

Lilith

Before the beginning,
God conceived
Two children. From dust.
Adam and Lilith.
Adam and Lilith conceived.
Not a child. A question.
Who was to be dominant?
The Father descended.

*Lilith, take the submissive position!
I, Father? Why not Adam?
You are the weaker sex.
He lacks knowledge. I will not submit!*

The Father ascended leaving only His words.

*You are banished from this fruitful land,
shall be possessed of a demon serpent
and transported into a world of mortals
who you must endure for everlasting life.*

When Rebekah's mother arrived home, she sank like cold syrup into the chair that had become the half mold of her, its apple blossoms rubbed by her body to near extinction. The thorns of its feral limbs enclosed her. The room smelled of damp dust. Some particles floated in strips of light that had found their way through slices in the draperies.

Rebekah brought in the afternoon tea service. With exaggerated care, her sister Rachel removed their mother's pumps.

"Oh, these superfluous appendages," Rebekah's mother snarled as if her minuscule feet had been mistakenly attached to the ends of her legs by some confused and inept creator. Bony and lifeless, she laid them on the ottoman as if they were china tea cups from the Victoria and Albert Museum. With a nod she dismissed Rachel. She sipped. Steam streamed into her nose. "Heavenly." Her sighs were long and soft. Except when they built to screams. "Rebekah, Darling, you look positively ravishing today. The color in your cheeks is vibrant, and your black eyes dance."

This gave Rebekah hope that tonight she would be the wife. "Thank you, Mother." She smiled as required. "Dinner will be served at six o'clock sharp, Mother. "

As the three dined at the massive dining table, spikes of warm light slung from the chandelier stabbed mahogany walls, a futile effort in the cavernous room. Rebekah's mother relished each morsel, rolling it for a full minute in her mouth along with moans of pleasure. And swallowed it whole. Nightly dinner moved at a glacial pace. There was no other noise or movement other than the jerk of her mother's head each time Rachel's flatware made a sound.

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