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Vision Test

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Grandpa left Pine Ridge in the dust, hands shaking, nerves shot, forgetting his hospital whites and new eye-charts.

As Grandma talks, I remember the story of a healer who saw too many wounded—Mary turned into a grizzly
digging bullets from wounded Cheyenne. Called Standing Soldier for her medicine, she growled men back to life again.

The Indian Service sent a nurse to drive their eye doctor back East for a rest. Is this clearer or this?

Grandma followed with the kids. Years later, with dishes, linen, and dogs, she trailed him from res to res—

Still, Bear Mary kept appearing, blurred, in the corner, when he treated another squaw. She turned his head.

Over the years, he kept an album, women pictured in native costume, identified by tribe instead of name.

Paiute, Shoshone, Arapaho. Too full of fight, no Sioux stood still for him. A shadow
moves across the border
when I hear my aunt and grandmother
go on about Indians around here—

They drink, do drugs, beat their wives.
A couple killed their own child.
I have to close my eyes

to say violence is at home everywhere.
They turn to the window and stare
out as if seeing things in the dark.

Hunched over the table, biting
my tongue, I feel something coming
over me, cold claws, bear skin.