

# SEIZURE

*'The sickness of angels is nothing new.*

*I have seen them crawling like bees...'*

*—Mark Strand*

**When Chloe seized  
my eyes went black.  
I saw nothing.  
I saw too much.  
I was a nerve, scraped.  
Fear wanted  
another word for fear.  
Now it's years ago.  
And these are the  
first words enlisted,  
because vocabulary  
is a weak tincture,  
because vulnerability  
is still there, like a tear,  
like an abyss. On  
that morning I prayed  
as if I had never  
prayed before, the ur-  
prayer, the commencement.  
When Chloe seized  
I went wordless, I  
went blind, I went forth to  
petition the humid heavens,  
with silence, eyeless.**

**COREY MESLER**