

The Origins of our Species

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(Red Wine) To Eve,

Sweet blood of mine, red flood divine,
Next time you drink that glass of wine,
The red we both could like and share,
Take a white rose from your glossy hair,
Dip a finger into the wine, sweet and red,
Let it bleed on blades of roses, and spread,
You will then see the rose take on the hue,
The true colour of a heart that hides in dew,
Shades, so shy, so sure, hushing heightened glow,
Solar veils, polar gales, that brush a night rainbow.
Yet, unlike dreams awake at sunrise's poke,
And morning drops that dry in rising smoke,
Our rose, dream drunk, never whines in gloom,
But wakes to taste of sweet red wine in bloom.

Adam



Goddess said: Let there be light,

And there was light. Out of the night in
her womb, was born the light in this world.

First was the dark. Then was the spark.

The Earth had come to birth, foam turning to fumes
and hearth turning to hills. From one voice and few
words flocked, all set to spread the wind, a choice of
birds. Antelopes in herds galloped on feathers behind
lions. Whales flew over twirls of waves.

First was the Word. Then was the World.

Then came Adam, and Eve. They too were created
from words. For Goddess' charm can raise even the
dead from worms that squirm in tombs, with wizard's
words from wombs. That's how almighty she is. Thus
were the eldest born from a magic mouth, whose tongue
they could not spell.

Abacadabra

Heaving chest. Adam. Womb Man. Breathing breasts. Eve. Woman. Man in woman. Both one. Scattered over two poles, apart, gathered into one soul, one heart. One kiss and all bliss. So inseparable was their faith. So strong, eternal bond.

And to look at them ... Oh Goddess! Their boasting beauty, so pristine, so divine, all dressed in parade's skin, no blushing flesh, bones harder than stones, flowing hair lighter than blowing air. Nothing could make them ill, nothing could these souls kill. They would live beyond the years after. So invulnerable was their youth. So strong, forever young.

Yes, blessed they were. And cursed they'd be.

First was Magic. Then was Tragic.

Satan prayed: May they turn mad. And they turned mad. Sad sad day that was. Helter-skelter elders we had. Going out of their heads, turning their skin inside out, to end up dressed up in sin.

And yet. Each and every particle in them was a word spoken by her, the Goddess, our Divine. Look through any atom in them and find truth to fathom inside, where the Phantom resides, Mother of all Mystery only a saint could dare to stare at and not faint.

Look at Eve! Each of her shining curls, long verses chiming with rhyming pearls. Listen to Adam! All of his glowing blood, run-on lines forever in flowing swirls. Walking ballads they were indeed. But to them, Adam and Eve, this was just gibberish, with no rhyme or reason.

Mad they were indeed. Much too mad to hear voices. The muted voice of ghosts that live as guests inside our heads. The one that speaks to hearts on knees when eyes are closed and ears are deaf. Only in them should we have faith. Ephemeral though they look, eternal are their words, engraved in the Book. Unfortunate then are the ones who only believe in spoken words, which the four winds tear like paper. They are turning down the Ghost, and turning into Faust. Believe in hallucinations of the holy and beware the delusions of the devil. They are fascinating wild horses but live with night mares.

Unfortunate Adam and Eve. Finding the voice inside a disgrace, they set to embrace without fear the sneaking sweet sirens. Fake words from the snake. They sounded like promises of heaven on earth, Garden of Mirth. But these words just made a hell out of their lives, turning Earth back to hearth.

Satan said: Trust me. Do not be afraid. Eat the Apple, to the core. The seeds inside are where true

creed resides. In them lies the Truth. They will give you the privilege of knowledge. The Tree's bark is what the cover of the Book is dressed in, its twigs are branches of all humanities and sciences, its leaves are what sacred papyrus is made of, its sap carries the words that empowered Goddess.

Words of truth. Worms in fruit.

So Adam swirled around the Tree. In full bloom it was, promises of coming doom. The fool plucked the Apple, and gave it to Eve.

He appealed to her head.

As a professor, he lectured: My dearest Eve, this is the Tree of Knowledge. To know the laws of the Universe is to know the ways of Goddess. Let us eat the Apple, and all secrets will be disclosed. Ignorance is impotence. Word readers are world leaders. Erudition brings liberation. Eve waved this lure away. She did not care to be learned, for she knew freedom only comes with wisdom, worthier of all leaders' kingdoms.

He appealed to her heart.

