

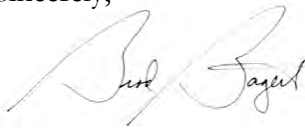
March 19, 2013

Brod Bagert  
**Muse Project**  
Batch #7  
Body Parts

Batch 7 consists of 15 science poems on the human body. To give you a quick overview of the poems I've included a *Table of Contents*.

Thanks again for being part of Muse Project and for everything you do.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read 'Brod Bagert', written in dark ink.

Brod Bagert

# Brod Bagert - Muse Project

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## Systematic Me (A Love Poem to My Body)

by Brod Bagert

My body's is very complex,  
much more than it might seem,  
it's got a bunch of awesome systems  
working as a team.

Oh skeletal system, I love you.  
O-yes-o-yes I really do.  
Without my sturdy skeleton  
I'd be a bowl of gelatin.

Oh muscular system, I love you,  
and if you do not think it's true,  
it isn't hard for me to prove,  
without you I could never move.

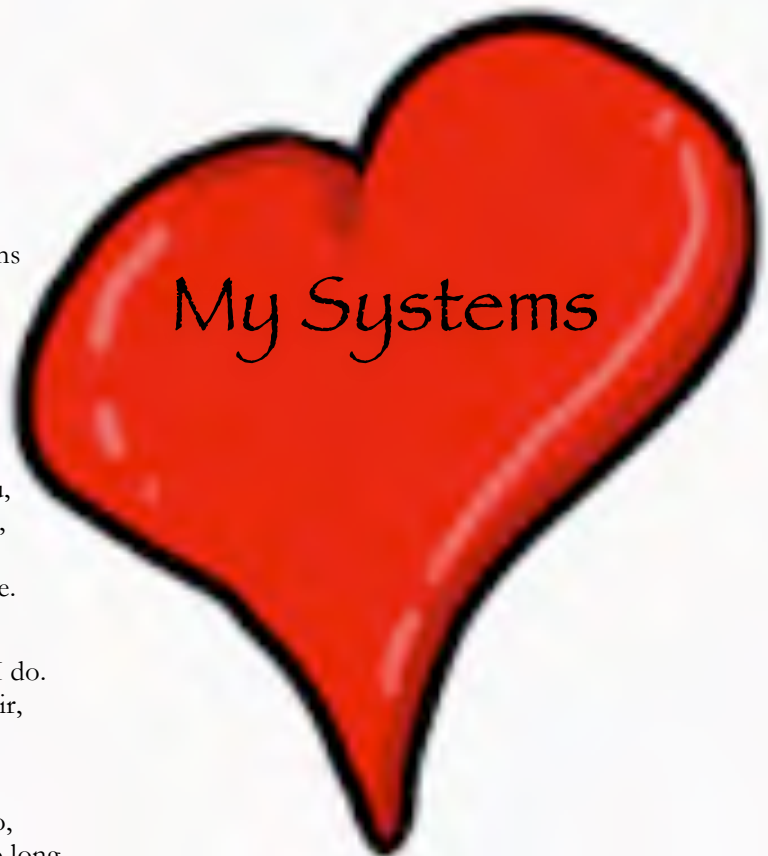
Respiratory system, I love you.  
I'm sure you know how much I do.  
Without you life would be unfair,  
I couldn't take a breath of air.

Digestive system, I love you,  
oh how I love that thing you do,  
You work so hard, you work so long,  
converting food to keep me strong.

Circulatory system, I love you.  
Delivery is what you do—  
The air I breathe! The food I eat!  
A heart that never fails to beat!

Sweet nervous system, I love you.  
How could it ever not be true.  
You give commands, you feel, you know,  
your brain completely runs the show.

Oh yes, my body's complex,  
much more than it might seem,  
it's got a bunch of awesome systems  
working as a team.



Note: This poem describes six of the systems at work in the human body; there are actually a total of eleven. The other five are the Excretory System, the Urinary System, the Endocrine System, the Reproductive System, and the Immune System.



## Sense Alive

by Brod Bagert

Senses, senses, I have five,  
Senses make me feel alive.

Everybody look at me,  
I have eyes that let me see.

Senses, senses, I have five,  
Senses make me feel alive.

Listen, listen, I can hear  
Giggle noises in my ear.

Senses, senses, I have five,  
Senses make me feel alive.

I can touch, I can feel,  
Everything I touch is real.

Senses, senses, I have five,  
Senses make me feel alive.

