Eclogue against Ecology

Fool’s Paradise? And is there any other kind?
The fruits of Eden, we know, now, are largely rind,

And knowledge less a tree than some intrusive graft
That does not take. To know is not so much a craft

As it is exercise in self-deception: Eve
Or Adam, we embrace the Garden that we leave,

Attracted by the warnings put there to deter.
Deep down, it is the challenges that we prefer.

Hunting has more appeal than naming, and the name
Of any beast outside the gate is simply game.

From food to sport to murder is a seamless scale,
But if we break it we return to worm and snail

And that nude pair so bored they took up with a snake.
Cain’s sons are gladiators; Abel’s wield a rake.

If Eve has daughters have they taken to the street
From down the garden path? Had they a choice? Who eat

The fruit the pits will sicken. Checkpoint Angel, sword
Aflame, is subtlety the sin we backslide toward?