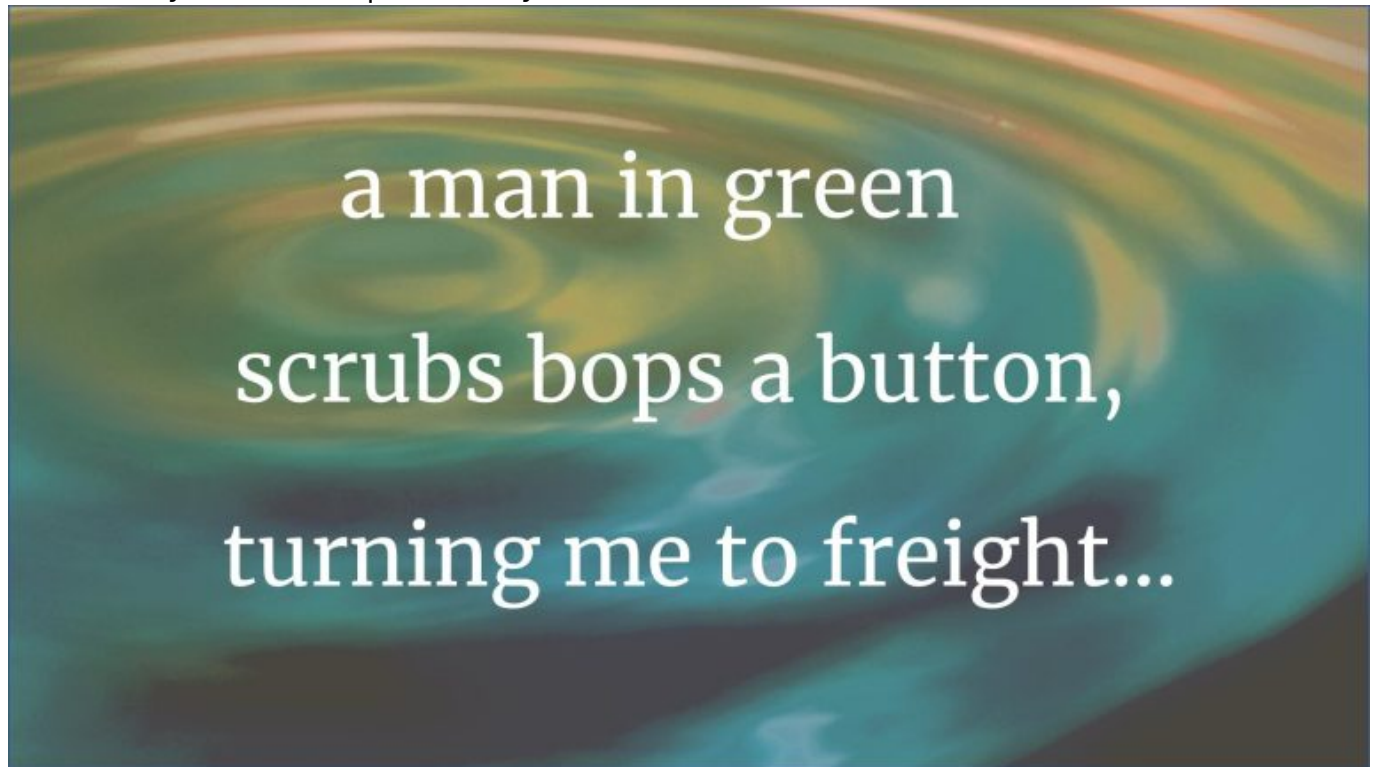


# Brain Scan

Category: Poems

written by Jenna Le | February 9, 2024



I slide into the MRI machine.  
Sleds slide downhill, propelled by their own weight;  
my movement's horizontal, made through means

outside of my control: a man in green  
scrubs bops a button, turning me to freight  
that's fed into the MRI machine.

The plank to which my body's strapped is lean,  
with no room for my hands. I relocate  
them, curve my palms against my stomach. Mean

and meager is this tract of which I'm queen,  
and I have zero subjects to dictate to  
in this lonely MRI machine,

yet one small joy lurks: heated blankets screen  
me from cold air, so I can concentrate  
on my interior life, the dopamine

rivers that unreel, outrush, careen  
when, weighing rhymes, my mind starts to create.  
I slide into the MRI machine,  
a movement teaching me what movements mean.