

Keratoplasty

It has been almost twenty years
but sometimes I still wonder
if when they transplanted
the cornea
they might not also
have transferred
a tiny fragment of soul.

Maybe every now and then
the recipient's eye
sees a fleeting shadow,
a distortion of light,
a speck
smaller than the eye
of the needle in the haystack,
that flickers faster than a serpent's tongue. A blink

and the crystal palace
is gone. Maybe not.
Perhaps, all that is left beyond
that back layer of tissue
is in the ground in a place
I have not seen for a long time.