

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.

