After a long night
(or morning?)
of studying, you imagine
wedging a bookmark

into your gray matter—
a bookmark, because
who would want
a dog-eared brain?

You can never remember
where you leave off.
The brain does not catalogue
like a filing cabinet,

but if it did,
what would you lock
in the cortex’s folds?

Memories for safe keeping,
or ones to forget?
Some recollections
always stay
out of sight,

whether or not
you want them to,

and the cabinets collect

shrouds of dust—

unlike poetry, memories

never read from left
to right. Your brain

is a studio,

not an office, your mind

a beautiful, furious network

of paint splatters,

overlapped and intertwined.