

Soul as Seen by Joseph Smith

Ronald Wilcox

See why soul consists of tiny stuff so small
we see no trace when gone but body drowned
in God gives breath of splendid fire flaming ash
up the sleek flue our eyes see, to be shining sun in
shadows red as bloody dawn to draw by swift whirls
aspiring to be the sky while silken robes slip silently by
like clouds become what they seem when we see them fly
in azure puffs of breath & we know for sure our God is love.