Primary Consciousness[1]

Matthew Diomede

The cerebral concussions of the night
fracture my consciousness until I
see my dreams passing across and into my brain,
bringing contusions I resurrect,
and in the resurrection,
I find what I thought I would remember.
I awake and take
my fractured brain to the doctor.
I hold it in my hand—
it is only a small part
that is broken.

1. I am indebted to A.H. Maslow for the term.

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