As a rogue, he asked, unashamed and arrogant: Don't you love me? Am I not the apple of your

eyes? If really I am the man you love, then please tempt me, for I want to give in, I need to get in. Let me reveal your face inside that is evil, Eve. I will revel in hell. And then show me, your Adam, damnation whose incarnation I hide inside. Eve resisted. She knew that sweet words are never written in the dark tales of a heart's blackmail, even those scratched on leaves that smell of Apple blossom.

He appealed to her belly.

The child in him pleaded: Eve, please feed me, for I am hungry as hell. My ache will only rest if you would let me have a bite from the Apple. Again, Eve declined, for she knew, as all lovers do, that only love can fill the hungry heart. And her love for Adam would never leave him hungry. Hopefully.

He appealed to her womb.

The would-be father promised: My only Eve, forever Eve, this is our family Tree. It is waiting for us to carve our name. Goddess gave us everything we could ever wish for, but she did not give us a family name. Here it is, hidden in the Tree, in germ in apple seeds. Eve and Adam are our Christian names, for the Son has not come yet. Salvation will

come through Him. But first we must sin. His glory will be born from our folly. So, let the wooer lie wild by your womb, you woman. You know though we can only plant the seeds, and they can only grow, if your love will let me have a taste of the forbidden fruit I'm putting in your hands.

As she heard this promise, Eve became all bliss. She knew though that the family would come with a price. They had lived as carefree lovers beyond eternity, so far. Many times Eve had pondered:

Adam is my husband. I am his wife. He is the only man I know. I am the only woman he knows. Our bond was bound to be, you'd bet. Arranged marriage was it? Who knows indeed who would have stood out among a million men? At night, among the million stars, I only have eyes for the one moon. And although the heart of the dead star no longer shines from the inside, this mirror of one million lights is the beacon that guides my nights. Remember though that all the million stars in the sky, bright as they are, only shine the past fire of remembered glory. Dead they are too. For they carry faraway present to nowadays, over light years behind. An eternity of past. No present. No future. An eternity of memories. Like love.

A penny for your thought, sweetie.

But then, a man is not a moon. And one million choices are still one million chances. Too many to rejoice. For even then, I'd have to wait until the end of the end of Eternity's end to, perhaps, be sure the millionth came first, and forever. Even his death would not set my heart to peace for I'd wonder: What if he had lived longer? One second before eternity and fondness would have fainted. Who knows then what trance lovers dance inside their blessed ring?

A shilling for your thought, darling.

Who on earth could tell infatuation from mad devotion? Divine distances unfold in dervish dances, dazzling and dizzying, to the end of endless loops, wide, wider, way wider than light years of darkness. Infinity. An illusion on the eve of horizons. You run, it shuns. You proceed, it recedes. The closer, the farther. Infinity. In one word. All in one. Love. Two as One. Four letters that stretch the bounds of Infinity. To the East, to the West. To the South, to the North. When Adam and I sit at each side of Infinity, letters we write are longer than the Lake of Immensity. No distance of eternal miles can stand between Adam and me, for

I stand in his shoes, and he stands in my shoes,
even though we walk barefoot! No, even one word
cannot stand between us. I. Adam. I Adam. Adam,
I. Adam and I. It's still Us. And no treacherous Tree
will sneak between us, not even the One with
blooms of Adam's Apple. And although Eternity
grows in the rings of its trunk, wrapped in ripples
of wrinkles, larger and larger, older and older, year
after year, our hands will still be hugging young
hearts of ours, from hours to centuries, around our
Sin's infinite age. We do not mind falling forever
under jealous jeers along the long long Way of the
Cross, just for the sake of the Son, for we are the
lambs of love. Laughing libels hyenas howl and
hurl at loving marvels so harshly harm and hurt.
Stained stones hard hearts hide. And so we
stumble, all humbled. And yet we stand up,
uplifted. From the mud that buries in shrouds our
pride in shreds, our smile will raise the merry
clouds above all that is vile. Along the endless
Path, blaming herds may shriek and scream, so
much louder than shrilling swarms of locusts'
terror, but our steps will sow the seeds of silent
power in fields of purple lotus flowers. Frowns
hushing heaving hearts we will wear like peacocks'
crowns, and downtrodden thorns of roses we will
weave as velvet gowns. That is the path to the Way

