

The Beginning

Will Clark

You know what happened in the beginning.
You remember the Sunday School lesson
too many times repeated. The Lord spoke,
His Word glowed in its goodness.

In the morning God became a gardener,
a fact your mother always took too much to heart,
sweating long summers in care of her sunflowers
and zinnias. The whole world bloomed beautiful,
limbs all heavy with unforbidden fruit.

He created the fish next--bream and bass, mostly--
and all the birds, the ruby-throated hummingbird
you admired with your mother from the porch,
the crows you chased from her garden.

Then He made man, in His image.
You were told this was the important part.
You learned what the word “overseer” meant, and you wondered
what subduing anything had to do with loving it.