

brain poem

by Lili Raynaud

it was thursday night

martini

pick

thru my frontal lobe

we wanted to see the ocean

half-drunk on a boardwalk lobotomy

the world was big & it was ours

we could've swallowed the moon

like a raw scallop

carved out of its shell with a swiss knife

& split in half

salty and pure

we could've swum the channel half blind

it's like

a sting of the synapses

like finding layers of truth under this one

1,2,3, tug!

fishbones arent wishbones

but oh well make do with what you have

ask the genie dripping wet

where do i go from here

he says nothing

he says nothing

then a splash