

Sonnet to the Brain

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When lightning flies across a starlit sky,
I often meditate thine artful form
And see that very lightning ramify
Like lustrous roots—an oaken thunderstorm.

O Brain! Thy royal throne a humble stem
Through which commands in seamless fashion flow.
Thine arborescent lambency a gem;
An ancient *arbor vitae*'s afterglow.

Afloat inside a palace built with bone,
Thou mustn't claim thy keep cannot be harmed!
For every monarch, favored or unknown,
A host of fiendish foes stay ably armed.

Such grievous ailments splinter through thy prime;
Our quest for thee shall soothe thine aches with time.

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