

RODIN
I
Ève

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The Serpent glimmered through the primal tree,
Full in the gladness of the afterglow;
Its royal head warred ever to and fro,
Seeking the knowledge of the doom to be.
Ève, in the naked love and liberty
She had not bartered yet, moved sad and slow,
Serene toward the sunset, murmuring low
The tyrant's curse, the hideous decree.

Then she, instructed by the Saviour Snake,
Saw once clear Truth and give her life, and love,
And peace, and favour of the fiend above,
For Knowledge, Knowledge pure for Knowledge's sake.
The full moon rose. Creation's voice was dumb
For the first woman's shame, strength, martyrdom.