

The Trip

Did we come to remember or come here to forget?
When we take that last flight home, what will the soul
regret?

The times we were somewhat less than our ideal selves
in deed?

Breaking terms of soul contracts through gluttony and
greed.

Looking back on all we did, will spirit rue the day,
Its true nature stepped aside and ego came to play?
Juggling its sloth and wrath, envy, lust and pride,
While essence simply turned its head or did it run and
hide?

There is perhaps another plan for the visit of the soul.
To play at being mortal, it's one and only goal.
A golden ticket, heaven-sent, hiatus from the norm,
Immersed in all that we call life, encased in human form.

A chance to taste, for the first time, all flavours on its
tongue,
Salty, sour, bitter, sweet, it would not choose just one.
A tourist gazing from inside the windows of the eyes
At all there is from blackest night to early morn's sunrise.

And feeling through its body-suit, sensations of each
touch,
A hand to hold, heat and cold, too little or too much.
Hearing all its ears perceive, vibrations of each sound,
Rhythmic, soulful harmonies in 360 surround.

And through its nose the soul would breathe all the
worldly scents
Upon the breeze, bringing memories both subtle and
intense.