

And suddenly she breathed.

Dust of dust, the rib of Adam came to life. Adam's head rested on her knee.

The rib of Adam felt all cold and crisp inside and the breath of God saturated a dead, dusty piece of the human she was made from.

*What is this?* She thought.

*Life*, her Creator said.

"Oh," Her own craggy, dry voice surprised her. Dust fell from the corners of her mouth and off her lips.

An ache came to the bone from Adam's chest, as she realized her own set of ligaments and joints, marrow and melanin.

Exhausted eyes opened, cracking and watering. Something kissed her eyelids and cheeks, and the pink skin of her eyelids gave way to a brightness, familiar and warm, but still so fresh she didn't know how to react.

*And then He said, "Let there be light."* her God said.

Light wasn't new, but it was refreshing.

Long, gold hair cloaked her head and kept her from seeing light to the full extent. All that lay in her vision amid the hair, other than a crack of light, was straight down into her lap. Adam still slept there. She shut her eyes tight again and shook her weighty mane vigorously of the tiny, downy feathers stuck all helter-skelter in the strands. In one fine whip, feathers flurried through the air amid dust, and it all shone in the sunlight like fireflies and snowflakes. Adam's rib then gently lifted a finger to tuck her hair behind her ears. But upon this motion, Adam's rib stopped to gaze at the face on her knee.

*Am I still hidden from him?*

Adam's eyes were open, but, with his head turned away from her, he didn't seem to take notice she was alive. He breathed slowly, as if in deep rest, in a clear, kind world, like Eden. In her adjusting, blurred vision, Adam slept on. She loved watching the comfortable, easy way he breathed, with no fear or shame, and strength in each breath's depth. It must've been clean air and a bright place they rested in. Her heart hammered at the thought of life in this new garden.

*Is this Eden?*

*You left Eden a long time ago,* God the Father said.

Her heart stopped. For a rib, she never did guard her heart well enough.

Eve recalled a snake. Eve looked up from sleeping Adam to the dustbowl of a blackened room. Downy feathers, from doves sleeping in the wooden rafters of the ceiling, floated amid dirt and light ash. A tall window shone light on humanity.

Both man and woman were clothed in black, as if mourning. He wore a long coat to hide in and brace for rain with, and she a sleeveless sweater to warm her chest but bear her soft, pink arms. Adam's apple bite jutted from his throat. Eve swallowed hard, feeling the fruit's ghost in her throat. She could feel a bite throb in her foot. The rib of Adam remembered a snake...

*This is not the New Eden yet.* Father said.

"Then why on earth am I here?" The snakebite on her heel stung.

God answered, *This isn't the Son of Man. He's not the Messiah.*

The rib of Adam looked down at the man who she felt meant to fit with.

He slept.

The rib of Adam could almost x-ray-vision right through Adam to see the place carved out for her.

He slept.

The snakebite throbbed. Her heart felt naked.

Be it the place in Adam's chest or the room, she struggled to feel like she fit even though she thought she was positioned there.

Eve looked around the room. Other than the window, she couldn't see an exit. But behind her, a glossy, chestnut upright piano awaited her.

*Make a joyful noise, God said.*

"I can't. My foot hurts. I can't touch the pedals." She didn't want to miss Adam waking up while playing music.

*Make Me a joyful noise. God said.*

Adam slept. Eve kept watching to see him wake up and see her and love her, snakebite, fruit, and all.

*He's not the Messiah coming back.*

Adam slept and didn't plan on waking up yet.

Eve let the man's head slip out of her lap. She let his head rest against the hardwood floors as she stood up, and then she prayed she let go. Adam slept and she let him.

It wasn't time. And Eve didn't understand why.

And it hurt.

And she felt trapped in his chest and like she wasn't finished being created into something beautiful from the rib of humanity's fallible father. Yet she'd already eaten the fruit, the snake had already bitten a heel, and she'd already been cast out of the Garden.

"What will it take for the Messiah to come?" She asked God, as she turned to the ivory and ebony keys, waiting to be hard pressed and gently pushed.

*I came already, God said. I'm here, and I'm coming back for you both.*

She listened. The music reached her and preached to her.

*When peace like a river, attendeth my way,  
When sorrows like sea billows roll,*

The sunlight warmed her back—she'd stayed hunched in shade for too long. The keys didn't glare against her eyes anymore in the light. The shade and light balanced as she played. The shock of light didn't bother her, nor the dark freeze her; Eve could listen and focus on the notes drifting in and out of the dusty room she was locked in.

*Whatever my lot, Thou hast taught me to say,  
"It is well, it is well, with my soul."*

The room slowly stopped being a room with a lost love or a bride left at the altar. The room didn't make full sense to her. But as God put breath in an Eve, the room—with no door but an unlocked window—became a church.

*It is well with my soul  
It is well, it is well, with my soul.*