I want candy, I can't wait,  
Chocolate candy tastes so great.

Senses, senses, I have five,  
Senses make me feel alive.

In the bathroom Daddy goes...  
WISH I DIDN'T HAVE A NOSE!

PRIMARY & INTERMEDIATE- SC. 2. 102

*Shout: Little Poems that Roar*  
*Dial Books for Young Readers*

## Candy Poison

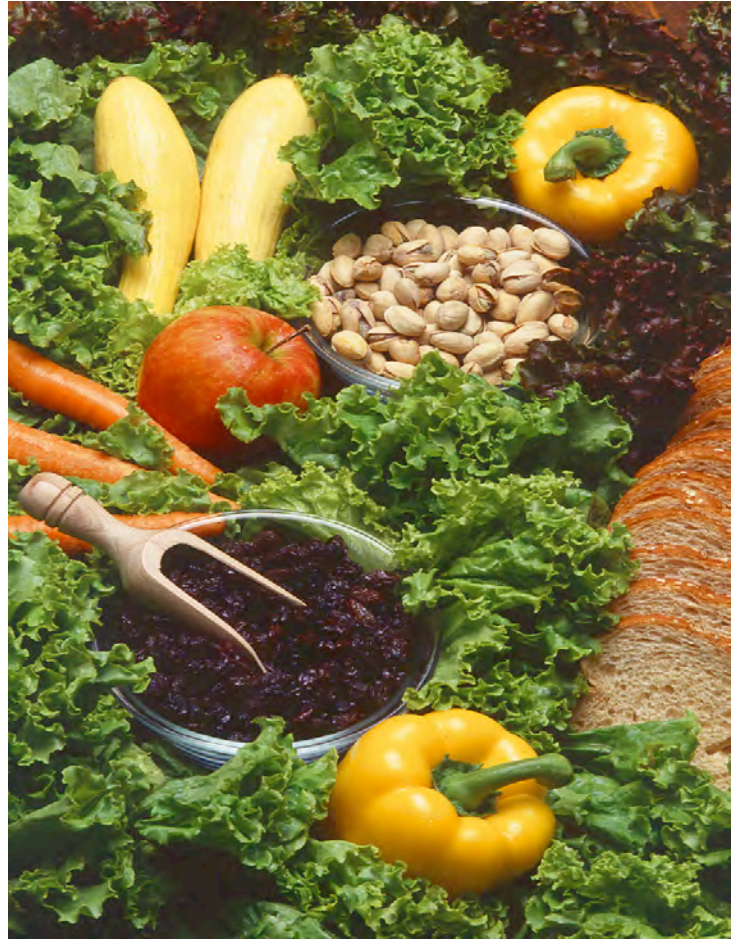
by Brod Bagert

You eat this. You eat that.  
Proteins! Vitamins! Minerals! Fat!  
Complex carbohydrates too!  
Open wide and CHEW, CHEW, CHEW!

I eat this. I eat that.  
Proteins! Vitamins! Minerals! Fat!  
I eat tons of candy too!  
All for me and NONE FOR YOU!

You eat wisely! I eat poorly!  
That's why I know, someday surely,  
surely someday, maybe quick,  
candy's going to make me sick.

You eat this. You eat that.  
Proteins! Vitamins! Minerals! Fat!  
Complex carbohydrates too.  
Help me learn to EAT LIKE YOU!



PRIMARY & INTERMEDIATE – SC. 2. 103

## Hankie Hygiene

by Brod Bagert

Oh my gosh! Excuse me please!  
I think my nose is going to sneeze.  
Oh my goodness! Oh despair!  
My germs will scatter everywhere.

I put my hand up to my face  
to keep the world a healthy place.  
And here it comes, the big **A-CHOO!**  
Oh no! My hand is full of goo!

There's nothing wrong with mucus.  
Mucus is a champ.  
It keeps your nose from drying up  
and keeps the tissue damp.

It also kills those dangerous germs  
that float around in air,  
so don't say it's disgusting  
cause it really isn't fair.

But all the same, when first you sniff,  
please get a nice clean handkerchief,  
and keep it ready on the spot,  
so you won't spray the world with snot.



*PRIMARY & INTERMEDIATE—SC. 2. 104*

*Poet & Professor Grade Five*

## Virus Tragic Opera

by Brod Bagert

I'm a very unusual entity  
with a very unusual feature,  
I can reproduce, but technically  
I'm not a living creature.

