

Lucidity came slowly, I awoke from dreams of untying a great knot.
It unraveled like a braid into what seemed
were thousands of separate strands of fishing line.
Attached to coarse behavior it flowed,
A calm it urged, what else is here?

How's it feel to be at the center of magic, to linger in tones and words?
I opened the floodgates and found no water, no current, no river, no rush.
How's it feel to stand at the height of your powers, to captivate every heart?
Projecting your visions to strangers
who feel it, who listen, who linger on every word?

Oh, it's a rush! Oh, it's a rush!

But alone it feels like dying,
All alone I feel so much.
I want my offering to woo, to calm, to clear, to solve,
But the only offering that comes, it calls, it screams, there's nothing here!

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