

MIGRAINE

Joan Myers

My brain is but
An infinite small grain
Of sand, upon which sea snakes
Coil their weight
Of writhing tentacles.
Waves of pain
Dash it on the shore
Then snatch it back
With vicious might
To hurl me shoreward,
Seaward, shoreward again.

My brain is the grain of sand
That in the oyster of my flesh
Grows into a pearl.
But the flesh must needs at times
Reject the jewel.
Here it lies on the barren shore
Until a stone, careless of the gem,
Crushes it;
The glittering bits lie on the shore
Waiting for the winds to come
And blow about the broken
Fragments of pain.

Winds blow, and wash the grain
Clean as the sharp edge of pain.