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Beyond Genesis

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Author Bio

Alexander Englert is a deeply spiritual cynic from the mountains of Colorado without any answers. Over the summer he searched for meaning on a bluff near Omaha, Nebraska. He found nothing. Next year, he will be departing to search in Germany, which will hopefully bring another tier of enlightenment within his reach. He predicts that it will bring him right back to where he started.

Beyond Genesis

"Don't you remember how we began?" Eve says. She grabs Adam's arm above his elbow. Adam opens the door, which creaks in rusty hinges. He steps out onto the path and walks with nothing but the sweat stained clothes that Eve made from tough fabric and thick string. Eve trots after him like a dog on a rope leash; she is naked—pink fruit.

"Please, stop!" Eve cries.

Adam says nothing.

"What is wrong with me?"

"It is not you," Adam grunts.

"So, it's you?"

They pass through a grove of trees that crowns the crest of the hill where there hovel sits. Its door is still ajar from their swift exit. It, with red mud and golden straw packed walls, is falling to pieces. There are holes in its thatched roof revealing white beams like ribs in the side of a decaying animal. Weeds grow up two feet around the house, except for on the path, which is packed with stones.

"We were once of the same body," says Eve. She steps on a thorn nettle and hisses. Adam continues to hurry on sandaled feet. The trees disappear on either side of them. The sun is piercing; the heat can be seen above the grass like waves.

"But we were never of the same spirit."

"We shared a back." Eve's skin has taken a flushed red tint; heat rashes begin to ribbon up her back.

"But we never faced the same direction."

"We are sharing a direction now," sobs Eve. She looks down at her feet. The sole of her right foot is red and dripping, a trail of red prints dangles behind her like a constellation. Dirt sticks to the blood. Her eyes begin to take on that misty look, but Adam is not looking at her. There is a minute of silence: bees hum as they pollinate a wild bed of flowers, the air smells like rain, and clouds are indecisively sliding back and forth over the sun.

Adam clears his throat and glances towards Eve, "I didn't want you to see me leave. I wanted to disappear."

Eve limps by his side, naked and crying. She softly snuffles and wipes off both cheeks with the wrist of her right hand.

Adam continues, "I have to see what's out there."

"But we are made for each other. Let me come," Eve says.

Eve grabs his arm; he gently loosens her fingers. The path curls and winds down the hill towards the shadowy gullies and canyons that stretch like veins through the brown earth in every direction from the base of their hill. Adam clears away the hair in his eyes; his head is a scraggly mat of brown curls that brush his shoulder blades. Eve's hair is clean and bright. A cloud passes over the sun casting a monstrous shadow. The wind picks up their hair and whips it around behind them—flames.

"The fruit and the snake," she says, "don't you still believe in them?"

"They were only dreams."

"But we both had them."

Adam stops; in front of him, the path dissolves into a stream. Eve's foot bleeds profusely, pooling around her dirt covered feet. Her skin is raw meat, her blond hair is frizzling, but her face is clean and pale.

"I had a nightmare. After I told you about it, you convinced me in my excitement it was something more," says Adam.

"What about Him?"

Adam says, "Thunder."

"No," she says, "He spoke. Don't say you could not hear Him!"

Adam walks into the stream. Trails of dirt picked up by the water run off his ankles. The canyons lay ahead in shadow, marked and held in place by gnarled trees with charred bark. The clouds are darker and the wind continues to blow. Adam's eyes are dark. His face is stained from dirty fingers wiping away sweat.

Adam breathes deeply and looks at Eve's face for the first time. Her cheeks are redder than the blood beneath them and her eyes are pale blue.

"There is one voice in me, not two. It doesn't matter if He exists,"

Adam says and begins walking again. His feet churn up muddy water as he crosses the stream. Eve does not move. She stares across the shallow stream bleeding, red from the sun, and still crying. Adam is within calling distance. On his back, a 'v' of sweat runs down from his shoulders.

Eve calls out, "I'm pregnant!"

Adam stops walking. He looks up at the sky where clouds gray as soot are commingling. He stares up at them; for a minute, he is completely still. As if broken from a spell, he turns so he is looking at Eve again.

"Tell him the world is his to create."

"It has already been created," Eve says. Her forehead twitches and a vein in her neck swells—snake.

"We are alone with ourselves."

"He created us," she hisses through a clenched jaw.

Adam turns and walks on the path away from Eve. The shale covered ground rises on either side of him. A few flecks of rain sit in Eve's hair. Her face is wet and crooked from frowning. She turns and shakily limps back up the curling path. The rain is soft. Eve passes into the grove of trees. Adam disappears behind the lip of a canyon wall. The rain falls harder—a torrent.