to lovers' kingdom. We do not care either if our feet bleed on never-ending sliver-covered roads, for wherever we wander, we walk on cloud nine, where our loving faith stands on profound and soundest ground. We are not even afraid of getting lost at the heart of deep space that human steps cannot fill even after the end of eternity, for we carry heaven in our hearts. Adam may sleep on fresh embraces, and I may dream of the next serenades, but on our bed of roses our breaths keep singing in tunes the gift of present time forever. Eternity itself has no patience for endless kisses we blow. Our love is like rainbows. It has no start and it has no end. It shines in pastel hues that time will never blend. And although it may curve along centuries yet unborn, under no burden will it ever bend. That's what I'd call a bond that lives beyond any measure of Eternity. Now, read my name. Eve. From start to end. Eve. From end to start. Eve. Turn me upside down. Tear me inside out. I will still be Eve. I am indeed the Eternal Woman. Adam's evergreen Apple.

Eternity for your thought, youthful deity.

But what good is immortal love if it does not bear its fruit? What good is Eternity without Christmas Eves, all because the Son has not come yet. I am

not afraid to die, if I am at least allowed to live
until the day I am the mother of a daughter who
becomes a mother again. Mother, Daughter,
Mother. Family circle. Baby hoop. Hop Honey.
Dance darling. Inside the ring. Round and round.
Eternal loop. Closed infinity. Larger than Eternity.
Now, say my name. Mom. From start to end. Mom.
From end to start. Mom. Turn me upside down.
Tear me inside out. I will still be Mom. I am indeed
the Eternal Mother. That's why I do not envy
Goddess.

Eden for your thought, so divine maiden.

How many stars does She need to invoke to fill her
Immensity? Humility will leave me content with
even just one child, whose laughter will resonate
from all sides of Infinity. But I could do with more!
For my womb has enough room to hold inside the
sky and its million stars. A whole world. I am
indeed the Universal Mother. How many moons
does She need to wake to enlighten Her eternal
nights? The spark in the eyes of my only child will
show me what the right path is in the heart of the
dark. How many magical words must She learn to
write mysteries? I do not care to be the Queen of
poetry when I know my child's first word will be
for me. This is the day when I will be born, from

my child's mouth. What Goddess can ever be
baptised by an infant?

My soul for your thought, mother of our children,
best-cast role.

Maman! Mother! Mutter! M&M&M! J'aime! Candy
tongues to my ears. This is soft sound that tastes of
sweetest smoothies from forbidden fruit. Such
sweetness born from sin. Mom! Ma! Mataji!
M&M&M! Mild murmur of lullabies lavished onto
little ladies. Matka! Majka! Makuahine! M&M&M!
Kiss me! Kiss you! Smacks, on both cheeks! Smack,
on forehead! Smack, on my breasts! Her lips on my
tits. Mmm! Suck that sap. It flows from faraway
Milky Way for you, my shining star. Don't leave a
drop. Drink until you are all filled. It will leave my
chest so full. My life fulfilled. Ahm! Bata! Inahan!
Familiar foreign words all born from one mother
tongue. Mine! But my child will soon spell out the
curse on Babel Tower, when her mouth speaks like
a babbling flower. And like rivers left to go astray
for ages, all mothers' names will flow to the one
Ganges, Mother of all streams. My child's mantra
will then make me Sacred Mother. Me and the
Other. Mother. I am the Everything. Mom! M'Ôm!
Môme! In the name of the Mother and the Holy
PhantÔm and the Child. Amen is born. That's how

magic adorns the music that's a word. And a name that is voiced. Mine is Mother. What's in a name really? Parents give children their name, who always fight for first names. Husbands give maidens their name, who sometimes long for parents' name. And then, someone, some day, somewhere, steals your name, because it is treasure to her. She spells out your name, and gives you a face. And you no longer need a mask to face your Self in a mirror, for you will be wearing her smile. I lives in her Eyes. The apple of your eyes. Your soul mate. So trust your faith in her. Abandon yourself and you will find your way. Lost dreams always go back to the Ganges. In her mouth your name belongs, like the Host on angels' tongues. Prick up your ears then, and hear your name uttered, and feel your heart flutter. One whispered word and free as a bird. The sound of a name is never so sweet when spoken on the tongue of the cherished one.

I am expecting you, Eve. M'Adam, ma dame, mon âme, Eve. Will you come with me, Eve? And embrace this Tree in Eden, for our last day in Eternity?

