

# *At The Eye Doctor's*

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The doctor asks me to read  
the eye chart, line five.  
I think it begins with D  
but it could be a B or an F.  
He asks me if I've had any  
problems with my eyes.  
I tell him I seem to see  
some things a few moments  
before they actually happen.  
I think he thinks I may be  
a soothsayer of some sort,  
or an obnoxious space alien  
with no applicable insurance.  
I can tell he doesn't like me.  
He puts chrome and titanium  
things onto or near the surface  
of my left eye and asks,  
how about this form of pain?  
He follows it up with, what kind  
of advance things have you seen?  
I tell him about the break-in  
down at the mustard museum  
which he hasn't heard about

but it gets us to discussing  
the various hues of the condiment.  
From there we move on,  
discussing the process of smashing  
tomatoes into ketchup or catsup  
and why there are two ways  
of spelling the same thing.  
An eyeball, he says, is more delicate  
than the finest of tomatoes.  
He squirts a fiery substance  
into my other eye, then  
requests I keep it open  
to see what the future brings.