

## IN SEARCH OF SOUL

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

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, may be 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?

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 past life experience?

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?

Won't memories of past experience,  
Useful knowledge, for survival so essential;  
Aren't they etched and coded in DNA,  
Then carried down to our progeny?

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, this I can subscribe to.