By Andrea Becker

Tension.
Right at the top of my neck.
I try to relax,
Take deep breaths.
Stretching, cracking, realigning vertebrae.
Oh wait, it’s gone?
Finally.

But then, it’s back.
Tiny fists pounding the back of my eyes.
I close my eyes, but nothing helps.
The ringing in my ears crescendos,
Drowning out my thoughts.
The tiny fists fight for my attention.

Lie down
Clear your mind
Drink some water
Take a nap
Pop some pills
Whatever it takes.

I don’t have time for this.
My life stands still
When the bolt in my neck tightens,
When the fists begin to pound,
When the ringing overpowers me,
When up is no longer up and down becomes left,
or was it right?
Don’t think too hard,
You’ll hurt your head.