

Cover Your Eyes

One moment
the mallet was swinging.
The next,
she was screaming,
crying,
crawling in pain.
Her hand held her eye,
as if it would fall out
should she move it.

Instead,
she was removed
from the stage.
Sat in a chair
in hopes of calming her.

However,
the collective gasp
that resounded throughout the room
once her hand was finally lifted
set her off again.

This time,
she would not be calmed
until her father was called.
She clung to him on the way home,
in the same manner she would
two years later,
at seventeen,
after the surgeon
had stitched her eye back into place.