

Hermetical Orchard

Mechanical Poet

A sleepy loft attired in haze
Subsiding in the maze
Within a weedy bog
Nocturnal flies knock on a pane
A scintillating stain
Embossed in lardy fog

Behind an aluminic hatch
Inside a shell
Below a tumbledown thatch
In blinded cell
An alchemist with paly face
Surrenders to grief
Fumbling a spiritless leaf:

"All my efforts were in vain
The dryads laugh at me again
Again and again...

Hermetical orchard, I fathered a grain
And now I'm tortured
The sprouts were slain
The kiss of a day as a pestilent bane
Empoisoned my harvest again"

Inquiring mind, unfailing dash
He was a perfect marvel at the age of three
Confident lad, he was too brash
When tried to rise above the natural decree:

"All my efforts were in vain
The dryads laugh at me again
Again and again...

Hermetical orchard, I fathered a grain
And now I'm tortured
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Lode scobs for sound scapes
Leaden blobs for mellow grapes
Grey leaves came to life
The trees got to thrive
The master prevailed
The elements failed

Another day he cracked a slot
And let the sunlight see
A steely flowerpot
With an artificial tree

The nature didn't take his thing
Unreal plants were fried
Once and again the man made beings
But every time he cried

Hermetical orchard, I fathered a grain
And now I'm tortured
The sprouts were slain
The kiss of a day as a pestilent bane
Empoisoned my harvest again"

"Corroded my heart
And empoisoned my brain"