**Zoe Putnam**

**Your Soul Collector**

Come in, come in, you’re welcome to look

And wander and roam through my store

Of magic and oddities and secrets mistook

And gadgets and gismos of long forgot lore

I am a collector of all things unique

Of unreadable books and an unsayable word

Of people and places and the resident freak

My only retainer is that it’s absurd

So if you are one of society’s senile spoils

Come to me; flock to me where crazy meets real

And bring with you the ends of your long laughed at toils

Come to my collecting counter to heal

I take not your cash, but your long brokered thought

And we’ll barter a price—a toll

I’ll package your hopes, and dreams worthlessly sought

But please, let me gather your soul