I have to invade a living cell,  
a cell all healthy and strong,  
but once it gets my DNA  
it won't be healthy long.

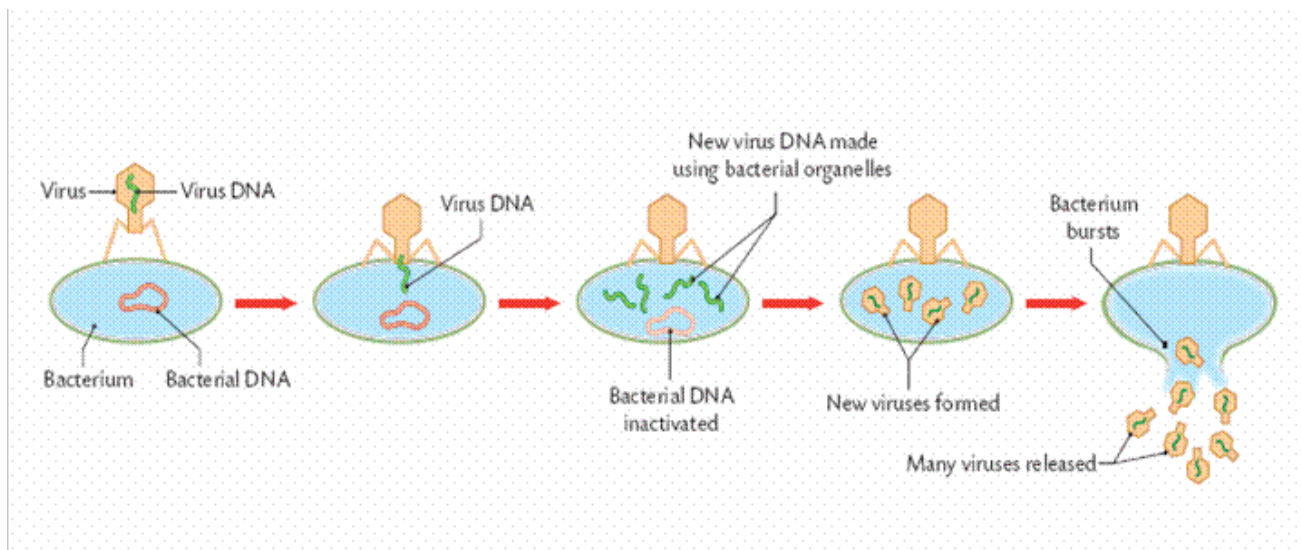
That cell starts reproducing,  
it does my work for free,  
cause it's reproducing nasty little  
viruses like me.

Sometimes that cell explodes,  
a breach of hospitality,  
but that's the way things are,  
it's a pathogen reality.

So everywhere I go  
it's unhappiness and strife.  
It's a virus tragic opera,  
but it's really not a life.

INTERMEDIATE, MIDDLE & HIGH SCHOOL – SC. 3. 105

Note: In this poem I use the word “reproduce” to describe how viruses multiply, which is not technically correct. Virologists, scientists who study viruses, use the word “replicate” to describe how multiply. You may have also noticed that the poem uses the word “DNA” while the illustration uses the word “RNA.” That’s because viruses are tricky, some have RNA and some have DNA.





