

It's not brain surgery,
But it is the brain,
Of course, not alone,
Of course, when is the
Brain ever alone but
Within itself?

Hanging stalactites gray
With the decay of sensory
Ignorance (how many times
Have you seen the ground
This time around?) abutted
By the soft swish of fluids,
Shifting round and round on
A slow spin cycle, and what
Does it take to let them
Settle, the little bits of sense
(bee buzz, unused light fixture fossil
lost to another age, cartographic
dirt patterns, the muscle you won't
release, the acidic taste of coffee) and
What more to let them settle the score?

Loss is this: having seen, remembering
That you forgot to look, when it mattered.