

Adam's Dream by Alan Dragoo

Naming mine and me
 under the Tree,
naming flower and seed,
 mare and steed,
naming what has been,
what is, what is meant to be,
naming her Tiamat
Ukhat Ishshah Eve

Alone Adam dreamed
 in an azure night
of nectar-tongued orchids
 in golden moonlight
 unfurling their scent from frilled
 lips to swirl about his sleep laden lids
Galaxies of moths dipped and swirled
 in their downy winged dance,
 Seeking the sweet liquid
of that flower laden glade.

Images winged through Adam's sleep
 and he heard God's words sounding
 down deep halls of space,
Echoes resonate in his dreams
 of divine words
 creating time.

From hollows of his breath words
 emerged as he slid

toward silken sheaths
of sleep under green leaves.
Out of white webbed spasms of his sleep,

out from his silken dreams she came,
pushed and molded,
as hands shape pliant clay
or smooth the blush of marble,
or as lovers touch, recreating
their bodies. She came: blood and breath,
substance of rib
into lineaments of flesh.

She came youth-plumed,
beating her tissue wings –
arabesque of gold and lapis –
exulting her burning cry
into his silver dawn.