

ENOUGH ALREADY

You walk in to the sun-
splashed olives' mossy

trunks, greener than
fresh grass. This doesn't

seem to be enough
so you think – even

here they grow olives
only on warm terraces;

and ask who first found
olives had to be cured?

This cleverness, too
does not satisfy. So,

walking hand-in-hand
into the grove you say:

the world needs us
(and other lovers)

to give such life; which
would do nicely for most,

save those who'd leave it
for a Creator. But

then, alone, you look
real close, and the black

spot on the green bark
you reach for sharpens

into inch-and-a-half of
scorpion, you see a

red beetle, and by God,
that does suffice.