

# 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.