## Sleeping with a Skeleton

by Brod Bagert

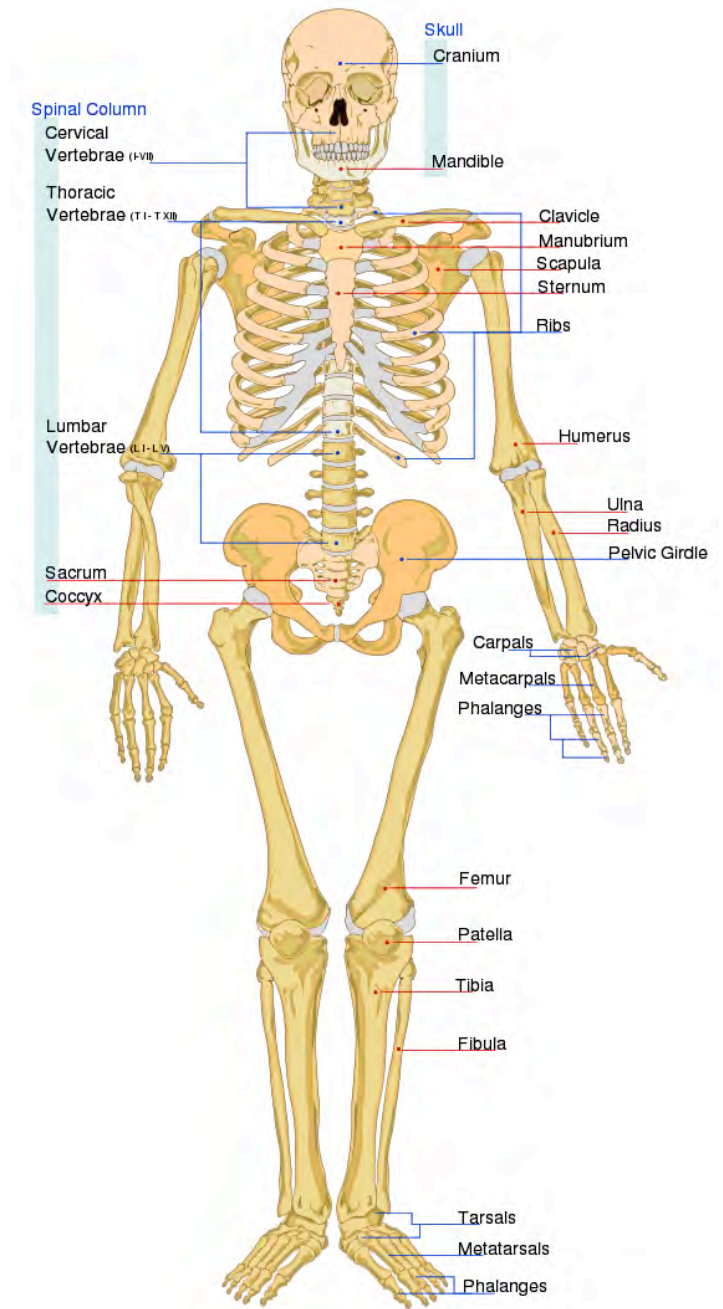
There's a skeleton in my bed,  
it's as quiet as can be,  
and we sleep together every night,  
that skeleton and me.

Bones and joints and cartilage,  
a scary work of art,  
with ligaments and tendons  
so it doesn't fall apart.

A skull all full of skeleton teeth  
each one a different size,  
with a single hole for the skeleton nose  
and two for the skeleton eyes.

It's covered up with muscle and skin,  
which makes it hard to see,  
but it's always right there in my bed  
right there inside of me.

I sleep with a skeleton every night.  
Don't laugh, you know it's true.  
There's a skeleton inside of me,  
just like the one in you.



PRIMARY, INTERMEDIATE, & MIDDLE – SC. 2. 106



## The Cookie Journey

by Brod Bagert



I'm just a cookie on a plate  
awaiting every cookie's fate.  
Someone bit me! Oh the fear!  
Holy smoke, it's dark in here!

Tooth enamel, sharp and white,  
tearing, grinding, left and right.  
Saliva swishing all around.  
Oh no! I think I'm going down!

This esophagus thing is a very tight space.  
It starts in a neck right under a face.  
A breathing-squeezing kind of hose  
that deep into a stomach goes.

Feel the acid! Feel the burn!  
This stomach has begun to churn.  
I'm turning to liquid! I'm turning to gas!  
Digestion progression is terribly fast!

I'm flowing now in a gooey soup  
through small intestine—loop-d-loop!  
Now large intestine, ah... at last...  
I'm turning back to solid mass.

But something has begun to smash,  
and now I'm falling... falling ... SPLASH!  
I'm floating in a big white well.  
Oh disgusting! What's that smell?

It's what our bodies love to do—  
Turning cookies into poo.

