

From *Face Half-Illuminated*

That Line in the Protocol

"Cut the brain into small pieces..." The glass pane
of a huge window cuts me away from the metropolis
below, bloodied by Halloween's sunset.

In my white lab coat, I know that the line means a prelude
to an experiment, entrance to a labyrinth of substructures,
enzymes, neurotransmitters, nanomolecules.

Yet with the glare of eerie light rising and dying
in the sky, I see the rat brain transform into a daily
morning-noon-afternoon-night human mind
of a scientist-poet-woman-mother-wife.

As the chilly blackness steals the splendid sky,
the poet shocks the scientist by likening the mind
to grandma's pin cushion, densely pierced.
More and more pins pushed in.

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