

Olive Oil

Rachel Lockwood

for Beth

you are beautiful and kind and have a soft mouth
I have ears filled with olive oil and a head full of grease
you call me beautiful while my ears are filled with olive oil so
that it sounds like a kind of green underwater.
I roll amethyst in my mouth until the tooth ache stops,
I roll your name in my mouth like I could stop being astonished by its shape.
I am still reading for capital R Romance.
I'm devoting twenty minutes a day to lying on my bed
fully clothed, and thinking about you
while my ears are filled with olive oil.
I am thinking about New Mexico.
I am thinking about cladagh rings.
I am thinking about language
that leaves us, like a dream or
sea fog, like olive oil
trickling onto a thin white towel.
Thinking of spotted horses and
grey hairs and
tomatoes that get picked out of the salad.
You are the big thief of my heart.
Oh baby,
I have ears filled with olive oil and
you repeat your tasty words for my singular benefit.
Think about love, and stained green pillowcases, and
the shiver of air through your room.



I have ears filled with olive oil and
hair made of leaves, a healthy
and nutritious snack,
and you are beautiful and kind and have a soft mouth,
and made no comment about the lingering scent of
Pam's Extra Virgin when we first kissed.