

December 2019

## Migraine During a Late night Drive

Julia Kashuba

John Carroll University, [jkashuba22@jcu.edu](mailto:jkashuba22@jcu.edu)

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### Recommended Citation

Kashuba, Julia (2019) "Migraine During a Late night Drive," *The John Carroll Review*. Vol. 74: Iss. 1, Article 7.

Available at: <https://collected.jcu.edu/jcr/vol74/iss1/7>

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# Migraine During a Late Night Drive

Julia Kashuba

It's nights like these, when your car is draped by a black cloak of brooding thoughts; the two white holes in your rearview mirror seem to be your only source of reality. The glowing red blood stains on your windshield can't be wiped away, even with the rhythmic swishing of the two batons that seem to be conducting the orchestral hum of your mind. It's nights like these, when your vision seems impaired because the deafening thunder booming in your speakers is trapped inside your skull, and your brain pulsates so hard against it that with each beat of the explosion your eyes wrench, and your mind is suddenly impregnated with words.

Dance, beautiful soul. Let your words tiptoe across your paper. With each pirouette of your pencil, a new letter is grooved into your paper. It's nights like these, when you want to keep writing, with no end, until your own finale. You mustn't get discouraged when this grand allegro ends. There will be days, weeks, months, when your mind refuses to seek inspiration. These times will be blood-curdling, as your only source of reality will run out. The two white holes in your rearview mirror will take a dramatic detour through the maze of your brain and you will be left alone and afraid under your own black cloak that seems to be slithering around your cerebrum so tightly that your mind starts pulsating. Again. This time there will be no speakers, just the dull pounding of your brain and skull colliding as your eyes move left right left right, trying to follow the melody of your thoughts... and failing.

It's nights like these, when this depression of thinking is at its trough, on which you will find yourself in that same seat, head throbbing, eyes clamoring back and forth and back and forth, the blood stains on your windshield blurring with distance, and you will realize... *I am out.* Out of thoughts, out of words. Your mind is dissolving into oblivion.