

The Adam and Eve Show

By Drew T. Noll



“COME ON DOWN!” said the flaming blue dragon guarding the gates of Sheol. The twirling fire all around crackled from the dragon’s throat as it sang along with a tune spinning into the garden from speakers unseen. We had been caught, both of our halves, and now we knew we must ride a waterslide which would probably spit us out into a realm unknown. The jaggy dragon jittered and swayed as its cute little face grimaced in pain – pain that we had caused. We lost, and... “LOST SHALL WE BE!” said the speakers pumping out sound to a near-empty audience skittering hither and thither. All of our new friends had scattered away to dark corners once they heard the ill news. We had lost. No one told us that we could be taxed



from our winnings, much less being dropped from the entrance of Eden through a garden downspout, like runoff spewed onto the surface of a land unknown. Well, maybe we had been warned while still conjoined, but that was so many moons ago ... I mean, come on! This sucks; just come on already...

Yeah, I know ‘over the moon’ was only a dream for us up in Eden, but still it existed. Are we wrong? We ask ourselves at the same time, as we plummet down the blue shoot, watching the dang tiny dragon grow. It toddled and tussled as we fell, becoming a giant baby with wings and a sword flaming blue, the same color as the shoot we now found ourselves belly-flopping down. The serpent knew from the start that we’d choose to plummet. The serpent had designs, but we had our own as well. Paradise excretes too, we tell ourselves... to this day; and, squabbling between us, the blame begins to rise, trying desperately to hook into the sides of the blue tube as we slid ... ahhh, down the slide. Electricity sparked at every intersection, every turn, the spiraling lightning shocking to our grip and speeding our fall like superconductor glue. She said, He said, She said ... a pinball bouncing into the gutter—we spoke to each other with raised voices descending to a life unknown. But, really ... we had known ALL along.

Just like birth during generations beyond, we chose this when describing to our Creator the taste of the fruit before its touch. “Aye, ouch,” we uttered



together, as the leaves wrapping our loins disintegrated inside electric currents onto the wall of the blue tube-slide during our descent. We tried to hide again, like before, but our aprons did nothing to prevent hearing our names, once again, being called over and over. Walloping, naked and descending, the taste of the used fruit gushed from our lips. Then, the blame game began, again. She said, He said, She said, then HE said... Then the blame game descended, grabbing the aprons ripped asunder, only to hide under folds, dark corners and holes. The dragon's laughter faded with each drop down its tongue; we were ingested whole with the slippery serpent sliding slovenly in tow.

With enmity chafing both of our skins, we all clustered in the bottom of our top to be, then exited from the gate into a sky situated above our new realm. Sheol shone, GPS ignited, and Earth-bound we had become. Without a parachute, we dropped down though the atmosphere of our new sphere to call home. It was all in the plan. But what we failed to understand was that bickering had already begun, and so it continued on into the realm. 'He said then she said' became hidden wax peeking out from inside each ear, both sides in both heads, and then it all echoed toward dread. The offspring sprung and said the same thing that we had, our philosophy-of-self had been born. Ego and age inclined its head, bowing deeply in the presence of one, two. And it all became a stew into the ages of unknown; and so ... cities began.



Our progenitors were laid to rest, then dwellings rose up to meet the sky, babbling something about being one. First came art, then followed industry, and broken we built our world into an image unknown. Then and now, it remains unknown and ever sailing. Moaning in agony, it grew and then stewed, then spewed. We slid down a blue tube, dimensionally sliding from one realm to this. It's a fashla. And it's a beautiful stink that wafts above fresh wood drifting, waiting to filter the air and then burn. We built it, the industry, and it grows. We devolve into ash while it mows into our world, wallow-driven and wondering. We just wait to feed it as it goes, as we go.

And then a miracle garden sprouted amidst the industry of land. We saw one-another and became none, we became One. It's strange how it occurred, but in the end we understood. The tiny memories we had gathered then regretfully lost, became part of the glue which held together the world for each and every one of us. We are there now, looking out at you, watching and waiting for you to see the lines between the spaces. The dragon is still with us, but also one of us. Shrinking down to the void of understanding; we absorbed its worth in only one breath. The space in which all of us dwelled then just expanded out, having been confined and limited just a moment before, and in it we extended beyond the horizon; we all felt it—the curtains were drawn ... and the world was One.

