

# Milton wrote his best lines blind

*by* bl pawelek

He scribbled on paper with light, or not, writing straight smart lines even when asleep.

The years and decades of massaging letters and mathematics, making them beautiful. Making them ugly.

And the eventuality of desperation. Strange prayers and curses skyward. And madness.

The inward pain and self-affliction, the unhealthiness of obsession and control until the lines burn bright, then normal, then not at all. A complete loss of left sight.

Milton wrote his best lines blind, chasing Shakespeare.

