Amiel Bowers

Milton Through Scotched Tears

that was the night I cried on your shoulder
after we drank the entire bottle of scotch
because that’s what happens after an evening of Milton

overwhelmed by His grand universe, loneliness struck
the beauty of the simplest verses into my soul
as if I had just eaten of that apple that so enraptured eve

she turned away from adam and risked her own salvation
promised sensuality by a questioning serpent challenged by the
authority of a divine decree which pretended perfection of an assumed
subservience

that was the night I cried on your shoulder
after the too many sips of scotch that burned my throat
brought flowing tears and I could no longer pretend.

emotion poured out flowing with heartache of past
loss and lost love and lost purpose whose
sense of self no longer defined as if I, too,

faced the loss of my eve, companion born of the
rib of my left lung who had so yearned for her own self, selfishly
she rose above me because I did not dare to notice

the beauty of her curves and the endless depths of her soul
through eyes of starlight afraid of what was forbidden
blinded by a faith dependent on Another’s love rather than hers.
that was the night I cried on your shoulder
after the scotch blended with hints of the acrid taste of a single cigarette
as equally forbidden as the heretic’s apple whose tartness
dripped down eve’s chin while the serpent watched
with a glinting sarcastic eye triumphant over the vain weakness
of sex and allied with her rebellious spirit seeking acknowledgement
that she and I were more than just the ribbed creation of a man
bored and lonely lacking any understanding of her outside
the shadow of someone greater as we risked all to avoid the forever doom
of standing
under the tree whose fruits were denied but whose forbidden grandeur
overwhelmed and constrained beauty by hiding truth in the seeds
of apples filled with equal parts of shame and hope
as if they were copies of pandora’s box hung
like christmas tree ornaments created out of greater fears
watered and exposed by my scotched tears as they fell onto your sweater
that was the night I cried on your shoulder
after we drank the night away poured out by the bottle of scotch
so intoxicated by Milton’s grand beauty that I could no longer pretend.