

BLUE WATER, WHITE WATER, HOLY WATER

I

I place my eyes
into the oculars,
microscope centered onto lens
dense with cataract.

In the operating room,
I emulsify, am
white water* rafting,
each eye, a well
with zamzam.

II

Ocular Anatomy:

three chambers in eye
(four in heart)
five prayers in day
one God
seven levels of heaven
eight-pointed star
two optic nerves
crisscrossing at chiasm—

we flip each image
to witness, then deny
what lays before us.

III

It is not the act itself
that is abhorrent –
it is the admission,
the eyes, the ears

witnessing.

To register an image,
light enters through pupil,
anatomically, a void in iris—
black stone in each eye.

To register denial,
we use language,
circumambulate a subject
without ever touching it –

see.

Look at our language.

It is subtle, is surgery,
micro-movements
changing meaning.

So much said
without sound

* in Arabic, cataract translates to white water; glaucoma, to blue water