

Adam and Eve Walk into a Bar

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Adam and Eve walk into a bar and realize they're not the only ones with Eden-shaped holes in their stomachs and chests and wherever else paradise is supposed to exist. There's a second Eve in a second Adam's arms, a third Eve groping at another Eve, two more Adams on the floor, at least two pairs of Adams and Eves in bathroom stalls, and about fifty others gutting each other like mackerel, hoping that maybe one of these bodies is their big man in disguise, hoping he's got apologies for intestines. They get too tired, get too old to want to get even. An Adam meets an Eve in the bathroom one more time, cries on her shoulder. They lay down. New Adams and New Eves walk in, try cramming fingers and entire limbs into the Eden-shaped holes on the ground, not paying attention to what fits where, only that something should