Doctor, My Eyes

by Larry Strattner

I opened my eyes when I was somewhat older. When I did open them, they stung.

I tried eye drops Visine this, Optine that, a little Systane, some GenTeal. Artificial tears for an artificial life. None of it worked until I realized; it was just my heart stinging through my eyes.

I tried a little Jack Daniels and, what do you know? It worked! The stinging disappeared. So did my peripheral vision and sense of balance. Rather than curing one thing and diseasing another, I stopped applying the Number 7 solution.

I switched to weed. The stinging persisted but at least I thought it was funny. I couldn't help feeling an answer lay somewhere in the word, “Dude.”

Not being one hundred percent cured, or even on the way to being cured, for a brief time I tried Grey Goose Vodka. Then I discovered it was distilled from wheat, not potatoes. Worse it was French, so I stopped it too. In time I realized I liked Grey Goose more intensely than I hated the French and began using it again, sparingly.

Recently, between medications, I attended a small party in the Bronx and accidentally discovered Love. Love, applied as a salve or cream or even as the less desirable aerosol gel, completely removes the stinging sensation. Additionally, Love, if not used recklessly, has minimal unpleasant side-effects.

Also, while it is true no one can be absolutely sure of either the mental or physical well being of others, I have also noticed Love, if after you have used whatever portion you need, you share even the

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last few drops with others, seems to soothe any stinging they may be feeling as well.