

# Mr. Worm: A Journey Through Cheese

Hay Howe

A little worm squeezes through the gaps in my brain,  
The strawberry jelly sustenance,  
Made of proteins/fats/carbohydrates, kinda like Swiss cheese.  
Mr. Worm squirms in circles around the little bean that lies in the middle of my cheese wheel.

You know,  
The smallest part, that supposedly is the control center for emotion.

“Think with your Swiss cheese and not your blood-pumper.”

No wonder my blood-beater takes over:  
My emotions are not bean shaped,

they're effervescent and overflow  
into rigatoni-noodles.  
My humanness can't help but linger on all there is to feel.  
—How can I exist here in the right now with no grin?

*Author's Note: This poem is based on the phrase “think with your head and not your heart.” I think it takes humanity out of emotion; we're meant to feel things bigger than our brains can even comprehend (that's part of what makes us individual and unique humans).*