

Forgetting My Head

You'd forget your head if it wasn't attached
my mother would say, and O how often I've tried
to do exactly that, decapitation devoutly wished

when I would rather be almost anything else but wise,
a me I tend to imagine airy and daft as a cloud
suffused with the blue sky and sun too brilliant to see.

No thinking today, thank you, brain, shop closed,
gray matter wrung out to a white fluff in the wind.
Time without time bombs and plenty left to do nothing

for a change — of attitude. perspective, heart — but no,
not get that again, keep it light as cumulus,
no thunderheads, just mares' tails ad cirrus wisps

wandering lonely as the worthy Mr Wordswords,
frontal lobe empty as a smiling bronze Buddha,
hands in lap above his two root and sacral chakras.