The Landscaping of Headache

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Originally published in California Quarterly 37:4 © 2012 Jody Azzouni

When flesh dreams of light: the utter pain of vision taking up space (its manic of sky).

The spasms that threaten to move.

(Cry, cry for the joy sometimes within, when its rain heavens down upon us,

when it finally washes away the meanly quaklings, lightnings their agony, scatters their earth.)