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A Mighty Fortress is Our Brain

A Mighty Fortress is Our Brain
(Mark Graham)

A mighty fortress is our brain, the mind a perfect treasure
To seek its worth, 'twould be in vain, its value beyond measure.
Aloft the neck the brain resides in high rent penthouse splendor
O'er fleshy empires it presides and suffers no pretenders.

The mighty brain is oft beset by life's cruel tribulations,
In drugs and demon alcohol it seeks its liberation.
Although its trials may be great, it still seems quite ironic
That it should feel subdominant and return to the tonic

But lurking in rebellion are the wily genitalia,
A-waiting 'til the brain's engaged in wild bacchanalia
And if thus engaged the brain receives a winged shaft from Cupid
The genitals and hormones strike, the brain is rendered stupid.

The brain sometimes for exercise wull pump some mental iron
At Harvard, Princeton, Dartmouth, Yale or other like environs,
Does twenty reps of calculus or speeds through Shakespeare's sonnets,
But mostly lifts the tons of s*** that will be heaped upon it.

The brain and thumb together wrought our whole civilization,
The humble thumb just does its job, contented with its station.
And while the brain proclaims itself God's gift to all creation
If anyone would like the job we're taking applications.

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