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Iridology

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IRIDOLOGY DUSTIN HOFFMAN

I never saw eyes so light,
pigment drained,
pulse slowed,
hooked to machines with wires spilling.
An uneaten lunch, that replaced the uneaten breakfast,
that replaced the untouched dinner,
solids no longer possible,
but set out as a beacon of hope
or maybe just a comfort for watery eyed visitors.
And blue eyes so light,
so close to white
visionless sight
staring past me,
through me.
I had nothing to say,
so many things I wanted to tell him
but I lost strength
as he did
unable to react, to recognize.

Withered, weathered
four strokes later
and none the better.
I kissed his brow
and held his cold hands
and looked into those eyes,
those pale blue eyes.
I ran my fingers over
his freyed grey hairs
and squeaked out an
I love you
so quiet that the other family,
laughing and chatting
to the adjacent bed,
couldn't hear
the cracking in my voice.
And for a second his eyes rolled
towards me laboriously,
but it was light from the window
that he looked to.