

IT OCCURRED TO ME

It occurred to me the other day,
sitting in the kitchen, in confusion

What if ...

What if we don't come into this life with a soul.

What if life isn't soul

In fact ...

What if the reason we come into life is to find a soul

To discover, develop, take on, grow ...

Whatever the right verb might be for some process

Of becoming ...

A way deep-down kind-of "becoming".

It occurred to me the whole process might be the reverse, the other way around ...

The opposite of what I've been thinking all along

You know –

that someone,

God maybe,

Breathes soul

Into a bag of chemicals

And the outcome is ...

Me

Or you

Or Joe, Jane, Jamal

On and on

9 billion strong,

Just on this go-round,

Thus far.

Rather, whatever life is, it just happens,

Pretty unthinking, even,

And, once it happens,

There we are, naked and alone,

Our job, our mission, if you will, to set about

Engaging in all those verbs in order to acquire a soul.

Now, ponder that a moment.

I can become whatever sort-of soul I choose.

Seriously ...

Whatever sort-of soul I should choose.