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Moving Stlll

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Genesis // Jack DeAngelis

I. In the Beginning.

Luminous wonder lay at Eve's fingertips and the children gazed in excitement as the expanding ball filled her palms and, while holding the end of the red rubber in one hand, she extended the other to the edge of her cart where she picked up a spool of string and tossed it over her shoulder, winking at the nearest child while catching the spool with her chin, cutting the perfect length with her teeth, and tying off the rubber in one splendidly fluid motion before kneeling down, and presenting a balloon to an enthralled young boy.

II. Fruit from the Tree of Knowledge.

The door clicked shut behind Eve, and she knew she was finally alone with only the supple hum of the dim lights that stretched vertically down the low ceiling of the hallway, illuminating the four shelves bolted to the floor before her with evenly spaced cardboard boxes on the rows which she now walked through before finding what she was looking for and, seeing the yellow card inscribed with her name, reached up to a shoulder height row of bins and grabbed a box that had a scaly cardboard bottom which easily slithered across the metal shelf and fell into her hands with a hiss.

Moving Still // Nene Diallo



III. The Fall from Grace.

The desk's silver handle slipped into the empty niche between Eve's left ring finger and palm as she reached into the shallow drawer and rummaged through its contents with her right hand, knocking over a cup of rusty paper clips, eventually finding a piece of red rubber which she began to blow into calmly because she had grown tired of staring at her diploma boxed away in the corner of the office opposite the desk that had an old spool of string upon it which she flipped over her shoulder, caught with her chin before cutting the perfect length of string with her teeth and tying off the rubber in one splendidly fluid motion, all while walking towards the window which she opened, feeling the long-forgotten embrace of the wind as she stepped up to the waist-level marble platform and then held out her hand so the balloon drifted out the window, floating playfully above the concrete far below and began pulling Eve towards the brilliant blue sky, tugging at all her elapsed artistry, yearning to drift off into the guileless clouds, heaving with increased animation and jerking her closer to the open window while her feet slid across the marble platform to the ledge until she finally succumbed, and her feet effortlessly left the rim of the office window high above the city street.

