

IN SEARCH OF SOUL

One lazy eve on my lawn, I lay in a daze,
Idling my time, beneath the beckoning skies.

Instant flight, I permitted my gaze,
Into the void, past stars and galaxies.

If imagination wafted me to far places,
Will I be greeted by my dead folks?
Will I meet up with familiar faces?
Are there roaming, such things as souls?

Science-bred mind that I possessed,
And in years of learning I've absorbed,
Logic and reasoning that I've amassed,
Prompt me to doubt and to want this probed.

Will airless lungs and non-beating heart,
Non-thinking brain and its prodigal mind,
A bearer of verve, will somehow they liberate,
This thing called "soul", of myth and legend?

What if the heart's beatings resume,
The brain awakes and its waves return?
Will soul be summoned to assume,
And give life's track another spurn?

Consider those cells that opt to remain,
Alive for a day, maybe two, after one passes?
Does soul reside in organs whole, not in cells within?
Yet it leaves the body in bits and tiny pieces?!

What if the brain cells have long died?
Leaving breathing lungs, and beating heart
To carry on life's vital functions unaided?
Does soul depart in only fits and starts?

Organ transplants do make life anew,
But do these organs import also soul?
And death they beat, cure illness and agony;
At least in small parts, if not whole?

Would transplanted heart carry more soul,
Than say, kidneys, liver, lungs or even brain?
Or will none carry any bit of soul on its own?
How does transplant then restore, help regain?

Can life exist without also soul?
 Do all living things carry some?
 Are animal souls same as ours?
 Or inferior, different somehow?

Stem cells loom on the horizon for sure,
 With promise to re-grow and refurbish,
 New tissues and organs to treat and to cure,
 Maladies that maim and kill so very harsh.

Cloning of humans will one day arrive,
 And open a whole can of ethics bombshells.
 Do duplicate souls, in these clones survive?
 Or do clones hold no souls, just empty shells?

A whole latent life, each cell harbors;
 Do myriad souls then a body make?
 Or simply bits of soul which grow,
 Into beings whole, or make just a fake?

Chemical blueprints are embedded in cells,
 Life anew these DNA strands concoct
 In a new host cell, even after long spells;
 Would transfer of this relocate also soul?

The day will come when new life is brewed,
 From mere compounds, like tailor-made.
 Will this contrived life then harbor soul?
 Or soul-less is this life of another shade?

Is reincarnation possible, occur on cue?
 Is this your soul returning to a new you?
 Relive, experience time and place anew?
 Is experience from life past, we call déjà vu?

More apt explanations, alternates, I seek,
 Why, when we pass on genes to our progeny?
 (Once more my logic, my reasoning, speaks.)
 Don't learned behavior and physical traits join?

Is this "soul" that passes down in genes?
 Predictable, indestructible blue prints they are;
 This transmigration of life's basic design,
 Is recycled, re-engineered they are forever.

To sum, “souls” of all who’ve passed on,
Changed, improved or recycled as prescribed;
Without invoking divinity or the unknown,
This certain fact, to this I can subscribe.