The Mongoose of the Mind

R. N. Jade
St. John Fisher College

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Cover Page Footnote
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Where comes the muzzle of the mind that, traps and holds the frustrated thought?
What springs its jaws to clamp so hard that, suffocating phrases only can escape?

A barbed barrier has sunk its teeth into the mind of man, and few are the thoughts that are not tattered and torn.

That the whole is made up of all its parts we grant; but when in searching for the whole, can we be sure we have all its parts?

Isn't every man tortured by the knowledge of unknown knowledge: doesn't he feel the torture of the teasing mind that works and waits within?

To pry this thing from within, to grasp the waiting light; is this the final agony of man's existence or is there not a prod,

that employed will belly in among the confines of the mind and seizing the cobra thought, drag it forth and reveal it to all?

We can crush a skull and pick apart the brain and augur what we will, but how are we to clutch and hold the thoughts that are there still?

The key is lost that fits the lock of thought: no arm comes forth from lily pond to hold it within our sight.

Yet still it's there-in the wilderness beyond the latest thought and soon it must be found.

And when it is, use it well and fear its mighty grasp, for just as the muzzle has its strength, so does the unmuzzler.

For the mongoose of the mind is quick and strong and can yield a universe; and too it can devour all and leave not one small verse.

R.N. Jade