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Migraine

Ina Cumpiano

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Three Poems · *Ina Cumpiano*

MIGRAINE

As if I'd seen enough,
my vision starts to go around the edges.
As if my circle of sight were a timepiece,
the face of the man at seven o'clock disappears.
As if I were giving stars too much importance,
a ring of small, flashing prisms haloes the knives at the table.
As if they'd become less important to me, these people eating,
their little moves, their fingers, the water in their glasses—they fade.
Fade, as if they would still talk forever; even without their bodies
they would talk. As if talk were a white noise
that has something to do with darkness.
Darkness, as if I'd returned to my grandmother's house,
as if I'd recalled the silent pianola,
the photos of the dead, brown and stiff in their silver frames.
As if the dust still held
to the one breath of light coming in from the veranda.
As if it held, as I'd said *can't you love me a little?*

LUNA NUEVA

No moon.
My father has told me not to phone him when there's no moon.
He won't be home;
he fishes when his boat doesn't drag its shadow.

Three of us fished at night by the light of a small *quinqué*.
A battery lamp would have given better light,
but this is what they've always used. They. We. Me,
my father and his friend, this man my brother's age.