

A droning discomfort behind my eye.

Pressing down on my temple. Only

warm wet towels and pills from the apothecary

can stop the blinding onslaught. A sensory

oppression where a pin drop sounds like a

gunshot, and sleep is as far away as the moon.

All that stops an atmospheric algean tyranny

which inhibits time and drives sleep as far away

as the moon. Even a candle's light is a flash

grenade to my eyes. Gums flared up, teeth grind

and crack. Once started, no potion can subdue.

No faith can heal. Only endurance in the gravity well

offers a way out of this maelstrom in the brain.