

The most important one

There was a debate between mind and heart... to win an award for the most vital part.
All other tissues and organs held fast ... they'd first hear both sides, then votes they would cast.

The head it began its most eloquent speech, ... "My dearest of friends, to you I beseech"
"Acknowledge my efforts and all that I've done ... Give me your vote for how smoothly you run"

"I organise all of your duties each day" ... "I decide when we should work, rest or play"
"With all of the memories and dreams that I make ... even asleep, I ne're take a break"

The heart took its turn when the mind's talk was done ... "Remember good friends about laughter and fun"
"Love is essential, passion and joy" ... "Life would be boring were it not for I"

"I bring the warmth to a tender embrace ... when looking upon a dear loved one's face"
"Yes, I'll admit that some days I bring sorrow ... but always the promise of more love tomorrow"

While others decided, the skeleton spoke ... "If you ask me, this debate is a joke"
"Without my structure, what would you do ... with a soft bag of muscles, organs and goo?"

The muscles piped up, "Don't be a jerk!" ... "Sure, we are the ones who do all the work"
We lift and we heave, we pull and we drag" ... "Without us nothing could be done with this bag"

Now with the floor open, others jumped in ... the hormones, the blood, the senses, the skin.
All wanting a vote for the roles that they play ... And to be fair, they had something to say.

When it finally seemed that all had been said ... the votes could be cast, the debate put to bed.
In that sweet silence, as they pondered their choice ... "I want your votes", came the bold sphincters voice.

The mind roared with laughter "Surely you jest!" ... "There's no way, among us, that you are the best!"
The others laughed too at the gag they had heard ... A sphincter to win, how truly absurd!

The sphincter said loudly "You really should stop ... For if you don't then I'll shut up shop"
They didn't, he did, and after three days ... awarded the sphincter with tributes and praise...

For joy was quite hard for the heart when in pain ... movement was too, when under such strain.
The mind, it let go of its need to be right ... It isn't worth much when everything's shite!!

We all need the planner, the dreamer, the lover ... the work of the unsung, all done undercover.
But, have you considered this point, for it's true? ...

When all's said and done, we need assholes too!

