



**Editor's Note:** *The author writes: "I'm often struck by the poetic beauty of the body. Poetry provides my favorite way to convey these natural wonders and retain a sense of mystery."*

### BRAIN CASE: IN FORTY-EIGHT FLUID OUNCES

Each day she carries a briefcase of bone  
filled with three juicy pounds of secrets  
unlocked by forty-eight oz. of wizards.

Every day she holds her mind in origami-  
folded wedges of memory and movement.

Some days she does not like the pearl-  
sized hypothalamus who seems to have  
no real regard for how she *wants* to feel.

Behind the shell of her forehead, a small  
argument forms, but before she can speak,  
she must run each debate by Brocha's area  
then await the mysterious transformation  
of her fluid thoughts poured into words.

In an eye blink, the occipital section of her  
briefcase links images to information, but  
the concealed wizards get there first then  
tell her only what they're willing to reveal.  
Oh, well. She won't open the case by herself  
anyway. You might as well give her the truth.

Give her purple to drink and pictures drawn  
by magnets! Draw her perspective. Draw her to  
someone who loves her or, at least, will assess  
her attaché case before emptying everything  
out. Find a soft handle. Hand her a hanky.  
Handle each nerve with a pledge and a glove.

*Mary Harwell Saylor, BS  
Lake Como, FL*