

Neural Excursion

by

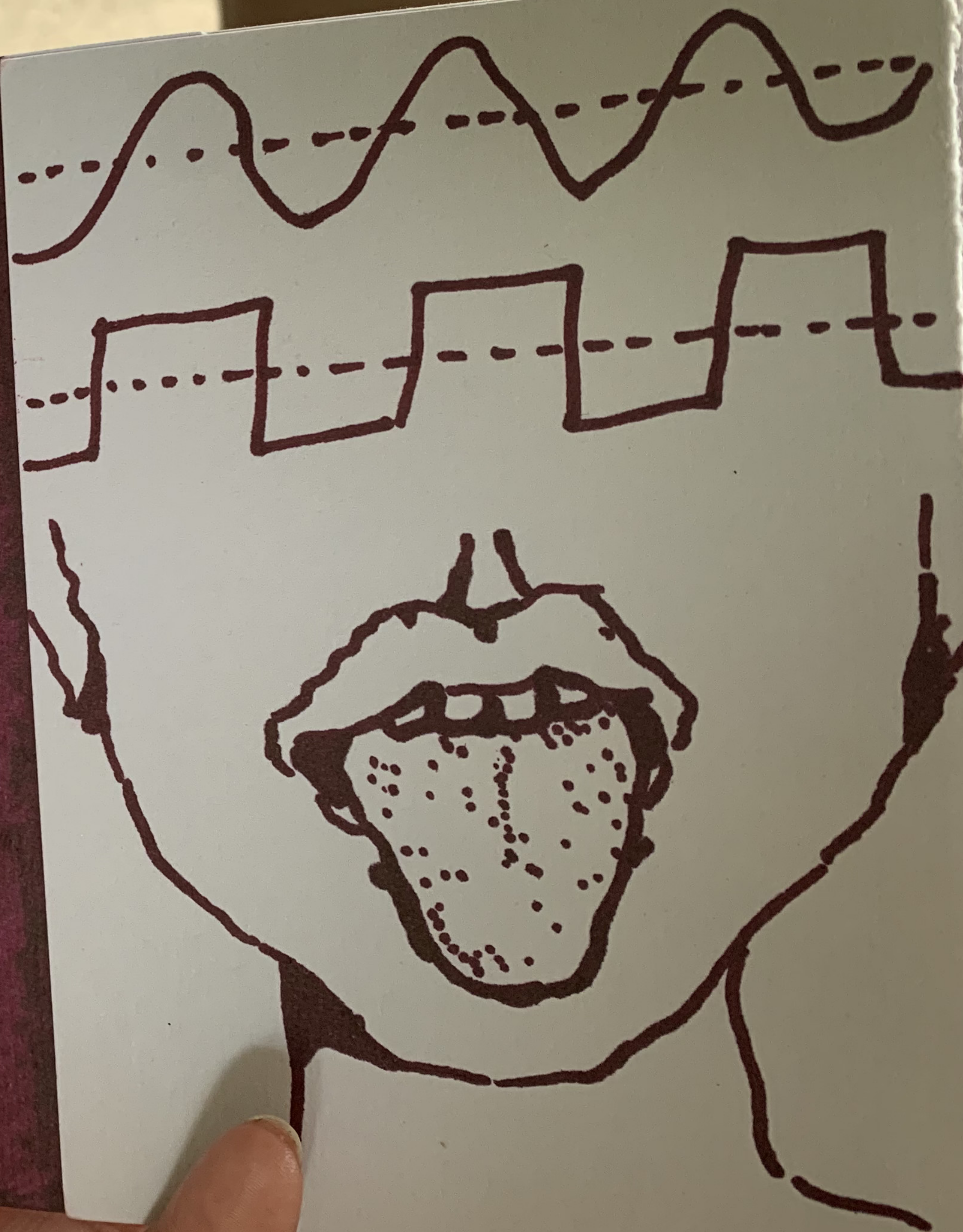
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to see such sights as this
what bliss
the crawling clouds and swimming skies
too high for you or I
consider then, the floating butterflies
and straying bumblebees
the firm dirt under me
all tribute goes...
to the occipital lobe!



salty, sour, sweet, umami
sips from bitter tea or coffee
thrills as clear
as skittles and beer
harp, piano, sax, guitar
sounds as sweet as azucar
sine, triangle, square, sawtooth
the flickering switch of Nosferatu
for tastes and sounds as good as these,
kudos goes...
... drumroll please...
to the temporal lobe!



Cuts! burns! bruises!
"et tu, Brutus?"
"et tu, Anubis?"
scars! gashes! holes!
beds of roses, beds of bolts! and —
... beds of roses?
yes, that too!
for silky, slick, soft, and smooth
who knew?
the parietal lobe, that's who



according to my calculations...
I act smart for validation
but this is besides the point
for every "danke schön" and "m goi"
every "assalamu alaikum"
and "shalom aleichem",
remembering the Alamo
and planning out a talent show,
all credit goes...
to the frontal lobe!

“ ”



deep breaths, deep breaths
our neural excursion must come to an end
but before you leave,
before you sleep,
take heed:
... "care to tell us?" you say, incensed
it's the cerebellum and the brain stem!
the former keeps your rings and rosies and ashes
without teetering
the latter keeps your breath and Z's a-catchin'
Auf Wiedersehen!

