

**Bourne**  
**toWrite...**  
creative writing  
workshops

## The Unnaming

by Steve Brown

*Genesis 2: 19-23*

Called forth as Eve, what she must have felt  
was this: that in all his naming, he had been offered,  
and had fiercely claimed, possession,  
that each name brought closer and had pushed away  
that thing, for use and domination;  
the creatures had lost their shy otherness, the strange  
particulars in each ounce of being:  
they had come to hand. In this same moment, naming  
was a peculiar act of birth, and a laying-open  
for destruction – an act of both love  
and disregard. And for her, too,  
she felt – the subject of his desiring  
and devouring eye; she might have wanted  
to withdraw back into all the flickerings  
of light, the passing waves of blossoms  
as she breathed on them; the warmth and smell  
she clasped fully to herself in wordless saying:  
all that world which fell away in the shiver of a word.  
Could she unword herself, get behind that name?  
There would be in that a seamless silence,  
no broken telling.