

Overheard: Musings on the Soul

People say a soul is a bird.

No.

A soul is more the space
around
the bird,

the space that lets
the bird
pass freely by.

People say the soul is a mango.

Yes. They are right.

They are exactly right.

The soul is a mango.

And if the soul is a mango

(which it is)

then it's also an avocado.

That's simply how the soul works.

My nephew thinks the soul is like
a salmon: pink and sparkling as it darts
through cold waters. I laugh
I tell him the soul could never be that
slippery.

The soul is not round rocks

clattering

under the surf.

That would be nice,

but no.

There was some question,

several years ago,

about whether the soul

could be a cabinet full of china.

I can't remember what

the verdict was.

And some folks still

insist the soul is

a small pocket sewn into

a sleeve, a place

to hide a

little

thing.