

Enkidu and Shamhat

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I am Enkidu.
The grass knows me.
The water knows my name.
My body grew from the earth,
my hair speaks with the wind.
I did not question,
I simply was.
Then I saw you.
You were not beast.
You were not god.
Yet the world paused.
Your hand was warm.
Your gaze was slow.
You did not call,
and yet I went to you.
Six days and seven nights.
The body learned to speak.
The breath took a different rhythm.
When I stood,
the animals no longer came.
The earth released me.
You gave bread.
You gave beer.
Clothes.
You named my body,
and with that you ripped me out.
And I—
who ran,
who feared nothing,
who knew nothing—
now I know.
It hurts.
But it is beautiful.
Now I see the human.
And I see myself in them.
I am no longer one.
I am no longer whole.
But I am human.