

*The Mind*

Why do we act as if rocks are harder than faces?  
With their granite brows  
And jaws fixed in avid devotion to the active mind within,  
The slipping lids, cold lips, and blue chin,  
And the cheeks—a tint of gray slipping in.

Why do we act as if ice is colder than hands?  
With their calloused skin  
And knuckles white in avid devotion to the troubled mind,  
The darkened spots, cracked nails—tales of time,  
And the weakening grip—another sign.

But then again,  
Why do we act as if flowers are sweeter than looks or  
touches?  
With their healing power,  
The soft communication of both in avid devotion to the  
mind's muse,  
They consider; they accept; they refuse,  
And each carries—each carries its silent clues.

Why do we act as if armies are greater than minds?  
With their fine-tuned flexibility,  
Changing and twisting in avid devotion to the power it deems,  
Their comas, their seizures, their dreams,  
And they contain the world—or so it seems.