Bodies

bodies

what’s up with that?

this cage of meat

these rivulets, these tiny pools

are but a means

there are two me

the me that i carry in my head

the me that i carry between my legs

one is about the here and now

one is about the future

this frame of bone

this bag of flesh

is the means by which

my brain walks around

gathering light and knowledge

that may aid me

in the future of my meat

my body is a means to carry my brain

my brain is a means to carry my mind

my mind is a way to carry my [soul](Soul.doc)

my soul is a [meme](file:///C:\Creative\Poetry\Wikipoetry\Meme.doc): it doesn’t exist, but it is here nonetheless

if you don’t know what a meme is

<http://www.wikipedia.com/meme>

but all of these things

genital and brain

are but a means to carry

my greedy dna

which wants to rule the world

i am only half a man

my brain has long since accepted this

my body has no reproductive capacity

my brain is motivating my meat

to no ends

Rats! Foiled again.

my body does stuff

it holds a pen

it types

it is a superlative lover (ask anyone)

(that was a joke, Andrea)

it goes from point a to point b

it inserts lever c into slot d

it hangs out in starbucks and drinks

a venti hazelnut americano with room

it misses you

wait, that was my brain talking

there is a certain memetic crossover there

brains often confuse themselves with bodies

is the pleasure i get from you

in my body or my brain?

i vote for brain

where lives my soul

which is only complete

in you