



by Elizabeth Kensinger

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*(TO TWINKLE, TWINKLE, LITTLE STAR)*

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Wrinkle, crinkle, my cortex,  
all those folds make thought complex  
Sulci fall, and gyri rise,  
space for cells that make us wise

Wrinkle, crinkle, my cortex,  
all those folds make thought complex.

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*(TO ROCK-A-BYE BABY)*

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Fire, my neurons,  
all in a row  
One cell to another  
the message will grow

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(TO *ITSY BITSTY SPIDER*)

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The Blood Brain Barrier  
Keeps

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(TO A TISKET, A TASKET)

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A skill, a habit  
All learned as if by magic  
Rehearsed at night, 'til morning light  
Improvement just by sleeping  
By sleeping, By sleeping  
improvement just by sleeping  
Implicit types, enhanced by night  
Sleep leads to their safe-keeping

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(TO YANKEE DOODLE DANDY)

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Knee Jerk Reflex makes me kick  
Oh, I cannot control it  
tap a mallet on my knee  
and watch my leg jump forward  
“Knee Jerk