

## Ode to My Right Eye

The fifth time I've tried to write  
an ode to your blue wandering  
that sends me to the ophthalmologist  
once a year, that made me learn to love  
glasses, shields to keep your blinking  
blueness safe, for you could not see  
the stick or stone aimed at your iris,  
you would not know to shut.

I make allowances crossing streets,  
check both ways twice, three times,  
you have made me learn the art  
of awareness, listening for the hum  
of motors, the click of traffic lights.

You only ruined one college date,  
a boy who said *You didn't tell me*  
*you had a lazy eye*, like this was cardinal sin,  
and I should've listed every physical flaw,  
birthmark, and assorted habit. I could  
have replied *You didn't tell me about*  
*the mole on your left arm*, but I was silent.

We never went out again, so you saved me  
from one of the world's assholes. We take care  
of each other, careful not to bump people  
lost in your emptiness. Most don't notice  
you until I bring it up, your path like a child  
who can't stay put. A mind of your own, blue,  
you're a reminder of where I've been,  
how things don't always work as expected  
but we make do, adapt, adjust, appreciate  
the bud for its tight beauty.