*PRIMARY, INTERMEDIATE, & MIDDLE – SC. 2. 107*

*Poet and Professor—Grade 4*

## Le Poop!

by Brod Bagert

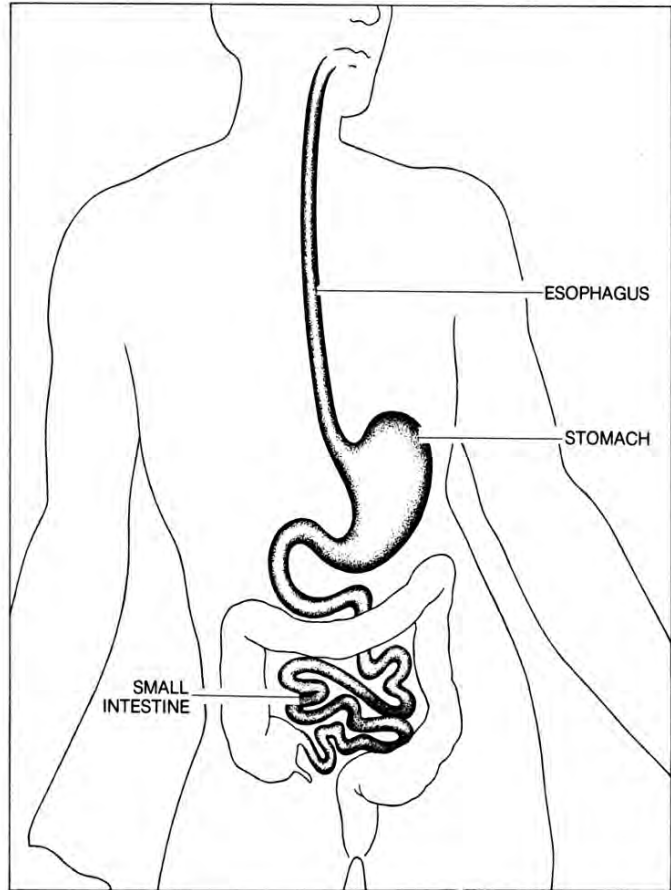
My body's good at digesting things.  
It's not so hard to do.  
I take a little bite of food  
and slowly start to chew.

My mouth starts squirting saliva  
which I think comes out of a gland,  
then I swallow through my esophagus  
and my stomach starts to expand.

That's where digestive juices  
(an enzyme and acid blend)  
break down the food as it moves along  
toward its ultimate end.

Through small then large intestine,  
about twenty-five feet in length,  
where good bacteria do their part  
but make a terrible stench.

The very last step is obvious,  
unless I've been eating soup,  
my abdominal muscles give a push,  
and then... Walla! Le poop!



PRIMARY & INTERMEDIATE- SC. 2. 108

# Respiration, Circulation, and Monsters

by Brod Bagert

Run-run! Flee-flee!

A hungry monster's chasing me!

Lungs breath! Heart beat!

Move legs! Move feet!



Respiration, circulation

help with human animation.

Through nose and mouth and past my tongue.

the air goes down into each lung.

Then in my blood and through my heart

and out to every body part

Lungs breath! Heart beat!

Move legs! Move feet!

Run-run! Flee-flee!

A HUNGRY MONSTER'S CHASING ME!

PRIMARY & INTERMEDIATE– SC. 2. 109

Note: This poem is in the voice of Emma Mackey, a fictional eighth-grader who describes herself as an “air-headed, boy-crazy blond Aquarius.” She’s also the smartest person in her class.

## Respiratory Failure

by Brod Bagert

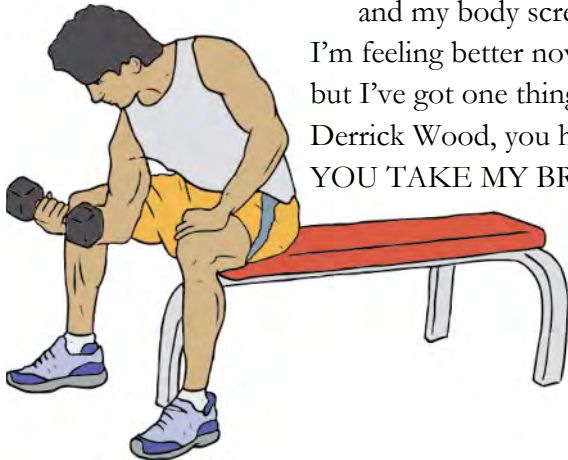
Today we studied the respiratory system:

The diaphragm contracts,  
air moves through the esophagus into the lungs,  
where gathers oxygen,  
flows up the pulmonary artery,  
back through the heart  
and out to the rest of the body.

Today we studied the respiratory system,  
and mine was working fine  
until Derrick Wood walked up to me and said hello,  
and as I gazed into his eyes...

My diaphragm did not contract,  
no air flowed though my esophagus,  
my alveoli took a vacation,  
and my body screamed for oxygen.

I'm feeling better now,  
but I've got one thing to say:  
Derrick Wood, you hunk of a man,  
**YOU TAKE MY BREATH AWAY!**



MIDDLE & HIGH SCHOOL – SC. 3. 110

## What is the Largest Human Organ?

by Brod Bagert

I have follicles for growing hair,  
a little or a lot.

