

For Sight

You are the last woman on earth who can see. Well, not just the last woman. The last anyone. The last human on earth who can read or blink or burn her corneas from staring into the sun. But you won't be for long. The blind have caught you and they will rip the last eyes from your sockets.

Four men with capital x scars where their eyes should be hold each of your limbs against a wall. The Magistrate, dressed in traditional beige velvet robes, taps his way toward you with his white Hoover cane. The scalpel in his left hand gleams with treachery. This is not enucleation. This is evisceration.

The Magistrate pulls back his beige velvet hood and says, "Look at me."

You didn't live through the blinding. You ran from it. You left at sunrise on a Wednesday. You don't know how long ago.

You didn't run when they took your neighbor's second eye for his second DUI. You didn't run when they passed legislation to blind for misdemeanors as well as felonies. You didn't run when they started blinding dogs and birds and any other animal that can bite, then blinding their owners after that. You didn't run when they blinded your dying mother for littering, her last words cutting like a scythe, "Tell me, darling, what shape is the moon?" You ran because you worked as an Ob/Gyn and you watched as a Magistrate tugged a baby, a little girl still crying, from her mother's arms for the crimes of her father. He'd already lost both eyes for two counts of fraud, so when he Ponzi-schemed another set of Alzheimer's patients what did he have to lose

but the eyes of his newborn daughter? You knew then that it wouldn't be long before the eye became extinct. You knew it wouldn't be long before sight itself became the crime.

You didn't go far. You didn't have to. No running into the desert or hiding in the Rockies. It is easier to pretend to be blind than it is to pretend you can see. You quit your job, lived off the grid, hid in plain sight.

What really scared you was how quickly humanity adapted. People can get used to anything. People do get used to everything. Blinding babies before they're even born by feeding the mother pills. Brail iPhones. Books on tape and self-driving cars stocks shot through the roof. Fashion became about feel, models crowd surfing in flowing beige velvet gowns. Three dimensional signatures, menus, memes. Three dimensional everything. Tinder dates ending with, "Your face doesn't feel like your profile picture."

They changed everything so they could stand their own blindness.

The Magistrate points his scalpel at your shoulder, thinking it's your eyes, and says, "Do you have anything to say for yourself? Any defense?"

You feel the calloused fingers of the blind digging into your wrists and ankles. You say, "Just take them. Get it over with, you maniac. Make me just like you."

The Magistrate drops his white Hoover cane on the floor and lays a gentle velvet-clad hand on your collarbone. His fingers crawl up your throat like a tarantula. He says, "Them?"

"My eyes," you scream, "my eyes, just take them. Just do it."

He grips your cheeks in his beige velvet hand and says, "But you are charged with the crime of sight. We have come for your tongue."