Kidus Lemma

English 12 HN

Byrd

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Final

The mind has no correlation to the brain. It might be hard to believe but it is a

fact and I insist on its merit. I have every right to be as sure as I am since I am a human

being, with both a brain and mind, the only criteria needed to be. I am not a doctor or

any member of the medical field, nor can I brandish a PhD. Although I have taken a

high school Psychology course, if that adds to my credibility. Being one with my mind, I

can say that it’s powers are indeed limitless; taking numerous shapes and forms, it is the

gift of humanity, and unforgivably confused with something like a spongy Intel

Processor.

The mind is a gift from birth. If nothing or no one else I will always embody my

mind. It does not require a course to get to know it or a title that determines its state or

level. The more time that I spend with my mind the more I seem in touch with who I am

and what I am. It's not as though it gives me those answers but rather provides a

canvas for me to splatter abstractions. Slowly, my mind’s eye begins to piece together

what were formerly incomprehensible blurs into meticulously molded masterpieces; my

manic waltz with the brush becomes a choreographed dance of metacognition. This

was nothing like an epiphany, or the result of an event; rather the gradual

progress of day to day life. This started from an interest in my own consciousness and

is slowly blooming into what will one day become a rose of a deep and vibrant red.

It is important to remember that the mind has no restrictions. It does not have a

conceivable form or shape. This refusal to be something is what allows it to

be everything all at once. A part of my life in which the mind performs this trick, is when

I’m playing soccer. Since I have played the game from the time I could walk. It is

something very close to my heart. My mind takes the shape of Unbridled excitement

bubbling up, in anticipation of the ball reaching my feet. When it does, my brain tells my

feet to move from its control center in my head, but my mind takes the shape of my

beating heart and asks me how I want to express my feelings with the ball. Caressing

the ball with my first touch I express my love and gratitude, then with my next swift

movement I depict my excitement to be doing what I love. Next my mind takes the form

of the wind at my back allowing me to feel the thrill of the breeze as I too drift around the

field.

Not because of a high school class or a degree in psychology or neuroscience,

but because I am just a human being, can I proclaim that the mind is often an

inconceivable entity that is responsible for the existence I experience; not to be

confused with the operator of body, my mind is what brings me to life. My relationship

with my mind is built on emotion and metacognition; the solution to this misconception

lies in encouraging people to build theirs