

The Purkinje Listener

By Youlan Li

*In the folded hills of the cerebellum,
A tree fans out in silent rhythm.
Its trunk, one cell; its limbs, a lace,
A planar sketch in neural space.*

*Dendrites branch like frozen flame,
Flattened neatly within one plane.
Not for beauty, though it gleams,
But to catch the threads of granule streams.*

*Above, granule cells send their call,
Parallel fibers, fine and small.
They rise, then turn at perfect right,
And brush the branches left to right.*

*Not once, but endlessly; each dendrite feels
A thousand paths, a thousand threads.
The signals come in parallel lines,
But this tree weighs, and then defines.*

*It does not shout. It does not race.
It filters noise with patient grace.
From chaos, it selects what's true,
What to ignore, and what to do.*

*And as the body sways or slips,
A message passes through its tips:
Adjust. Refine. Begin again.
Make smooth the tremor. Still the strain.*

*This is no rigid, brittle form,
But one that bends to match the storm.
To learn from error, feel, adapt,
Its wisdom lives in every gap.*

*So here it stands, with patient will,
A single cell that moves us still.
From branch to branch, it helps us be
Not perfect, but in harmony.*