

Eye-Opening

by: Mary J Stowers

It came in shadow, not with flame nor trumpet,
but quiet — a strange weight in the stillness of sleep.
The sky bent low. The world blurred.
Then I saw it: a third eye,
not above, but deep within me.
It stared — like it had always known something I didn't.

I panicked. My breath locked.
My skin forgot its warmth. How do you stay calm?
when you're being seen, from the inside out?
Not just what is, but what will be.

I couldn't carry it. So, I reached in — trembling,
and pulled the eye out, forcefully.
It didn't bleed. It blinked once
as if it forgave me.

I placed it down — on something cold,
something still.
Then I walked away.
But halfway through that silence,
I turned back.

The eye was moving. It curled slowly,
closing in on itself, until it became a seed.
And from that seed grew small, trembling leaves.
New. Alive. Unafraid.

I didn't understand then what had shifted.
But with time, I began to.
Life began to change — not loudly,
but with purpose.

Something had opened.
The mirror cracked but stayed whole.
The path beneath me stopped waiting for permission.
It simply moved.
And I, no longer blind, followed.

Now I walk lighter. Still quiet, but awake.
Because dreams are not just dreams,
and fear sometimes leads us through the door.
The eye I left behind —
it opened more than vision.
It opened me.

