Infantile spasms
A crescendo of anguish

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Her MRI paints an unnerving tale
Honest truths announce themselves
In black and white
Ominous, for all to see

Stirring softly
Through peeking light beams
A sweet young cherub
Gently rises from comforting slumber

Yet her fragile innocence is interrupted
By a sinister veil of noxious fog
Descending, cloaking
Suffocating

Stunned by electric incursions
Her innocent eyes deviate
And empty pupils bleed black
Seeping darkness

SPASM

Alone with her captor
Cornered and afraid
Too young to understand
Helpless, she jolts

SPASM

Powerless from within
Her little limbs thud
While tears tumble
Down her chubby baby cheeks

SPASM

With each surging wave
She stiffens
Palms pricked by miniature fingernails
Concealed under clenched fists
SPASM

An audible crack
As tiny teeth grate
Trickling stark red
Onto new velvet lips

SPASM

The inescapable inevitability
Gathers a rhythmic momentum
Of distress

SPASM

And anguish

SPASM

Her fearful wails
Abruptly cut with each assault

Imprisoned by the frenzy
She catches her breath
Just for a moment

Before the crescendo
Of this epileptic cluster bomb
As perpetual explosions relentlessly fire
Again
And again
And again
In an endless circle of misery

Then
Stillness

An uneasy tranquility

The manufactured relief of sedation
Summons synthetic sleep
While her tormenter impatiently waits
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