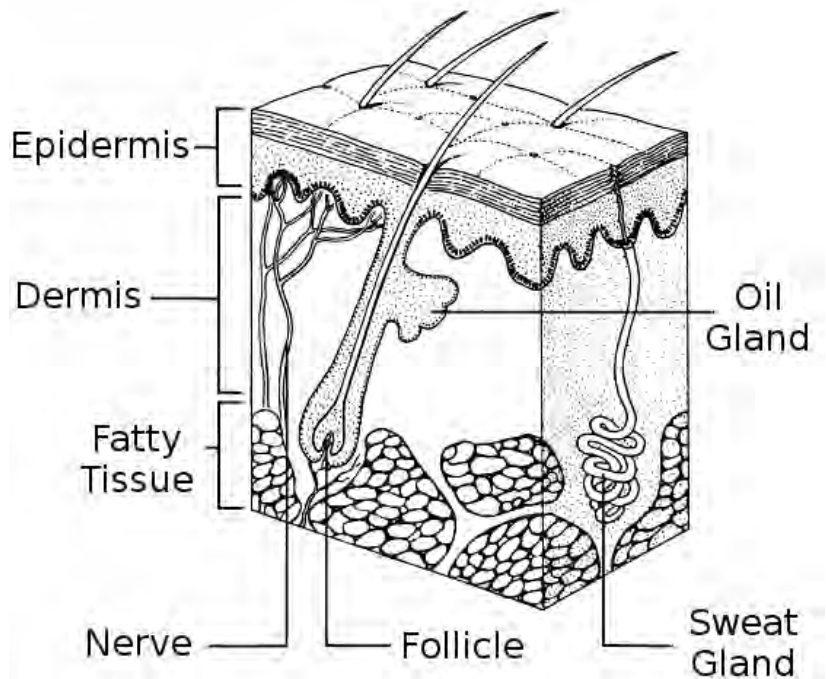
I have glands to make you sweat  
when you get a little hot.

I have blood to keep you cool,  
and fat to keep you warm,  
and nerves to let you know  
when you're headed into harm.

I have oil to make you waterproof,  
so swimming can be fun,  
and I even change my color  
to protect you from the sun.

If you look around your body  
you will see me everywhere:  
on your hands, on your feet,  
on your belly, on your face.

And I always have you covered,  
always there through thick and thin.  
I'm the biggest organ of them all.  
You know me as your... SKIN!

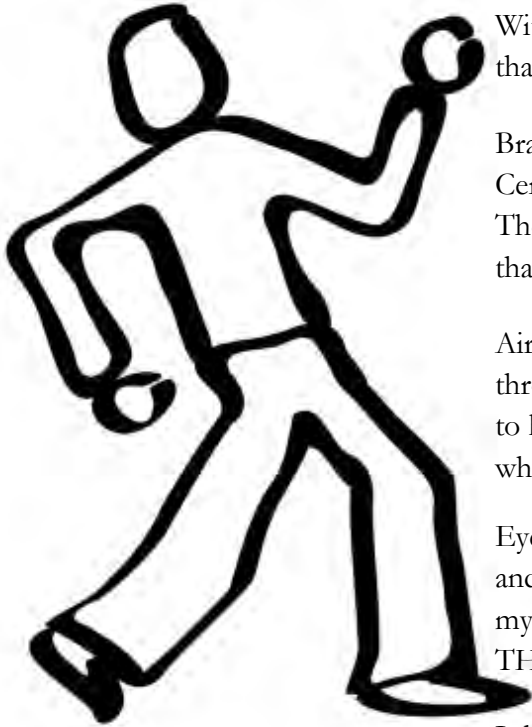


PRIMARY, INTERMEDIATE, & MIDDLE – SC. 2. 111

**Note:** Many scientific terms come from Latin and Greek words, which is why they sound weird when you hear them for the first time. The scientific terms for the three layers of the skin: *epidermis*, *dermis*, and *subcutaneous*. Eventually terms like this won't seem strange at all. It's like anything else, practice makes better. (Please don't worry about perfect.) In the mean time, just say the words out loud a few times to help your ears get used to hearing them. Some of you might want to do a little research to find the "etymology" (the source) of each of these terms. Here's a hint: "Epi" is a Greek word that means "on." "Derma" is another Greek word for "skin."

## A Booty-ful Part

by Brod Bagert



My skeleton? A bunch of bones  
with marrow at the core.  
Without it I would be a blob  
that rolls around the floor.

