

## Barbie and Ken in the Garden of Eden

Imagine how stiffly she must have reached for that apple,  
how difficult it must have been to grasp.

We can almost see her head twisting in weak denial of temptation.

Of one thing we are certain: that her freshly-minted flesh was beautiful,  
the paradigm of curves, the genesis of symmetry.

We can imagine her frustration in that first moment of enlightenment  
to not find a mirror hanging amidst the trees.

Imagine also his first taste of that new world,  
fruit falling from his grasp with those first swellings of desire.

He wants to frame her nakedness in clothes, luxury cars, houses,  
yet his empty hands are full of *not enough*.

Being unfamiliar with want, she is concerned by the look in his eye,  
the one that seems to stare past her sometimes, but she moves closer anyway.

Design is irresistible. Her skin is teleology.

His shoulders are buildings. Hands reach for infinite hungers.

Together, they watch the sun set on their last sleek and unblemished day,  
smiles frozen against the slow revelation now snaking into their thoughts:

Forever hollow in jigsaw places.

Forever paired in assembly line existence, waiting for a world to outgrow.

## John Casey

John Casey works as a systems engineer for a defense contractor, and that is all you will be told about his job. He accidentally discovered the Southern California poetry scene two years ago while looking for a cup of coffee. After lurking at readings for a few months, he started to write poetry again for the first time since his college days at UCLA studying physics. Those first poems were awful, and he is not making any promises about the current batch. His current writing style is packed with allusions to science, math, philosophy, literature, religion, and pop culture, occasionally makes sense even without footnotes, and is even more occasionally fun. John has appeared or is scheduled to appear as the featured reader for the Valley Contemporary Poets, Tebot Bach, Redondo Poets, Two Idiots Peddling Poetry, the Alta Coffeehouse, the Gypsy Den, and the Rapp Saloon and is frequently found in the crowd at poetry readings all over Southern California. Two of his poems recently appeared in So Luminous The Wildflowers, an anthology of California poets, and he is working on a manuscript for a book of his own poems in the near future. (Working titles for that book include "Science Did Not Fail Me," "Anisotropy," and "What To Read When *TV Guide* Doesn't Thrill You Anymore.") He is a member of LitRave and frequent contributor to their website, where a longer and much-funnier biography of John can be found: <http://www.litrave.com>. When not doing anything poetry-related, John can be found near his home in Redondo Beach trying to get some sun to compensate for the usual "tan" he gets from the fluorescent lights above his cubicle. He now looks for poetry and accidentally discovers cups of coffee.

