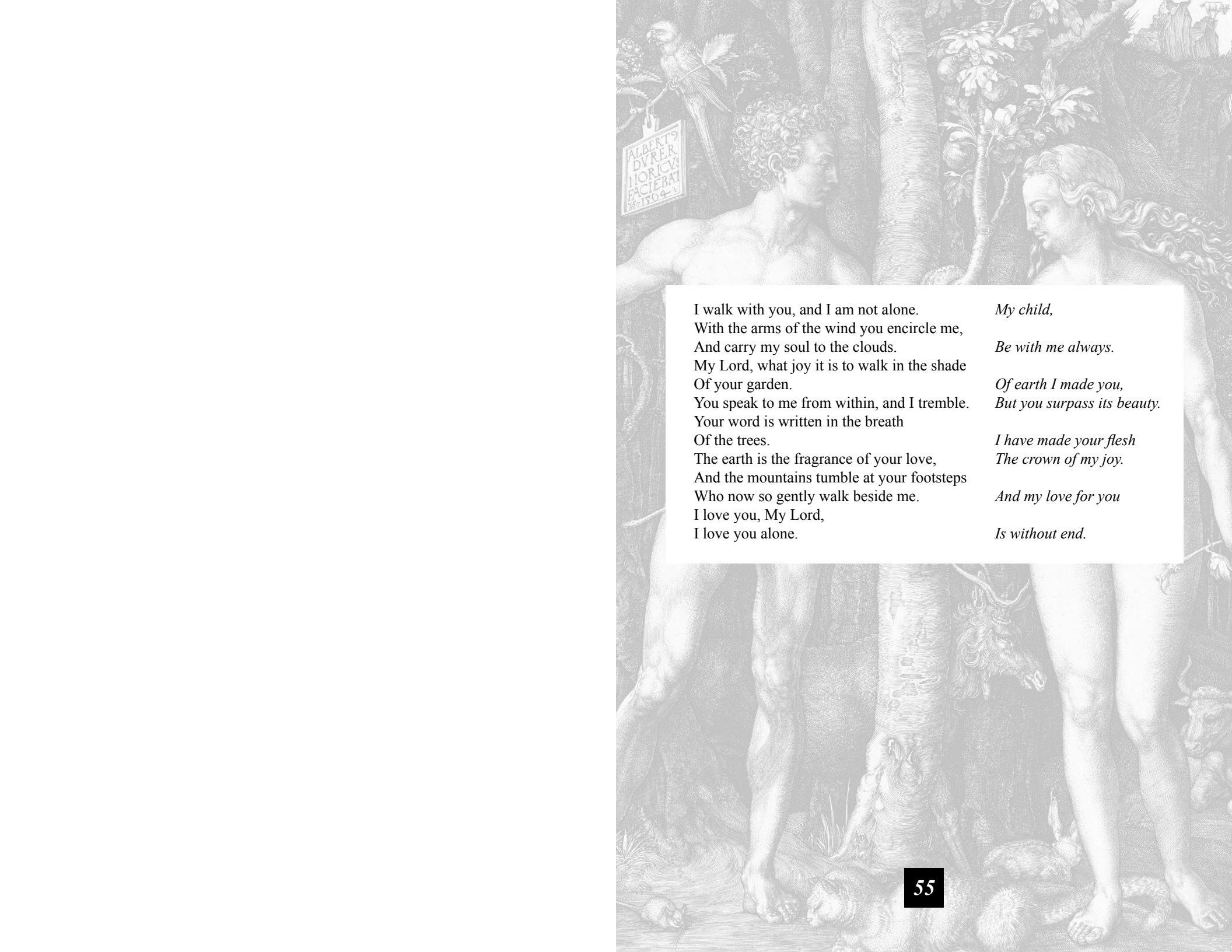


Oh, that we would dwell
forever within that light,
drinking in the breath of life...



...Breath known to me before
in silence I came to be...
or knew a soul like mine.

Walking in the Garden



I walk with you, and I am not alone.
With the arms of the wind you encircle me,
And carry my soul to the clouds.
My Lord, what joy it is to walk in the shade
Of your garden.
You speak to me from within, and I tremble.
Your word is written in the breath
Of the trees.
The earth is the fragrance of your love,
And the mountains tumble at your footsteps
Who now so gently walk beside me.
I love you, My Lord,
I love you alone.

*My child,
Be with me always.
Of earth I made you,
But you surpass its beauty.
I have made your flesh
The crown of my joy.
And my love for you
Is without end.*

