

My Amygdala Sighs For You

My frontal lobes worship your loveliness.

You titillate my sensory cortex
which craves the opportunity to
brush up against you
accidentally
more or less.

My superior colliculus scans the horizon in hope of glimpsing
you
your yellow shorts
no one else's
walking by.

I do not mean to stare.
My optic tectum made me do it.

My amygdala sighs
trembles
as it rummages through my memory cortex
seeking the sustenance of past images
images of your bright eyes,
your slender legs
your shapely t-shirt.

My olfactory bulbs want to snuggle their nose in your arm pits.

The whole of my limbic system
gathers at the foot of your image

wanting nothing more
Than to sit in your general vicinity

while it awaits
synaptic mail

Suggesting to it

Possibilities
of love.