

# 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 urge  
What is needed save strengthened will of man  
Fulfilment 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 power  
Reverence due,  
not to unseen might  
nor lack of clarity,  
but to the well-known, familiar  
ever present miracle of the  
I, Fountainhead of... progress  
How 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 guide our way  
throughout this solitary state that we call life?  
Where's the I, Fountainhead of progress?