

DAILY BREAD

“Grain of Hope : Slice of Heaven”

ADAMAH and EVE

Adamah

He doesn't think about his name
which means earth. His mind doesn't know
he was scooped and moulded out of rich soil;

being at one with the earth and every wonder
it brings forth, he simply doesn't need
that brain-knowledge. When he works the land,

he works in tune with God's shaping hand:
he shares in creation. Adamah:
his pleasure when he crumbles the soil

and runs it through his fingers far exceeds
the emotion which will be later felt when hands
are plunged into jewels. Of course, Eden

like our earth has seams of crystalline rocks.
Gold nuggets lie like stones across its surface;
a source of delight, yet no more dear to him

than the pollen-heart of a flower. Adamah.
Look tenderly on this man, whose name
also means red, whose hair is aflame with life.

He may look alien as he moves with a grace
we have forgotten, bounding like a leopard,
picking his feet high to protect a flower

with the delicacy of a deer. But he is a self
attained by us only in brief moments;
Eve is a state of being sometimes glimpsed

by astonished lovers, by contemplatives,
by each of us as we move beyond the boundaries
scored deep into the brain. What might we learn

from a man to whom every plant and creature
is tongued with God? a man whose dawn prayers
are wordless, but vibrate through his body

with the swell of birdsong? What might we learn
from a woman who lies down beneath an oak
to gaze up at the huge intricate arching,

at leaf-patterns pierced by light, and there
finds her cathedral? This is their daily bread
unnoticed, unremarked. They invite us all

to walk with God in the cool evening breeze

Diane Pacitti, 2020

Eve

That story troubles the woman
as she digs into a soil of dust and stones,
labours among the thistles.

Is it a distant memory or a myth?
Can it really be true

that fruit clustered, that huge-petalled flowers
grew only for delight,
that the air was alive
with tiny winged creatures from whose throats
poured melodies?
And did humans ever walk
in bright garments, constantly washed clean?

If it is true,
she believes the end of the story
all too well:
that humans threw this paradise away
through a compulsion to possess.
Shelterless, foodless,
she is their heir.

No wonder
myth and history blear into each other
in this borderless world
where a shore is a hill of waste, the sea itself
a morass of plastic; where savage winds
worry at the dry bone of the earth;
where the air is a soup
of land-dirt.

Her tears dry on her cheeks
in a plasticised smear.
Smut-particles clog her lungs and dull her eyes;
gag the scream which is rising in her throat:
she and her earth-companion
are returning to dust before their death.

Eve.
The gene-codes of countless generations
are written in her flesh
and exhausted bones;
Humankind's survival
is lodged within her womb. Her struggle

to feed herself is driven by love
for the unborn life
growing deep inside her flesh.

Diane Pacitti, 2020

Adam (אָדָם) literally means "red" with etymological links to the words **adam**, **adamah** (which means "red ground") and **dam** (דָם), which means blood.

The name **Eve** derives from the Hebrew "**Chawwah**" meaning 'to breathe' or 'living one'. Some sources also suggest that the word Chawwah is related to the Aramean word "**hayyatum**" meaning serpent.



St James's Church
197 Piccadilly
London
W1J 9LL

