

# We Are The Fall

They say we broke the world —  
Brought pain. Fire. Fear.  
By apple eaten. Pithos uncorked.  
Betrayal of Guinevere.

We are told as their warnings,  
A moral cast in myth:  
Fables dressed in honest men —  
A fruit. A jar. A kiss.

But they never ask the question:  
Who placed the fruit on the tree?  
Who forged the jar and filled it?  
Who bound her heart, then called it free?

We did not break — we opened.  
We did not fall — we flew.  
They called it sin. We called it choice.  
They feared what women knew.

So yes — we shattered Eden,  
We drowned the halls of kings.  
But from the ruin, roots grew wild —  
And we rise from ashes of sins.

*Rebecca Bolton*

