

The Meeting of Adam and Eve:

Her shy lids unveil  
eyes like limpid pools.

He gazes, enters naked.

Like sugar, he dissolves.

Her soft waters of light  
receive him.

Immersed in her essence  
he remembers himself.

His eyes reflect,  
like clear deep pools  
his remembrance.

She drinks  
in a formless world where  
light mingles with light  
in perfect unity.

She is home.

-Maryam Hand

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