
A Song of Soul

You well remember, soul says,
standing in front of the stove
in your studio apartment
in Chicago steak knife
pressed against your right wrist,
moving in shudders, opening
and shutting, holding back the dam
from bursting over the kitchen floor,
moving to the sink sharp serrated edge
making a well against your neck,
in unbelieving heat without ventilation
as you saw the blood filings drip,
escaping magnetism, don't you?
You sing the songs of soul, why did the dam
not break for the magnet had no glue?
A lifetime you lived your death. You asked:
How did I live, how survive to here?
Wrong questions.