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## In the Beginning

Autumn Franz

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# In the Beginning

## Autumn Franz

The Universe knew nothing of god  
and on the first day, darkness was the only  
way to mask our deformed bodies.

We hunched and slumped  
trying to make out shadows  
from the silhouetted forms  
that came to attack us  
during the night.

We called the trees our mothers  
and we let them feed us like birds  
squawking and climbing and dancing.

Then the Universe knew god  
and on the second day it knew light and land  
and the blood dripping from our mangled arms.

We did not like the sight  
until we planted the seeds our mothers told us not to eat  
and buried them in the ground  
like secrets.

We created ourselves out of fine clay  
and dashed our eyes in soot  
until we were blind and shining.

We knew someday our mothers would die.  
We did not care.

In the beginning,  
we did not think about tomorrow.