

Five Ripe Eyes

Because we have a choice of words
conceivably I could change *God*
into another I want as badly
but could believe in.

I've long liked *olio*,
the way it begins and ends
full circle with the vowel
of surprise and sexual

need being met, with only
one syllable between,
like one ply of tissue
between two pressed chests.

Olio could roll from tongue to tongue
the way any word will, if we say it
slowly and with conviction
into a first nibbled ear.

Olio could mean all of us
and everything else, in a collage
unburdened by design or expectation.
Just as five ripe eyes and two bodies

could mean a leftover third eye—