Brainstem? Cerebrum?  
Cerebellum too?  
The brainy parts inside my head  
that help me think of you.

Air in my lungs goes into my blood  
through artery and vein  
to keep my body working  
when my muscles start to strain.

Eyes and ears and arms and legs,  
and if you're not too snooty,  
my very favorite body part—  
**THE MIGHTY HUMAN BOOTY!**

It has three gluteal muscles,  
the strongest in my body,  
and they also give me padding  
when I'm sitting on the potty.

Live without a booty?  
I wouldn't take a chance,  
cause I really-really-really like  
to shake it when I dance.

*INTERMEDIATE, & MIDDLE – SC. 2. 112*



# Neurotransmitter Nuisance

or

## The Spark of Love

by Brod Bagert

Something very strange happened this morning,  
but I think I've figured it out.

Skin is full of nerve cells they call neurons,  
and when something touches it  
those neurons collect information  
and produce chemicals they call neurotransmitters  
that pass information from neuron to neuron,  
and end up in your brain,  
which interprets the message  
and immediately orders your body to respond.  
All of which explains what happened this morning.

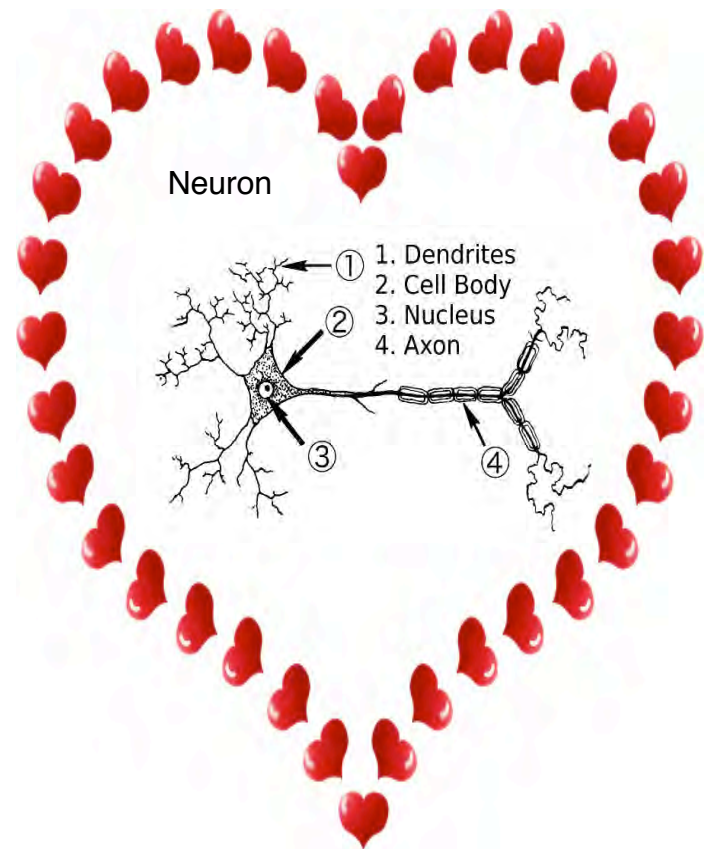
After first period I was at my locker  
and Haley May Maxamilian came walking up to me.

Haley May Maxamilian—  
black hair, hazel eyes, strawberry lips—  
she smiled...  
said hello...  
brushed the tips of her fingers against the skin of  
my cheek...  
and walked away.

Which is when it happened:

neurons,  
neurotransmitters,  
and a surge of information  
that thundered into my defenseless fourteen year-old brain  
like a bolt of lightening.

I'm feeling better now,  
but I've got one thing to say,  
those neurons can be dangerous  
with a girl like Haley May.



