**A Question**

Bracha K. Sharp

Understand that if I had encamped only on the pages
Of those textbooks and seen it—

flat and pink,

or flooded in neon colors,

floating—

then would I have known it could change?

Oh dear scientists who wrote my textbook, standing behind a lab desk

in what I presumed were your stiff white coats,

mixing jeweled liquids in beakers,

creating smoking substances that

touched the ceiling,

perhaps you thought all was fixed.

And now I bring to you
this brain. With hanging cord,

and crenelations,

tender, it hums—

Now hangs, now floats,

suspended above my bed,

brain stem as pendulum,

swinging through the velvet darkness—

and I, collecting the seeds it throws,

channeling down

rooted

into the moist soil of my dreams.