

Ann Nguyen

English 125-6: Prof. T. Otten

Pope couplets: *Paradise Lost* IX. 684-702 (Satan to Eve)

2/12/00

Trust not your Master's words, my queen most fair;  
This death-by-fruit threat merits little care.  
For look, see here: the apple gave me smarts,  
My life remains, my status upward starts!  
No sense if beast can rise but man stays low,  
Incensing God with natural urge to know  
Of good and evil. It, in fact, seems grand  
To not let death suppress this moral stand.  
More joy if good and ill are understood!  
More justice found if you can spot the good!  
More ease with which you'll let alone the gleams  
Of Evil's secret, dirty, rotten schemes.  
Because unjust our God can never be,  
From fear of pain—and yes, of death—you're free.