

SOUL

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Soul sizes itself to what's around me.
I'm not certain what it is, my soul, but
we are shapely. I'm less certain, even,
what this is so near me, to which my soul

is stretched into the thinnest bands. Is it
liable to snap back if quickly released?
Will it hit me in the eye? Or stretched too
far will it break into a line? Perhaps

heaven has the same elasticity.
Perhaps heaven can be extended into
almost any shape. Of this, I'm certain,
sometimes I'm stretching, sometimes contracting,

and sometimes I'm waiting for something to
pull back. Which is why there are days when I
do nothing with it for hours, when I
wear soul on my wrist, or keep it in a cup.