

**Wigtown Poetry Competition 2018**

**Main | Highly Commended:** Alycia Pirmohamed, *Hawwa is Creating her Garden*

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Hawwa is Creating her Garden

Before her, the clay  
of evergreen and juniper and oak.

Hawwa drinks sweet water from the well

studies the spine of each tree,  
kisses each face

she finds in the river.

Hawwa is this garden. Look closely

at the rosary beads that glisten  
like blackberries

on the bough.

Hawwa is olivine  
and zinc,

she has planted seeds beneath the highest point  
of the sun

and unfolded her body  
onto the earth. She rises

like an eagle,  
and laughs like a wasp.

Hawwa loves many things, and what she loves

she gives a name—the birds  
that *ki ki ki*

are northern flickers. She cracks open a  
pistachio

and delights in its snap.

Hawwa is heart and animal and breast and god.