



## If Adam Picked the Apple & Wild

Danielle Coffyn

**Danielle Coffyn** has been weaving poetry and stories for as long as she can remember. A graduate of the University of Kansas and armed with English, French, and History degrees, she spent nearly a decade teaching before transitioning to the corporate world of learning and development. The start of the pandemic was the catalyst she needed to start putting pen to paper, with the goal of sharing her writing publicly. Born in Belgium and raised in the Midwest, Danielle harbors a wanderlust she feeds by hosting Nature & Nurture hiking and writing retreats around the country focused on reconnecting to the self and one another through writing and spending time outdoors. She currently makes her home in St. Louis, Missouri, with her son and dog.

### **If Adam Picked the Apple**

There would be a parade,  
a celebration,  
a holiday to commemorate  
the day he sought enlightenment.  
We would not speak of  
temptation by the devil, rather,  
we would laud Adam's curiosity,  
his desire for adventure  
and knowing.  
We would feast  
on apple-inspired fare:  
tortes, chutneys, pancakes, pies.  
There would be plays and songs  
reenacting his courage.

But it was Eve who grew bored,  
weary of her captivity in Eden.  
And a woman's desire  
for freedom is rarely a cause  
for celebration.

## Wild

Give me silvery strands,  
the milky growth of aging  
intertwined with the sediment  
of youth.

Give me stretch marks  
along thighs,  
one gleaming stripe  
for each year this body  
survived winter.

Give me scars and sunspots,  
proof of every season  
weathered.

Give me laugh lines  
like the hyena,  
rooted canyons along  
eyes and mouth,  
impervious to wrinkle cream,  
so profound was our joy.