HELENA MESA

The Lesson

She said *He is everywhere, even inside you.* I felt
my bones bow, my organs
crowd with words
whispered from within.
The thin black dog
leaning against a white fence,
the seamstress pricking
her finger, my father sleeping
at the end of the pew—
inside us all, He listened,
a black phone with a stiff dial
connecting one mind
to the next. I listened to
the circuits of my body
jam with sounds, then
a stillness I feared.
*Eve left the garden,*
she said. *Eve disobeyed,*
*and He marched her*
*through gates leading*
*nowhere,* and nowhere
stretches. He knew
before she covered
herself in leaves, before
the core swarmed with bees.
He lived inside her
and felt the thought form.