

Masthead Logo

**The Iowa Review**

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Volume 14

Issue 2 *Spring-Summer: Writing From the World:  
Selections from the International Writing Program  
1977-1983*

Article 81

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1984

## The Creation of the World

Eva Toth

Marianna Abrahamowicz

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### Recommended Citation

Toth, Eva and Marianna Abrahamowicz. "The Creation of the World." *The Iowa Review* 14.2 (1984): 210-211. Web.  
Available at: <https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.3074>

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Eva Toth · *Hungary*

THE CREATION OF THE WORLD

The first day

I caught my breath in the darkness shivered while  
gathering dry branches lit them He came out of the  
cave held his hands over the fire and said Let there  
be light

The second day

I got up at dawn fetched water from the river sprinkled  
the ground to keep the dust down when He came out I  
poured water into his palms he washed his face looked  
up and said Let us call the roof sky what is solid  
earth and the place where the waters come together sea

The third day

I got up early went to gather blue red yellow fruits  
small grains ground them between two stones kneaded  
and cooked them He got up stretched ate the bread the  
sweet fruits and said Let the earth bring forth tender  
grasses bring forth grasses with grains and fruit trees

The fourth day

I awoke very early swept the yard with a green bough  
put the clothes in to soak scrubbed the pots cleaned  
the tools the sound of the scythe awoke him He turned  
to the wall and said Let the sky's high dome be filled  
with bodies that give off light to separate the night  
from the day

The fifth day

I got up at the crack of dawn filled the troughs with  
water gave the horses hay milked the cow sheared the  
sheep took the goats to graze fed the geese cut nettles  
for the ducklings shucked corn for the hens cooked slops  
for the hogs threw bones to the dog left milk for the  
cat He yawned rubbed his eyes and said Grow and multiply  
populate the earth

The sixth day

I was awakened by labor pains gave birth to the child of  
my womb bathed swaddled and suckled him He leaned over  
and let the tiny hands reach out and grasp his little  
finger smiled at his image his likeness and saw that the  
whole of his creation was indeed good

The seventh day

I awoke to the baby's cry quickly changed his diapers  
dressed and nursed him and he was quiet I lit the stove  
aired the house went down for the papers watered the  
plants dusted the furniture made breakfast silently the  
smell of coffee woke him up He turned on the radio lit  
a cigarette and blessed the seventh day

*translated by Marianna Abrahamowicz*