

62 Gram

Wrought in synapses and chemicals and electric signals, it sits there lodged deep in our heads. It beats, but is never beat, and can knock us off our feet or shoot us off into clouds, without sound, within seconds. It has taken man to space, destroyed advanced civilizations, made man survive. It is heads and it is tails. It carries roots of mankind and animal kingdom alike: Zion, Elysium, and Canaan for all life. The Promised Land for promised hands. It holds the key to power, to ecstasy, to indulgence. From serendipitous biology, we have emerged. Others have fallen by the wayside, unmentionables, forgotten about organisms with less. And so how does it feel? All this good fortune, the centuries of nature's trial and error? Homonidae to homunculus, it remains constant, and lateralized. We are the products of responses and reactions. Everything we do, everything we attempt to do (the failures and the successes), is because of the headquarters in our heads. That mush, existing nowhere else. Many have used their own in study, some go crazy trying to learn and understand it. Some have more access to it, some nosh it up, others poison it with THC and ethanol and amphetamines (somehow the sheer wonder of it isn't enough: "more chemicals!" cries the voice). Millions of years of artistic creation, debauchery, exploitation, construction and deconstruction, perform and reform—Bach and Warhol and Newton and Tarantino. Geniuses in their own right, but slaves to that space between the eyes. This is where everything around us is borne, *the* Ground Zero of evolution. This is where we exist. This is where nerves connect. This is where abilities and probabilities flourish. This is no ample space. This is a room. And this is the room where life happens.