

Thinking I Think

by Mark Warns

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My school days return from afar,
And among my emotional scars
Was when they ruined lunch,
And freaked me a bunch,
By showing a brain in a jar.

T'was gooey and gooey and dead,
But that's not what gripped me in dread.
What brought me the brink
Was thinking I think
With one of those packed in my head.