



## The Eye (and I)

Uma Kulkarni, DOMS, DNB (Ophthalmology, PGDBEME)

Professor of Ophthalmology,  
Faculty, Centre For Ethics, & Member Secretary, Yenepoya University Ethics Committee,  
Yenepoya University, Mangalore

**Corresponding Author:**

Dr Uma Kulkarni  
Department of Ophthalmology  
Yenepoya University, Mangalore  
Email: umakulkarni at yenepoya dot edu dot in

Received: 29-DEC-2017

Accepted: 08-FEB-2018

Published Online: 19-MAR-2018

**Poet's note:** Doctors carry a lot of their patients' distress on their shoulders, sometimes forever.

I saw her gloomy incessant tears;  
I felt the anguish in her eye.  
She fanned her palm over her face  
to shield the mortal eye.

Was it fear, or resentment  
of having to lose the eye?  
Was it grief or helplessness  
of having to betray the eye?

The papers were done; the signatures too  
for the scissors to cleave the eye;  
The gown was worn; the gloves too  
on the hands to sever the eye.

"Am I ripping her eye away?  
Or warping her dignity?"  
"Am I bereaving her ailing soul,  
distorting her identity?"

"Is she losing her self esteem  
more than losing an eye?"  
"Am I shredding her soul away  
more than rending her eye?"

Cite this article as: Kulkarni U. The Eye (and I). RHiME. 2018;5:9-10.

She saw me hide my timid tears  
and caught my distressed eye;  
She shut her eyes, as if to say  
"My destiny, can I deny?"

Even today, I pause to dare  
to meet her eye to eye;  
My heart does weep to see the tears  
shed by the eye-less eye.

Today, she smiles at the vile mirror  
and wears a plastic eye;  
Today, I look at my bygone mirror  
and wear a plastic smile.

---