



by Elizabeth Kensinger

(TO *TWINKLE, TWINKLE, LITTLE STAR*)

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.

(TO *ROCK-A-BYE BABY*)

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

(TO *ITSY BITSTY SPIDER*)

The Blood Brain Barrier
Keeps

(TO A TISKET, A TASKET)

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

(TO YANKEE DOODLE DANDY)

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