

Shell

The Alchemist

The abundance of pores in this shell
manifest as I draw experience
Only time will tell
if I've manufactured a spiritual cell

Filling each space with what I see
Experience moulds my destiny
Life is the reasoning for the cause
My existence bids to nature's laws
My body a shell of human cells that contain me
Myself a kaleidoscope of thoughts that won't set me free

With each breath that I take I slowly fill the space which will
be me!
This feeling it causes me to
While away the years and suck experience
till my shell is filled and I die

Woven flesh - tomb encases my soul
Changes in seven year cycles
Still wandering - does my shell have a cause?
The end. A measure of my worth.