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Migraine

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Migraine

My head ached when
my little brother pushed me
down the rock porch stairs.
I was the goddess *Pele* and he,
Maui, the Hawaiian Super-man,
in a furious rage flung me
off my volcano home into
ma'ke world where zombies
bit off your tingling toes. Head
ringing, mouth salty, eyes stung with
blood, but it didn't hurt 'cus
me and my brother laughed
lying on the poky Japanese grass
as we watched Mickey Mouse Clouds play
checkers with blue bumble bees
mumbling as they tumble, and fly out
of the rotten wood stump. Their
buzzing hurricane made me

dizzy, 'cus I "have a headache" Grandma
said as she rubbed *kukui* nut oil on my
temples and toes and feet 'cus I was sick
and she didn't want the Portuguese
futseda fairies to curse me like they did her
five years later when she
died, I cried and clung to the
warm fold of fat under her armpit,
the only warm place I could find
on her purple body of

petals on grandpa's new rose
he held in his fisherman's hand
and gave it to me, picked me up
and swung me with a rush of
green, brown, mango tree, rainbows
in the air. I clung to his boxer's arms that
harpooned whales in the '20's,
held babies in the '40's,
killed men in the '60's, and
hung limp on the hospital bed

yesterday, My head hurt as echoes
of dirt rain on the green coffin made me
sleep. I dreamed I had a headache as I sat
on the snow covered beach with my
lover. Naked, wrapped in my legs,
our bodies flowed like waterfalls on
rocks and we make snow angels when our
flesh steamed red like
devils in my head saying
"yes" to everything I would never say
"yes" to, wishing and wanting to
kill myself and the man who
spits at me because he thinks I'm a dirty
Cuban, like cigars that stink the
woman's hair who has more money than me
and says "I'm Sorry" since she thinks I'm Cherokee
and live on a reservation where there's
no electricity and we eat fried
rats for dinner at McDonald's
where I kissed my lover for the first

time to wake up. I always have a
head ache in the morning when my
vagina tells me "I'm sorry" for
wanting and for making you a woman
who knows that as time rolls
on the pink cushioned road on the
nipple of the Kwanzaa elder's shirt,
Black Polaroid's won't bring light to the
eyes of the blind white girl in the
J. Crew Sweater who will
shrivel with age and buy a poodle and
smirk at us as she strolls by while we
sit at the corner of K-Mart with
a wooden bowl begging for loose

change, is what my lover wants.
He's always talking of politics,
racism, communism, and classism,
too many "isms" for my taste. His eyes
are black as the Hawaii night sky
whose stars cry with light but
no one sees or hears
me scream at him
he makes my head ache,

“Take me to the park” I say
and he does because he loves
me. Bundled in his arms
as we lay on the grass in the park
by a tree and laugh as Mickey Mouse
Clouds hold penises and we hear the
souls of flowers and trees
masturbating to the breeze
that dances with my long hair
and kisses my cheeks. The
heavy air makes me weak,
I’m Dizzy
I fall asleep in my lover’s arms
and dream of my
head pounding
blood throbbing gray
cream into a crumbled paper
cup of the white man’s
strongest black coffee.

—*Jenny Silva* ‘02