

POEM

Congenital Glaucoma

She sat in bed, a room to drama given
Not often or of late. With her a throng
Of fellow teens, all smiles as if room seven
Were home, were Méjico, speaking the tongue
I'd learned one college summer with aims
Of studying pre-Columbian deities -
Those eyeless gods of stone and clay with names
Like Ixtacíhuatl, snow capped queen of trees.
Ciega. Blind. Mi chica had no sight.
I looked into her eyes and saw two suns
Of blinding white - atrophic holes, where light
Fell off the cliff to disappear, forever gone:
Her aqueous flowed but poorly from her eyes.
For Ixtacíhuatl, a maiden sacrifice.

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Competing interests None declared.

Provenance and peer review Not commissioned; internally peer reviewed.

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To cite Ratzan RM. *Med Humanit* Published Online First: [please include Day Month Year]. doi:10.1136/medhum-2017-011257

Med Humanit 2017;0:1. doi:10.1136/medhum-2017-011257



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Med Humanities published online July 11, 2017

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