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Eve

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Eve // Shabethany Sawyer

I found religion nestled in the crook of your arm on a day in late July, when we nodded drowsily in the fleeting traces of a summer's eve, sated on cloyingly sweet blackberries and clandestine tongue kisses. You nipped at my ears like some frisky pup and a light-hearted smile played on your lips as you breathed words down my neck.

It wasn't the desire in your voice, palpable as the searing heat of your skin against mine, or the achingly sweet promise of nightfall that drew out the virginal flush in my cheeks. The stillness in your eyes darker than the cover of midnight that would shroud our sins from our disapproving parents spoke the gospel according to you.

I signed my life away without a thought.