

The Soul

Our soul is as white as snow,
as fragile and vulnerable as glass,
as innocent as a rose,
as free as a bird,
and as spiritual as God.

They say our soul leaves us
when we sleep.
They say our soul is connected
to our bodies with chords.
Our soul is free to explore at night;
however, all nights must come to a painful end.

The soul begs and begs her source
not to go back in.
The soul knows that it must.
It goes back in, and you wake up,
with tears brimming at the edges of your eyes,
wanting to sleep again
and let the soul free.

Sleep

I am riding on a rainbow
with a boat as I row.
I look at the rows of candy
like poison always handy.
I wonder who left them for me
exactly where I can see!

I continue rowing my boat,
and I see rows of TVs with a note
telling me to enjoy as I go!
I sit down and watch a show I know.
Oh my, addictions make you sleep!
How will I ever see?

I got off my boat, and the whole scenery changed!
A sword in my hand, I ducked as I charged.
Where was I?