

IN SEARCH OF SOUL

Yesterday past dusk, on my lush lawn I lay,
Instant flight, I permitted my gaze,
Into the void, past stars and galaxies.

Imagination took flight, of wist and fancy;
Will I meet up with familiar faces?
Will my folks materialize, greet me?
Are there such things as souls, roving?

Science-bred mind that I possess,
And long years of learning I've absorbed,
The logic and reasoning such as I've learned,
Teach me to question, to disbelieve.

Will non-beating heart and airless lungs,
Non-thinking brain and its mind,
Release somehow, a bearer of life,
This thing called "soul" of myth and folklore?

What if the heart's beatings resume,
And brain's waves return and awake,
Will soul slip magically back into place?
And put back on track life's phases?

What of the cells, alive and breathing,
A day, maybe two, past one's passing?
Did soul reside in organs but in cells naught?
Or fail to leave at death's instant?

What if the brain cells have long died?
Breathing lungs, and beating heart,
Vital organs, tissues that function,
Will part of soul leave brain, relocate?

Organ transplants do bring life anew,
From sure death, illness and agony;
But do these organs import also soul,
At least in part, if not whole?

Would transplanted heart carry more soul,
Than say, kidneys, liver, lungs or even brain?
Or will none carry any bit of soul?
How then will transplant restore life,
Without which recipient would for sure die?

Can life exist without also soul?
 Do all living things carry souls?
 Are animal souls same as humans'?
 Or are theirs somehow different, inferior?

Stem cells loom on the horizon of promise,
 Cells carrying power to re-grow and refurbish,
 Tissues and organs to treat and to cure,
 Maladies that maim and kill cruelly.

Cloning of humans will one day happen,
 And open a whole can of ethics questions.
 But do these clones carry duplicate souls,
 Or are they without any soul, just empty shells?

Every cell harbors a whole latent life;
 Does this imply myriad souls there reside?
 Or simply bits of souls which then grow,
 Into beings whole, 'body and soul'?

The day will come when true life is garnered,
 Made to order, from mere compounds.
 Will this contrived life then harbor soul?
 Or will there then be life without soul?

Is reincarnation possible, occur on cue?
 Is this soul returning to a new you?
 And relive, experience a new time and place?
 Could déjà vu be from life experience past?

More apt explanations, alternates, I seek,
 Once more my logic, my reasoning, ask.
 Why, when we pass on genes to our litter,
 Don't learned behavior join physical traits?

Is this "soul" that passes down in genes?
 Predictable, indestructible blue prints;
 This transmigration of the force of life,
 Forever they are recycled, re-engineered.

To sum, "souls" of all who've passed on,
 Are recycled, improved and changed;
 Without assigning divinity and mystery,
 This certain fact, to this I can subscribe.

