Adjustments to Genesis
Lori Lee

The apple was not the forbidden fruit, it was the mango.
AND... it was Adam, not Eve that removed the skin like a tight fresh dress leaving the slick flesh open, sweet, wet, ripe.

He placed it on her lips as if he knew what he was doing, slid a sticky course between the first untouched fruits, promised with a serpentine smile to lick the sticky juice of sin clean from her skin.

Eve watched his eyes, the songs of the doves receding, the new ache of her flesh surprising, hungry, and even Cherubims and the flaming sword, so diligent in their guard, could not stop the fateful entry to Eden.

Confession
Marianne Hales Harding

I have sent many a man to hell over the years
More when I had a size zero body a suede miniskirt coordinating leather boots with stiletto heels
but even now, with a pair of Spanx and a foundation of slimming black, I can inspire an impure thought or two

As a child I deduced that I was responsible for my own thoughts and actions because blaming my brother never got me off the hook
But I learned better when I grew into womanhood’s superhuman powers:

Without lifting a finger I can sully a man’s thoughts. Without breaking a sweat I can turn a pious man into a covenant breaker. Without a single utterance I can stir a man to action. All the catalyst he needs is my presence. He isn’t in a position to refuse me.

Oh, he tries.

But his fate is as sealed as a drunk girl’s at a frat house. He’s about as safe as a prostitute who changes her mind. It’s no wonder he’s as skittish as a 13 year old girl sharing a bed with her mother’s boyfriend.

He must feel so violated. He must wish he had control over his own body. How angry he must be, waiting for me to take responsibility for my actions and stop making him the bad guy We all know who’s at fault here.