

24.

## Poem about Thinking

I heard some mind researcher say that we average 60,000 thoughts a day; eighty-five percent of them are worries, and ninety-five percent are repetitive. It's a not-so-merry-go round of automatic thinking. What is brain, and what is mind, and where is consciousness? The "hard problem" it is called— the location and source of consciousness. Maybe the Great Consciousness is whatever God is and our simple minds are just partial receivers. **Go anywhere with a poem about thinking.**

### Thinking

Don't you wish they would stop, all the thoughts swirling around in your head, bees in a hive, dancers tapping their way across the stage? I should rake the leaves in the carport, buy Christmas lights. Was there really life on Mars? What will I cook for dinner? I walk up the driveway, put out the garbage bins. I should stop using plastic bags, visit my friend whose husband just left her for the Swedish nanny. I wish I hadn't said Patrick's painting looked "ominous." Maybe that's why he hasn't called. Does the car need oil again? There's a hole in the ozone the size of Texas and everything seems to be speeding up. Come, let's stand by the window and look out at the light on the field. Let's watch how the clouds cover the sun and almost nothing stirs in the grass.

Danusha Laméris.  
in *The Moons of August*.

### Radio Free Brain

*Radio Free Brain...24/7 station  
...permanently set on scan.*

Gregory Orr

Inside the circle of self  
brain forever chatters.  
Flailing and railing,  
this frequently foolish organ  
contorts toward meaning.

It swims rivers of memory  
toward the vast ocean of eternity,

where at last, perhaps,  
brain relaxes,  
flips off the radio  
to open like a blossom,  
in silence beneath the stars.

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## Climbing the Golden Mountain

*Silence is the golden mountain.*

—Jack Kerouac

Listen. Turn  
everything  
off. When  
the noise  
of our lives  
drifts away,  
when the  
chatter of  
our minds  
sinks into  
that perfect  
lake of nothing,  
then, oh  
then we can  
apprehend  
that golden  
mountain,  
always there,  
waiting for  
us to be  
still enough  
to hear it.

Michael Kiesow Moore  
anthologized in *How To Love the World:  
Poems of Gratitude and Hope*  
edited by James Crews