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Adam's Song

Tommy was the first pet I had in Eden, par'a·keet'' seemed to fit—small parrot with long tail, the color of apple, new leaf, and lemon; harsh, irritating song. I called it "screaming" at first, but my softer side said, "Song, Adam, song."

Eve taught me about *mu'sic—a medley* of sounds and tones, as of the wind. Cain taught me that some music is hard to hear: "Father, I have killed Abel and buried myself in a darker earth where frozen stars draw black flowers from my grave." That was a song.

I clipped Tommy's wings that day, with *scis'sors—a cutting instrument, two pivoted blades.* I gathered the yellow, green, and dark red shadows in the valley of my palm. Eve sang a music I could hardly hear. I inserted one by one into the warm earth of Abel's grave the cool *feath'ers—lighter than flowers, less afraid of flying; colorfast and hardened by a harsh song.*

—James Richards

This poem won first place in the BYU Studies 1999 Poetry Contest.