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Come Down / When I Wake Up

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Come Down

Post-migraine I'm euphoric, high on darkness, sucking smiles in on tantric breath, so tentative,

in-thrall to teasing post-drome patterns, the permissive hold of painlessness, the heavy echo of my heart-beat head.

Fatigue and fragile thoughts, I'm fixed, I'm fleeting, still susceptible to trash-can lids, the neighbor's dog next door, surround sound metal on the third floor,

whispering.

I'm fucking serotonin, full-on I-am-bic breakdown, analgesic after-effect, my liver

streaming silence on a double dose of Maxalt, on a pill-owcase of freezer burn and melting peas.

I'm plotting status updates, Facebook rates, a public service proclamation of my convalescence,



shelving Latin passages and missing classes, risking heading eastbound on the subway, rebound on a friend-date, so-lo in my sober state.

When I Wake Up

in the morning, ears
pounding, dragons rip sky-silk,
embed bright talons

in twilight's head, light
and blight, ignite blue yawning
explosions. Clouds fall

down dark and newly
black birds squawk derision, cough
crass cracks until foul

specks and fried feathers
flutter and tap at my pane
where I dream their sound

could bely the crude
carcasses of cigarettes
on my window sill.

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