

Body and Soul

Norm Filbert

From what forgotten test tube
Comes the Soul?
In what grey demon's flask
Is it precipitated? How?
It flows not from the body
During that one great immortal moment
When the flesh exults
Nor lies it dormant
Hiding in some muscled chamber
Waiting till God summons it
To join the sperm in its proud orgy
Born of life
Nor does it creep unbidden to the embryo
In those nine long eternities
Within the grisly caverns of the womb
Where fecund cells and plasma
Mate and bear and build organic structures
Creating for the soul a house. . .

A haunted house
Peopled by queer beings
Ghosts of passion-imps of personality
And spirits of dead thoughts
Long since left unremembered
And now lying decomposed
On the miasmic threshold of the brain
Queer nimble goblins in the muscles
Flayed and tortured till their strength
And quickness satisfies the Will
The wizards and the witches in the bones
The scorcercer who runs the great converter
In the chasm of the navel
Spooks that keep the teeming cauldron
Of the heart from cooling
And a thousand demons spawning
But where sits the Soul?

When does it join the flesh
In the stark moment comes it running
Pitter-pat into the being
There to squat in safety
Till the graveyard drags it
Screeching from the rotten limbs.
What is the Soul?



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