

Body

With what dexterity and logic did nature make the human body,
It is created to do multitude of things,
With precision , poise, and purpose.

In some one hundred and fifty pounds of flesh and bone
Lies mind-boggling complexity,
It is amazing that a union of a sperm and an egg
Can create such a marvel.

In its ninety-three thousand miles of blood vessels,
Navigate the packets of fuel to energize it,
Its fourteen billion neurons buzz with information,
Processed by an incredible microprocessor,
Programmed on its open architecture,
To make sense of the outer universe,
To shape the inner world.

Is it all a body or a body and mind that drives us,
Centuries of debate has not settled the score in common thought,
But without free-will humans would be robots,
Bereft of the power of thought available to them.

The sensations of body tie us down to ground,
Giving life its earthy and beyond-mind character;
Body's mystique is nature's mystique.
With time the body changes,
Our corporeal existence,
A dagger thrust in the majesty of life.

A mind dies many a time,
But a body only once,
Each body is unique and bears the impress of its mind,
With a body's death a world comes to close,
An awake- dreaming comes to end.