

Art Studio
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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.