Yes, Adam! Say my name, and let me be your fame, ta femme, Adam. Eve! Darling of your Evenings. Breathe my name, and blow away my

chains, my pains, Adam. Eve! Once more. And I'll follow your trail. Yes! I will give each year of eternity for each child we will bring up to the family Tree. So, let us climb this Tree. Lift me up. Cheer me up. And then, if really you are the man, then make me cry, and cry, and cry, until I sing, and sigh, and high climax dies in thighs, all lax and relaxed. And all my fears will lapse into tears. Yes, make me weak, and weep and whine, and woman. No, Nooo ... Darling, don't be so careful please. Let me feel used, leave me confused. Shake, quake, quick, quiet, before I fly. Unlearn your gallantry, give up your flattery, forget your poetry. Serve me none of your prude's lines, I'm hungry for bare crude loins. So, tell me your longest tale from Arabian nights until the lights of day. I will believe your lies. For my love is blinder than faith. But if my fashion ever leaves you more than speechless, then, Yes! Adam, in all bless, just howl my name, and on me lay your claims, Adam. Eve! In naked truth, here I am. Where are dresses to undress? We are always walking outside our clothes. So now cover me, wrap me up, stifle me, steal my breath, as I am now stealing your name. Yes, Adam, take away my breath, and let me be born again. Huff huff, and heave. Puff puff, and pause. Pant pant, and plead. Rant rant, and release,

and relieve. Rush rush. Stop! Slow mojo. Rise rise, and collapse, down, down. Cry cry, then smile. Head over heels. From head to toe. First a breath. Then a shriek. Yelling for life. One two three four five. One two three four five. The world at your feet. Unspoiled. One day they shall tread on water, so light-hearted are you. But first, all on fours. And then, give me your hands, I'll make you stand. One two three four five. One two three four five. All there! Moses' ten commands at your fingertips. From thighs and hips to lips. From cries to bliss. To wail for birth, to weep with mirth. Mother's gift. Now kiss my lips with your little fingers. The lines in your palms - my psalm to pray and praise - so petite. The line of Heart, so strong. The line of Life, so long. My story engraved in your hands. Your map through paths in alien lands. The Book was always there, at hand. She cannot see yet, but the apple of our eyes is waiting for yours, Adam. Let her eyes brighten yours, and be moved by life's candour. Let her hands warm yours, and be touched by life's ardour. So, come Adam. I am expecting you. Come.

Eve finally gave in, so did Adam, and she handed over the Apple to him. This forbidden fruit is yours. Eat with confidence, for children we wish for are no sins.

The soul mates sat at a table, sealing their fate, all ready to believe fables. The double-tongue said: This fruit is my body. Eat it in memory of me. Its sap is my blood. Drink it in memory of me. To believe in me is to believe in Goddess, for like you I am her child and we are brothers and sisters. And they gave in, for brothers cannot hurt brothers, can they?

Fatal Apple.

The truth that hid within, not meant for man's guts, nearly choked Adam's throat. That is why men of present days carry a sin above their breasts with every breath. A reminder of ancient faults.

But Adam was still hungry. He ate a second apple. A third one. And on and on until the Tree was undressed. And here stood the looted Tree, in naked Truth. Adam gazed at it, drowning in drool. He was learning that nothing can feed the greed. Hunger grows like fire that glows brighter when the blow is stronger. This was the first knowledge to be got from the Tree.

He thought he was now endowed with magical words that would turn humans into heroes.

He called a dove and said: Do you have faith in me?

The bird twittered: Let me die if I should mistake your words with lies.

Adam smiled: To believe in me is to believe in Goddess, for like you I am her creature. And creatures cannot hurt creatures, can they?

The bird, standing in total awe: You speak wise words, creature above creatures.

Adam, giving the final blow: So lay your life for me, I promise my words will wake you up.

The bird, unafraid: Let me die in faith, then.

Please, Adam, do not harm this dove. He did not listen to Eve's voice, deaf to her charm in love. Like the bird, he was under the spell of his own words.

Twitter. It flew to the sun until it burned its wings.
Silence.

Abracadabra. Abracadabra. Abracadabra.

Why don't you spread your wings, little bird? No words could break the silence. Our fathers' father's failed incantation was his next revelation. Adam was learning how words lead to sacrifice. His could make death sound so light, and life seem so short. They turned

sparrows into heroes, who stayed forever on battlefields.
Elysian fields.

