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Sounds of Eve

by *Helen Petter Westra*



You are one, Eve, who moves through our dreams,
 taster of sounds, empress of onomatopoeia,
 quintessential poet and mother-text,
 referent of all things wombed,
 breasted, pregnant, laboring
 to burst forth from the silence
 of caves and ribbed cages.

We see you standing in the garden,
 your keen eyes shining, curious,
 your brave mouth relishing newness,
 your body quivering,
 spirit as well as flesh fertile, roused,
 conceiving all that can be thought,
 named, called forth and spoken
 from the beginning.

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 has an M.A. from the
 University of Michi-
 gan and Ph.D. from
 the University of
 Notre Dame. She lives
 in Holland.

We feel you in the unmown meadows,
 your thinking soul ripe with words,
 creating syllables lovely as quail eggs,
 giving the full measure of eloquence to gingko trees,
 uttering the stark beauty of red bayberries
 against green leaves,
 and the choreography of antelopes.

Mother of questers and all flesh made sound,
 sound made flesh, changing silences into speech,
 into resonant eve singing through dusk and shadow
 at the moon's curved lip,
 offering words like *wish, risk, reach,*
 works like *taste, dare, dream,*
 you, the first rebel, first metaphor,
 first poem. We hear you.

