

mother of all mothers

by Emily Pille

Before I even knew I knew:

to be a woman was to be a step closer to evil.

After all, it was one of us in the garden,
created as an afterthought,
who reached for the fruit.

I spent

my early, stumbling years

asking for forgiveness

because every daughter of Eve is born guilty.

Hard-lined mouths above black and white collars

Told me that the mother of all mothers

was the architect of our fall

and that my first breath was already laced with the promise
of everything I could ever do wrong.

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Author bio: Emily Pille was born in a small suburb outside of Detroit, and her heart was set on writing and exploring the world shortly after. After receiving her bachelor's degree in English, she went on to live in New York, Prague, Rome, and Seoul. As both writing and reading can be solitary ventures, Emily offers her work as a meeting point, an invitation to face — and relish — longing, desire, loneliness, and hope. Instagram: [@emilyypille](https://www.instagram.com/emilyypille)