

Forbidden Garden

By Ellie Davis

Mother never let me play in her garden—
She didn't want me to step on her flowers

Sometimes I'd sneak into her garden anyway.

I loved to steal her tomatos—
Big, juicy, and ripe—
They dangled of the edge of a stem tempting me.

Surely she wouldn't notice if one was missing.

So I reached out,
And grabbed a bright red one.

My heart quickened as I held the sin in my hands,
And my mouth watered over it.

I took a bite,
And juices spewed into my mouth.

This was my forbidden fruit.