

It drew me in

Light beam angled against the layers of the cornea, scintillating.

Revealing a dendriform lesion, and speckles, smaller than pinpoint, floating freely like snowflakes.

As an aspiring ophthalmologist,

I marvel.

And I find myself during each day, looking forward to the next time I can

Sit at the slit lamp,

Angle the lens ever so slightly,

Peer into the scope as vessels and optic nerve reveal themselves.

The only thing more satisfying than subtle pathologic findings of the eye

Is the information and reassurance I can convey to my patients:

The venous pulsations have returned, like vibrato on the violin, rhythmic and intentional

“Your idiopathic intracranial hypertension has improved.”

The boxcarring of cherry red vessels, tinged with orange hue and intermittent narrowing.

“Given your history of a recent stroke, it is likely you suffered a central retinal artery occlusion.”

The paint color smattering of red and vessels, bleeding fireworks.

“There is hemorrhage in the back of your eye and we need to get your diabetes under control”

Every day I get closer, sharpen my skills, deepen my knowledge

So that I will serve those in need of what I might offer.

And I take pride in the chance to make an impact.