
POETRY | SPRING 2018

They Sold My Brain To Science

By Sarah Sparks

they split my head
neatly in two
and kept both halves
for themselves
they should have had
cleavers instead of hands

a million little points
of bright pain driven light
crept up inside my eyeballs
each jabbing a needle
into the center of my brain
with uncanny accuracy

I prefer large handfuls
of blue pills
over this havoc
electricity plays
on neurological pathways
like flapping geese on fire

I'd like the two halves
of my skull back
if you please
and some glue
to patch up the cracks
and some rubber bands
to hold the whole mess together

I mean they took Einstein's brain
and look what happened to him
pickled in a big gallon jar
with ancient thoughts beating against the glass
like trapped butterflies
and no little blue pills
to make it all go away

I would much rather keep my head

firmly affixed to my shoulders
and let rot do the rest
than spend an eternity
staring at distorted pinched faces
of complete strangers with little 'o's for mouths
behind two inches of formaldehyde and warped laboratory glass

Sarah Sparks is a witchcraft poet, unstable patron, neurotic sex symbol, midnight raider, over-educated sadist, and generally only dangerous to herself and a few unfortunate bedmates. She can be found haunting the halls of academia, frequenting shady establishments and eating candy at home in bed when the mood takes her.

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