

# Inviolable

Arthur Ginsberg, MDCM

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## Correspondence

Dr. Ginsberg  
arthurginsberg@msn.com

We know nothing of the secret life of brain,  
even as it propels ideas onto this page,

only what essence evaporates when the nectar  
of blood is blocked, or parts are excised

and discarded. If we could hike its ruts and ridges,  
rappel down serpiginous arteries and veins,

nothing more would we know of the 3-pound  
melon floating serenely in its sterile sea.

Cut it, magnify it—the mystery deepens,  
as when a fox eludes the hounds. Shock it

to elicit a twitch, lobotomize, sever  
its callosal bridge. Isolated from its 5 senses

brain withers like cornstalks in a drought.  
At autopsy, this vibrant, pulsatile organ

wears death's gray cloak. Listen to the pathologist  
pontificate, measure and weigh, pluck out a tumor

that rendered this human unable to recognize  
his mother's face. There's simply no way

to interrogate what cannot be seen from inside  
brain's domain—no way to take a head and spin it

in a centrifuge, hoping to float nubbins of what  
makes it tick. Appreciate the cortical mantle

snug as the polar ice-cap, that presses the brake pedal  
to control baboon impulses waiting like lava

to overflow. At war, clad in chameleon's skin, brain  
barters virtue, enables men to batter, shatter, impale

without a shudder. Where will you take us  
eons from now? Will our urges be purged or must we

remain cunning as crows? We revel in high tech's  
genetic code, but the secrets of cerebral splendor

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### Audio

Listen to Dr. Ginsberg read  
this poem.

[NPub.org/2e5c7v](http://NPub.org/2e5c7v)

stay locked in time's strongbox, inviolable  
and light years remote. Everything we are, the skull

contains—forests and oceans of love and hate,  
the quest to delve beyond what is said, dreams to fly

to another place. Brain, teach us to love our unlovable  
selves flawed as gemstones forged in rock, forgive

the carnival masks we wear that hold our worst  
nightmares of stick men, at bay. By all means,

connect the dots, probe for the seeds, chemokines,  
and stars hidden in this infinite garden. Ephemera

become more opaque as answers disappear into  
questions, and questions erupt

in a geyser of laughter—something cosmic  
that chains us to the knowable place.

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