

Cataracts

by [Steven Peterson](#)
September 22, 2026

Revelation 1:7

The doctor sliced into my eye,
A drip of twilight in my arm,
But in my splintered thoughts the word
Became its other definition:
A rushing waterfall or downpour.
And my mind's eye saw Christ's descent
From the Cross: the heavy, lifeless body
Held tightly by his followers
Who, in their grief, now lower him,
His mother looking on, and on.

In post-op, sipping apple juice,
Slowly chewing a graham cracker,
I hear my ophthalmologist
Remind me of the clarity
Of light, the vision due to me
In a week or two, as I heal
From this now-common surgery.
I hope for that, yet hope for more:
That rushing waterfall we'll see
When Christ's downpour will come again.