

## Soul Dialogue #5

I am alone with my shoes and still I cannot move.  
One step and the world would cease to exist.

Let me know in some abstract non-abstract way  
in my soul, that we are safe.

Let me be wise myself, trust wisdom,  
let us be wise together.

Let my soul speak freely to my heart.  
Let my mind yield now and again,  
so my soul might take up residence.

I am carrying my soul with me wherever I go.  
Ahead: a field, a small house, a mountain,  
I unpack my bag, take out a sandwich, and make tea.

I reach in, I pull up my soul --  
it's a mouth now, a pen, a stick,  
a candle, an inwardliness,

it has taken the shape of prayers  
I am speaking to you, from you, the same voice.

Save me, my soul.  
Pick me up and lay me down, carefully.

james stone goodman