MIDDLE & HIGH SCHOOL – SC. 3. 113

## Mitochondria Mamas

by Brod Bagert

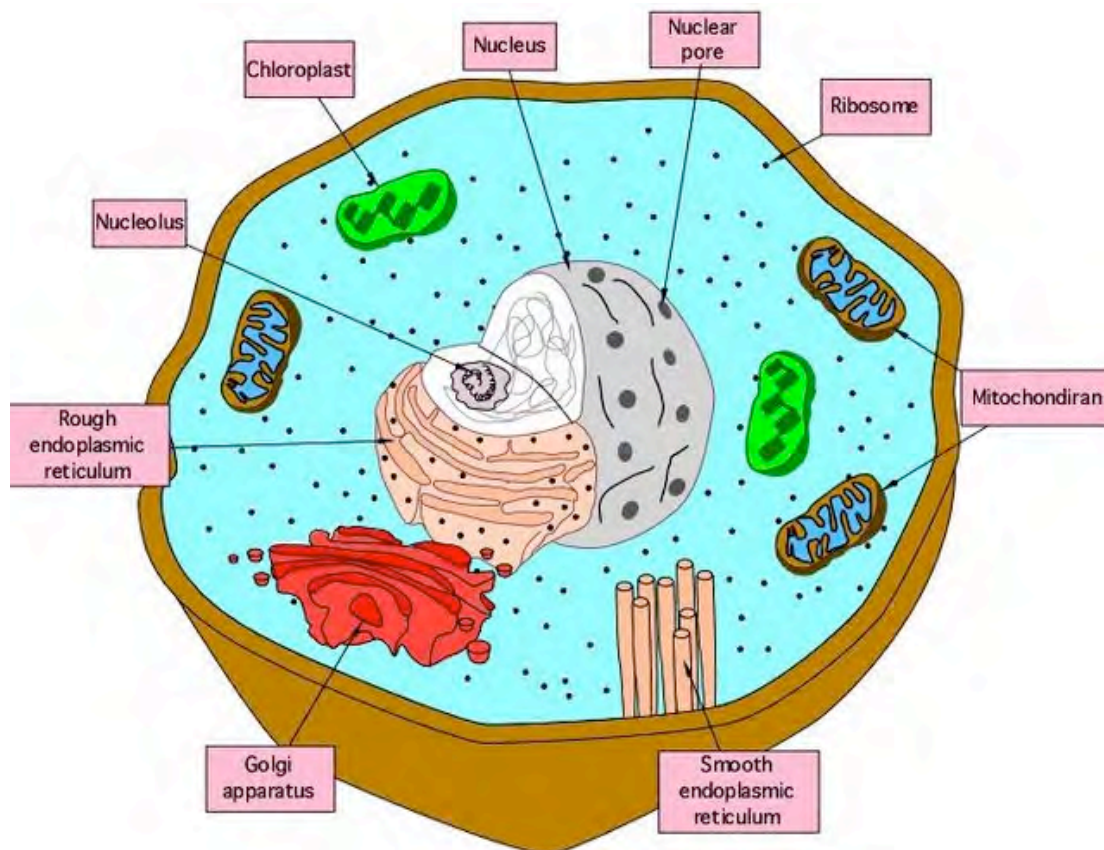
Little momma-organelle  
making food to feed a cell.

A power-plant inside a cell,  
it works so hard, it works so well,  
making lots of ATP,  
energy for you and me.

Little momma-organelle  
making food to feed a cell.

INTERMEDIATE, MIDDLE & HIGH SCHOOL – SC. 3. 114

**Note:** Mitochondria produce a substance called ATP. When ATP chemicals breakdown they release the energy that keeps living cells working.



## Zit Fit

by Brod Bagert

I have revealed the source of suffering.  
I have arrived at the center of pain.  
I have sounded the depth of science  
and come face to face with the enemy of humankind—

A single *cell* held together by a thin *membrane wall*,  
a simple *prokaryote* which,  
unlike her *eukaryote* sisters,  
has neither *nucleus* nor *organelle*,  
the ubiquitous nemesis of adolescent existence,  
known to science as the *staphylococcus bacterium*,  
and to the rest of us as the PIMPLE GERM!

Yes,  
I have sounded the depth,  
yet there it remains,  
this blemish,  
this small, pink, pulsating, pustule of pus  
perched precariously on the tip of my nose.  
And though I know the cellular composition of its pathogenic cause,  
neither I,  
nor an army of biologists,  
can make it disappear.  
And tonight,  
this very night,  
could be the moment I've been waiting for,  
the moment that darling Peter Finch decides to kiss me,  
but how can it happen with this stupid *staphylococcus* concoction  
in the middle of my face.

Thus failed by science,  
I join the women who came before me,  
a lineage of heartache leading back to the cave,  
as I stand before a reflective surface,  
place finger to finger at the base of my blemish,  
And squeeze.

Science has placed our feet on the moon,  
and yet it remains our fate,  
to stand before our mirrors  
popping pimples to prep for a date.

MIDDLE & HIGH SCHOOL – SC. 3. 115



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Thus done this 4<sup>th</sup> day of March, 2013,

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