

Like an alchemist or an engineer
I used to think of potions in my diaries
To improve the flow of my inner gear
Speeding up my nature inquiries

Moulded the vision I had of our sphere
Through meditation and observation
A social fabric tangible and clear
My disembodied thoughts in station

Knowing you
I had a feeling of indulging your tonic
Holding you
It made me drift from my prior logic

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Extend the scope of my findings
Classifying them; a scattered thread
Scouted for more despite my failing tidings
A mere haul for the freight of my head

Reached the threshold of my with
Where the whole seems badly heated
And judgements of value aren't fit
I realized this spring was depleted

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