



7-1-1992

Good Eye

William Powley

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Recommended Citation

Powley, William (1992) "Good Eye," *BYU Studies Quarterly*. Vol. 32 : Iss. 3 , Article 17.
Available at: <https://scholarsarchive.byu.edu/byusq/vol32/iss3/17>

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Good Eye

Mother stayed up all night
applying medicine
to my right eye,
gouged by Barrett's fourth finger.
She leaned over,
touching my eyelid
with an ice pack,
while I lay,
my backside down.

My good eye could see
between her pink fingernails
her eyes opening
under the living room light.
I waited for numbness
to set in and my eyelid
to drop. My good eye
clearly saw her two eyes.
What they said
was better than healing.

—William Powley