

Sonnet Eight: On the Human Soul

Of mortal life, a form divine
And of the works of God, a sublime aim
Containing self and what it can proclaim
How much I believe you are the Queen.

While that which inspires men, wherein is held
Both mortal and immortal, and has kept faith
Since its first form in flight from lower depths
Parts from whence the sky slants to itself.

Foolhardy, thus, to seek within yourself or cease
To ponder what spills from things ephemeral
Alone; you find it out once God approaches you

And thus pays for the human-hearted breast.
Suffice to know that there are angels still
To serve and watch over you, the chosen few.

Sara Copio Sullam
Translated by Will Wells