

# Fountainhead

## Spiral Architect

Crave for no more, nor the self that would  
    Not even that which always is there  
    Needy of naught, but to be constrained  
From any care and want of a selfish urgeWhat is needed, save strengthened will of man  
    Fulfillment of all that is latent within  
    What is to fear, what do they hate?  
How can they even bear to look at themselves  
    Those who love to crawl?Near breaking point  
        From the bows you've made  
        Towards the constructed  
Deity's powerReverence due, not to unseen mights  
    Nor lack of clarity, but to the well known, familiar  
        Ever present miracle of the  
I, fountainhead of progressHow can anyone with serious integrity  
    Abandon all that's left for me  
    And still be free to seek what's real?  
Where's the logic thought?The one thing that should be guided our way  
    Throughout this solitary state that we call life?  
        Where's the I, fountainhead of progress?

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