The Eye (and I)

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Received: 29-DEC-2017  Accepted: 08-FEB-2018  Published Online: 19-MAR-2018

Poet’s note: Doctors carry a lot of their patients’ distress on their shoulders, sometimes forever.

I saw her gloomy incessant tears;
I felt the anguish in her eye.
She fanned her palm over her face
to shield the mortal eye.

Was it fear, or resentment
of having to lose the eye?
Was it grief or helplessness
of having to betray the eye?

The papers were done; the signatures too
for the scissors to cleave the eye;
The gown was worn; the gloves too
on the hands to sever the eye.

"Am I ripping her eye away?
Or warping her dignity?"
"Am I bereaving her ailing soul,
distorting her identity?"

"Is she losing her self esteem
more than losing an eye?"
"Am I shredding her soul away
more than rending her eye?"

Cite this article as: Kulkarni U. The Eye (and I). RHiME. 2018;5:9-10.
She saw me hide my timid tears
and caught my distressed eye;
She shut her eyes, as if to say
"My destiny, can I deny?"

Even today, I pause to dare
to meet her eye to eye;
My heart does weep to see the tears
shed by the eye-less eye.

Today, she smiles at the vile mirror
and wears a plastic eye;
Today, I look at my bygone mirror
and wear a plastic smile.