

Sad Songs of the Brain

Tunnel

The brain's a tunnel
the world howls through,
pulverising these inner cells,
exquisite forms and halls
of being. We were made for better
than the world we've made,
these incessant storms and convulsions,
corruptions of the Word.
The brain's a tunnel
the world howls through,
dust through dust, I to Thou.

Mansion

My brain's a mansion large as the world.
Past my own borders I feel nothing
as if there were no outside.

But when I wander the rooms of my brain
I get lost
and each door I open in my wanderings
each thought and memory
each passageway I pace

visits pain upon me
wormwood and grief.

There can be no comfort
in my house, no peace.
There is no refuge here.

Between Worlds

If the Word is beginning and end of life
and soul is aerial to the Word

and if my soul has no home in me
unless it reside in my brain

then seek for the Word somewhere in my brain
when I am dead.

But where will you find it ?
In which unequal hemisphere of my split brain ?

They do not meet.
They do not join.

I believe the Word drifts and grieves
in the vast cavern between.

Rogan Wolf January 2017

In his important book "The Master and His Emissary," the psychiatrist Iain McGilchrist finds that our two brain hemispheres are in conflict and the gap between them is growing.