

The Mind-Body Divide

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“What goes into making meatloaf?” you ask
Just when I’m trying to think of soul
Hoping to erase my awareness of the dividedness of being,
My sense of mortality, and how much I take on faith.
Whatever I am, my body craves a life of its own,
Free and immortal, since I cannot satisfy my sensual self.
When my mind hungers to know what happens as we die,
No answer fills me, but whenever that day comes,
Which will come I know,
Just leave my body and take my soul.