Eve burst into tears: Adam, my dear, what have you
done? How could you have let the dove die? Who
will now carry the message of our love over the
four winds? Who will spread the Word?

Had Adam only realised his insane plea to Eve had
shaken her love for him? No poem maybe could be
eloquent enough to revive her faith in him. Sour words
never have this power. But did their bond not once vow
to live the best and outlive the worst? Time will tell.

He so envied the power of Goddess' words.

First were her lines. Then were our lives.

She could achieve marvellous feats. To pray was
enough for the clay to see the light of day. To declaim
incantations also sufficed to make the world go round.
To sing sweet stanzas was all it took to soothe bruised
souls.

Verb of actions. Life in motion.

Adam too wanted to move mountains - had he
forgotten only Eve's heart was worth moving? - a
demand higher than heightened Himalaya. So Adamant

was he in obsession. Could he not just run up the hills, those which widowed willows call Heath Cliffs, insane man? Run out of breath if it can help you forget to go out of your mind. Sweat your face to drown dry drops of silent sorrow and blister and bleed your soles up to higher grounds where weightless winds foster and feed the soul with solace. Only then could Adam, heathen heart, have heaved slow deep huffs on Heaven's peaks. But Adam had chosen the lazy track, the one for crazy wacks.

He had yearned for the Apple, hoping he'd learn Goddess' Words. He did not know those in the Apple turn into worms, once they see the light of day. Truth can only have a hidden life. In the open air, all they have is a rotten death. That is why Truth is kept in sacred secret. At the heart of a soul. Alas, we will never be able to speak the truth, unless of our faith we give unshaken proof. This lesson Adam had yet to learn.

Desperately then, Adam had bitten into the fruit. In so doing, he had turned into a thief of words. How mistaken was he to believe he could possess the gift of the Verb. Only possessed mind can write blessed lines. But he so wanted to be equal to Goddess. To be born from incantation was not enough. Why would I be denied the right to speak the Mother of tongues? I will learn the Alphabet, and all of its inline secrets. All by

myself. For myself alone. In all selfishness. Everything.
From A to Z. From All to Zero. From wholly God to
hollow Ego. If Goddess was the Verb, he'd not be
content as her Subject. I will be even a free fool, but
never ever a subject to her rule. So Adam's self-
infatuation came to replace self-oblivion in the
Stranger's devotion. Introspection before contemplation.
Man before Goddess.

That's how the Subject of ourselves came to be placed
before her Verb.

Goddess to solitude: Let there be love. Incantation
to live. Verb in bare front line. Industrious deity.
Adam to Eve: I am he who loves you. Profession of
faith. Subject in full spotlight. Preposterous vanity.
Eve to Adam: I am she who loves to like you.
Confession of truth. True love in half moonlight.
Conspicuous modesty.

I, You, and He, and She. When four was two. All for
two. Adam and Eve. They had yet to make two come
three. A family of names. But pronouns are orphans
calling for lost roots. Proverbs are ancestors showing the
wisest routes. Have you ever heard of parents born from
their children? Neither had I, yet - still wishful thinking
to be fulfilled. Mind you, speaking in the order that
should be. Proverbs. Pronouns. For verbs first. For

subjects' nouns second. Did Adam not know then that the Subject only comes after the Verb? Did he not know that the Subject's existence only comes from the Verb's precedence? That's how grammar was born. In jumbled phrases. That's how Babel was built. Entangled mazes. Insanity out of vanity.

Oh my! Ôm !! I am! I think I am is Māyā.

Human subjects. Holy Verb. Our still lives. Her live motion. Not to do and to still be, that was the lure. We all can remember what we did. Who can surrender who one might be? We all can boast on past feats. Who can dote on a name, if it is not one's Eve's? A name is only one's claim for faith. Filed deeds alone speak for plain creed. To think otherwise is heresy swirling like the snake around the looted Tree, a fruitless, stifled soul standing all in vain by itself. That is just leading yourself to a dead end.

Subject to Verb. Objects of delusions.

Up till now we still all serve our sentence, within whitewashed cloisters where wuthering words can only be read on walls without windows. Obtuse words I stutter, confused mind in clutter.

Come you Verb first. Subject then first soon would
come.

And the end of the Word.

Where the Dream started was The World's End.

And on to the Eve of renewed Eternity.

"There is no greater evil than the darkness in your heart."
Natalie Merchant, from Saint Judas' Lyrics

