

Sealed in Cells

I make a life in death, and accept
My death in life. My freedom is enclosed
And bound, sealed by the fact of dust, blood,
Time and gravity. I squint with narrowed
Vision in hope of some perspective.
I am helpless to prevent encroachment,
That human overlap, with those I serve;
Those who serve me. I find myself in a cell
Constructed of cells, a decaying case to seal in
The soul. But can the soul learn lightness in the dark
Or freedom in bonds? What can it risk in safety?

But perhaps it can risk nothing without it.

Set me as a seal upon your heart.