

My Head is an Edifice

What if your head were an edifice?
What sort would it be?

Light and airy,
With ideas streaming out of banging screen doors?

Or dark and gloomy,
With ponderous thoughts stomping down darkened stairways?

A grass hut,
With ancient superstitions crouching in its corners?

Or an LA McMansion,
With nonsense notions sliding down polished bannisters?

**

A house of mirrors,
With everything in the world reflecting off of you?

Or a house of cards,
Threatening to come tumbling down at a moment's notice?

What edifice is my head, you may ask.
A bit of all of the above, I'm afraid to say.

But one day I'm going to build
A log cabin for my head,

Hewn from sturdy notched timbers,
Chinked with moss to keep the cold winds out.

** The list of edifices is almost endless. Here are a few more:

A medieval manse,
Eschewing all modernity?

The Parthenon,
With Golden Numbers from base to pediment?

The Dome of the Rock,
With the heads of shoeless men touching the ground?

The Empire State Building,
With its phallic shaft pointing up at empty space?

And why not compose some of your own "My Head is an Edifice" couplets, using the formula of 1) structure and 2) a description indicating the mental state it evokes? Extra credit for alliterations!

Dom Trans*

Wondering whether to wear the leather
When I come out tonight.

And down at the bar,
What might I meet there?

We are all polymorphously perverse,
Or so Sigmund says.

Why do they hate us so?
We who are not, and do not, like them?

*Dom Trans is the name of a truck freight company in Spain, and one often sees sixteen-wheelers on the highways with this name on them—a name that wouldn't go over very well in the US. I don't recommend googling "Dom Trans" as the results include, in addition to the freight company, some rather salacious links.