

Migraine Dreams

by Michael Parker

I walked the desert of the sun. Light was the sage, the Joshua, and the wild grass.

Our youngest son was struck down by a lightning rod in a violet-robed storm.

You and I sought privacy in a labyrinth of rooms. Our bodies, like vines, grappled to sate our longing to be one.

Like a bird, I flew the lower sky, above suburbs, parks, and busy interstates, the cars sparkling in the sun like rows of alabaster pearls. I perched on trees and high monuments. I told people standing on Earth not to worry that I stood on ledges.

I landed on railway tracks. They hummed and I searched for something at my feet, in between the oil-soaked boards. Was it a fragment of my waking self? I didn't see the freight train until it was upon me, like a beast.

I materialized in a theater lobby. A killer walked out of a movie poster, was luring three of us into an unused hallway. A sharp blade brandished, he said *I'm going to flay you for food.*

I escaped from a door marked "Exit", climbed to the roof, spread my arms, and flew into the safe sky.

[FADE TO BLACK].

