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**Exile**  
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## **Ghita Schwarz**

### EXILE

Lilith, forced into disguise as a red-breathed demon, a stealer of infants, wanders the desert. Created from dust, man's equal and willing to say so, she didn't make it into the book. Adam sent her out to the cold low earth, and Eve didn't think to invite her back in. Neither found time to ponder her side of the story, what with the babies, and the harvest of the hot fields.

Pressing reed into papyrus, Lilith writes letters: Woman, man, the mistake wasn't taking the fruit but eating too little. The sin wasn't seeing nakedness but dressing, covering, closing, forgetting. Juice of dead apples seeps from the feet of the shoeless. Outside the garden, we search for a shelter where knowledge and comfort unveil each other, gently arguing.

Neither really has time to answer her. Crops burn in the drought, and the children are quarreling terribly.