

The extrados
of thought are your
cerebellum a line
from temple to temple
in your head, the words
memorized like
strung together lightning
bolts, you must
ride the writing lightning
cephalad poem
feeling no pleasure
nerves calling to
mind shots of mental
thunder and no hardons
please mutilating
the words
the mind sits there
in our own heads
in common to human
thinkings the toil
and twirl throughout
heads the world round
and believe it or not
somebody reads you