

Grace Danborn

Credo

In the beginning we were
but a part of perfection, our bones
white sticks of light.
We ate and knew nothing, we touched
and did not wait for God
to call it good. In the beginning
we let our bodies burn
with the sun's slow migrations
and did not say *apart from*
or *desire*.

Sin came hard
and necessary as teeth pressing up
through a baby's pink gums.

In the beginning
we could not quite smile or chew,
and I say glory be to the fruit,
to the friction between my mouth
and its skin, to the inherent
loneliness of that shared meal.