

CHICKEN BRAIN

Ka Wai Cheung, November 2023

There was a thing you were going to say, wasn't there? The statement of fact queued up in your left frontal lobe. Sent down toward your Broca's area. Ready to be transmitted as dialect for your spouse to hear. Then, you thought of something else. So slight. For just a brief moment.

I was going to tell you something.

This does not help. It does not unlodge the nugget of information that was at the forefront of your mind eleven seconds ago.

What was it?

That question—posed to you,—also seems to offer nothing of value. You're fairly certain it was something. But after that, nothing.

You look up at the ceiling, then down and to your right, replaying the last thirty seconds of your existence. Foraging for cranial breadcrumbs. You were thinking about this. You were walking from over there to where you are over here. You briefly stared at the calendar on the fridge. Then you lost it. Lost the thing you apparently had. Cut your losses now and move on.

I forgot what I was gonna say.

This feeling at first will alarm you. Is it early-onset dementia? You run through a self-assessment quiz. Name. *Check*. Date of birth. *Check*. Social security number. *Check*. Name all three of Tom Cruise's ex-wives.

Nicole Kidman. *Check*.

Mimi Rogers. *Check*.

And that girl from Dawson's Creek. What was her name dammit.

Helms?

Holmes??

Holmes!

Yes Elizabeth Holmes!!!

This is not dementia. This is just your chicken brain—fully devolved.