

# Brain

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I feel it swimming in its hardshell case  
I believe somewhere in there is where I am  
Behind the eyes deep in its thick pink folds  
You've got some nerve said the heart to the brain  
What exactly am I trying to remember beats me  
I am the consequence of these nervous junctions  
A tiny black seed sprouts inevitable as light  
Of course we're supposed to think we're Dorothy  
But I know I'm the Scarecrow losing his stuffing  
When the world goes fuzzy I want deep focus  
Everything clear the scene memory time horizon  
Who knows the cellular structure of sadness  
The accumulation of random branches my life  
A fork in the yellow brick road flying monkeys  
Following me to bed what a world what a world  
I'm a gray zombie wandering the backwoods alone  
Waiting for something meaningful to call to me  
A splinter crack and leaves rustling the drumbeat body  
I did not think they would sing to me  
Behind my eyes I feel the cold hatchet catch  
No flash but these slow words dawn on me  
You're alive you're alive you're alive  
The world is opened completely up to me  
The forest floor tastes like curdled milk