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An Incident of Blindness

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An Incident of Blindness joshua weed

My talisman eyeball nests in
Its grainy socket. It's my rotten jewel.
Light pervades with such fluidity
And soggy flesh shrouds it
Like baby kangaroo in maternal pouch.
Why, it represents so much of me!
Grass-green iris lacerated so to pluck
Out the nepheloid innards with more ease;
Dear, poisoned grape, slowly baking
Into raisin by and by with sun.

"They don't leave bleeding people
To die in the streets even here,"
She says as I come to. I only
Remember a hazy vision:

Empty streets
Four lanes

Small friend, young boy, aside, aside.
And the one defining forward step

Past me as we crossed
The highway. And my eye!

I heard the motor, but could not see. I instinctively
Stopped. I was frightened by traffic for weeks,

Every timid pace reminiscent of
What might have been his last.

The motorcycle breathed bird-like
Life into his raily body.

What disturbing physics! That
Sickening collision, the horrible flailing.

That drastic, metallic rag doll-
Puppeteer inflicted such sad abuse!

Foul ill of gut emerged in me
As vision of his mouth and nose

Entered my good eye. They jettisoned
Sticky, red blood and his eyes spewed their

Saline waters. What faucets his
Face appeared to have,

Opened by brief contact with scorched
Pavement. My puke wouldn't come.

I was somehow paralyzed and ambulant.
Parked cars, moving traffic, green trees

General blur. How was I walking?
It all unglued itself from itself and spun.

I was favored with a full spectrum of
Shining stars before came my momentary night.

“Are you with me? Look at my face.”

Grave heads hover above me like silly balloons.

“Hey, why is one eye dilated and the other normal!”

Panic, panic—

Head hit floor.

Don't worry.

Don't worry. I'm fine. *I'm* perfectly fine.

That eye is blind.