

Michael Hill

Eye Exam

In the dim light
of the examination room
I peer through
the many-eyed phoropter
to a chart on the wall,
calling out letters, mantra-like,
while the doctor's assistant
slowly dials in my prescription.
Fifty now, and my eyes
aren't what they used to be,
but as she goes on twisting knobs
and flipping lenses, it's as though
she is adjusting the settings
on a time machine, showing me
the world the way I saw it as a child,
everything rendered in vivid detail
and possessed of such unspoiled clarity
that it would not surprise me in the least
should my old dog Ginger, gone now
some thirty years, come bounding
back across my field of vision,
the sun on her rusty gold coat
lending her a timeless glow.