

# Soulspring, by Norman Klein.

*by David Ackley*

The call came at four in the morning.  
"She rolled over, skidded more than  
a hundred feet on her roof, but she's fine.  
She just needs a ride home."

This is not the first time  
my daughter has outraced the night,  
slipped into the first light of morning  
and walked away dumb lucky.

I drive slowly to find her, and say  
"Please, no more of this, you hear me?"  
"How do you think I feel," she says.  
feeling angry, shaken and defiant.

I drive seeing the roof sparks flying in my  
daughter's eyes, fearing some avenging angel  
who at this moment is winding the soulspring  
of her cruel clock tighter and tighter.

