

Ode to the Physicality of the Mind

Mike Sennott

O rolling tides of chemicals
conducting charged light across
the fault lines in our heads;
O winding wire pathways
carved deeper by the thought,
becoming set,
etching our selves into ourselves;
O tireless cells and signals
building memories with care,
revising recollections
with creeping blur and sepia glow –
Guide us to the utopia
of equilibrium!

Thank you for overseeing
the countless miniature reactions
that comprise our lives,
sparing thought from trivial concerns!
Thank you for the slow decay
of sight and sound and memory,
automatic nepenthe
to ease the transition
out of stale and weary life!
Thank you for shrinking happiness
to the size of a pill,
instant transport to the Nirvana
of equilibrium!

Who could refuse your loving guidance,
spurn the contentment you reward us?
You purr *You need me always*
just to think yourself a soul.
Who could deny that declaration,
consecrating fluctuations,
railing at your boundaries?
Save us from such desperation –
sing us to sleep, imagination!
Commission odes and lamentations,
fear and lust and t.v. stations.
Distract us 'til you find for us
equilibrium.