

Seeing the eye doctor

I take a seat across from an upper teen who sleeps
Waiting to see the eye doctor.
An empty seat separates him from a woman who is reading,
A cane resting on the seat beside her.

That the teen is asleep is not remarkable,
But when a nurse calls his name
He rises, eyes fixed straight ahead,
His hand outstretched.

The woman places the walking stick in his hand and takes his elbow.
Undaunted, he pulls away, turns toward the voice,
Says "Talk to me," and taps his way following the voice,
His mother a few feet behind bracing for a misstep.

I sense that today he will be seen by an eye doctor,
Whom, very likely, he will never see,
But of whom he will have boundless questions.

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