

## DARK QUESTION

*Willis Eberman*

We are, like Eve and Adam, glancing on  
some old, remembered garden of the mind;  
condemned forever to the outer gate,  
walking in shadow always; what we see  
are only leaves and ruin of a lost,  
uncared-for country. O, the rusted gate  
leans forward heavily: it was not made  
of gold, then, after all. Who stole the jewels?  
Indentations pit their former places.

We walk forever, peering through the high  
iron filigree of fence, and see no more  
than we have seen: the dark entanglements  
of vine and leaves. I turn to find your face,  
and it is shadow also; and I try  
to ask you if it ever will be thus.  
What did we do, and whither are we bound?

There is no answer; only your small hand  
half-felt in mine, in memory. We walk  
onward through shade. O what far sin did I,  
or we commit, my Eve, that we should pass  
forever by this garden?—God must know.  
As for my dullard spirit, it forgets.