

## **My Soul Is Something**

My soul is something like a train,  
switching, speeding, crawling, switching back.  
It backs up sometimes to remind itself of forwardness.

My soul is something like a prism,  
bending God's light in a billion-colored spectral show.  
Choose your color and live with me in a rainbow.

My soul is something like a bucket,  
collecting fluidities of thought,  
holding the heavier, splashing out the light.

My soul is something like nothing,  
appears invisible, absent, no-where,  
but these thoughts form in its shadow, now-here.