

Migraine

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I clenched my eyes and puffed my cheeks.

“Mi cabeza... mi cabeza...”

A picture-show projected on my spotted forehead.

I got up to pressure blast the pain away,
to stumble like a drunkard into the shower.

My hands were blue with marker-ink.

And through waterfalls down my pallid brow,
I spotted a ladybug crawling across the mirror.

I stood, trembling, dripping on the tiles
and hovered over a stormcloud-colored sock.

Two minutes pass, and I'm in bed.

No pain has subsided.

“Tengo dolor de cabeza... why me?”

I dream of saucepans filled with cake batter.

I dream of Sigmund Freud.

Neither are fantastic.