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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