There is nothing sexy about our brains ⇒
We can’t see it (them) ⇒
We don’t want to see it ⇒
It ⇒
The dank labyrinth where our souls hide from us ⇒
But if our soul hides from us there or, here in our brains, where is this us? ⇒
What is this us? ⇒
This us on the outside of our brain cleaved from our soul? ⇒
Wandering Lear-like on the other side of our moated castle⇒
Storm tossed and betrayed ⇒
Back in the mind of Lear we trace our steps ⇒

But why start with sex? ⇒
Or sexy? ⇒
Why not? ⇒
The brain and it’s attractiveness? ⇒
No one ever falls for someone’s brain, do they? ⇒
One only falls for that which is outside the castle⇒
That which is neither brain nor bedraggled soul ⇒
What then is this us that wanders beyond the soul’s castle: the brain ⇒
What is the us that ties us to us ⇒
This us that calls us to wander in another’s soul ⇒
How do we refuse the call to, as Robert Frost put it, “Come In” ⇒
With his rough-hewn country wisdom Frost instructs us to stay “out for stars” ⇒
So is the notion of an incandescent and ponderable soul just a more homey, comfy sofa on which to recline? ⇒
Are we more contented to wander down the carpeted forking path of the psyche in the brain’s hiding places than to tarry in the cold star-light? ⇒
Is psychology, with it’s dimly lit linoleum and fearsome passageways, more agreeable to us than the raw fortune-telling sky? ⇒
Even with psychoanalysis’s voracious minotaur at our heals? ⇒

But remember ⇒
We built this fortress ⇒
Stone by stone ⇒
year in and year out ⇒
Or did we? ⇒

Who built our brains, if not us? ⇒
Our hapless Elsinore ⇒
Not the bard beyond reproach ⇒

But love? ⇒
Was it love that built the moated brain? ⇒
The castle without a gate ⇒
With no exit or entrance ⇒
Only continual wandering with no outside or in ⇒
A door knob that can’t be grasped ⇒
but whose hands-hold-tremble ⇒
Love locks us out of our own brains ⇒
Love is us ⇒
This us and that us ⇒
Love without soul, or recourse to any souls ⇒
That is us ⇒
That is the us that is us and the us that is⇒