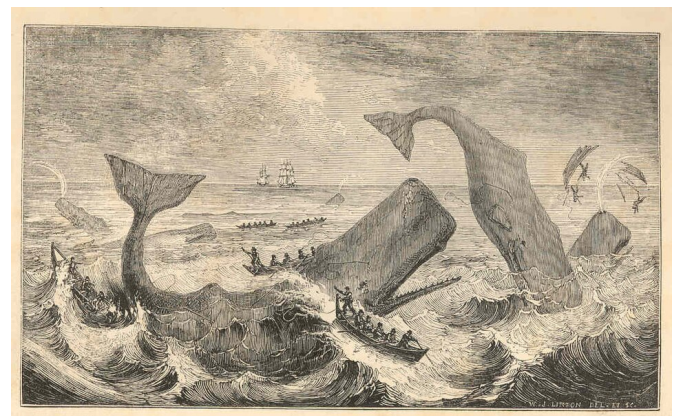


There seems to be no way to get relief
Nothing to stop the overwhelming pain

My migraines have become so severe that
I would let a stone-age brain surgeon cut
A small triangular hole in my skull
Let out what is haunting my grey matter
Maybe if I had a waxy layer
A bulge of spermaceti behind my eyes
Adjust the pressure in my cranium
Protect against atmospheric changes
But then I would be chased down and hunted
By hordes of nineteenth century sailors
I'd destroy their ships with my giant head
And tear their flesh with my rows of sharp teeth



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Ghosts in the Grey Matter