

# INNER CARNIVAL

**A HERMETIC GUIDE TO  
HUMAN EXPERIENCES**



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S t o r i e s   M a t t e r

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# **Dedication**

For the many and the All.



## **Preface**

Preaching the truth and the truth shall sound the loudest.



## **Acknowledgments**

To the many and the All, that hath come before and will come after I am long gone.



## **About the Author**

Yoimaren thokchom also known as The Hermetic Bard, is a philosophical being with a poet's soul and a singer at heart - ergo, a philosophical singing poet. Hailing from Manipur, India, he weaves words and melodies into reflections of truth, reality and the simple yet complex patterns of everyday life and society. Through his poems often sung as songs - he seeks to remind us of our shared essence, unveiling hidden perspectives and timeless truths with the vision of The Hermetic Bard, where humanity is seen as one.



## **About the Book**

This collection of poems is based on the authors perspective of a human's inner forces that shape a person physically mentally and emotionally.



# Table of Contents

|                                                               |    |
|---------------------------------------------------------------|----|
| 1. Curiosity – "The Itch" .....                               | 1  |
| 2. Innocence – "Before the Bruise" .....                      | 3  |
| 3. Attention – "Look, Just a Little" .....                    | 5  |
| 4. Control – "Grip" .....                                     | 7  |
| 5. Doubt – "My Favorite Backseat Driver" .....                | 9  |
| 6. Hope – "Suspicious Light in the Distance" .....            | 11 |
| 7. Fear – "The Fire Drill That Never Ends" .....              | 13 |
| 8. Regret – "The Rewind Button That Doesn't Work" .....       | 15 |
| 9. Ego – "The Crown Won't Fit but I'm Still Wearing It" ..... | 17 |
| 10. Love – "The Risk" .....                                   | 19 |
| 11. Shame – "The Mirror That Lies" .....                      | 21 |
| 12. "So Here I Am..." .....                                   | 23 |
| 13. Hunger - "Belly of the Cosmos" .....                      | 25 |
| 14. Thirst - "Cup of the Cosmos" .....                        | 27 |
| 15. Rest/Sleep - "Dreams of the Cosmos" .....                 | 29 |
| 16. Breath - "Breath of the Cosmos" .....                     | 31 |
| 17. Warmth - "Flame of the Cosmos" .....                      | 33 |
| 18. Sexuality/Drive - "Polarity of the Cosmos" .....          | 35 |
| 19. "Quintessence of the Cosmos" .....                        | 37 |
| 20. Safety - "Fortress of Smoke" .....                        | 39 |
| 21. Belonging - "Membership Eternal" .....                    | 41 |
| 22. Recognition - "Clapping Shadows" .....                    | 43 |
| 23. Autonomy - "Keys to My Cage" .....                        | 45 |
| 24. Purpose - "Job Title: Eternal Seeker" .....               | 47 |
| 25. Hope - "Candles in the Rain" .....                        | 49 |
| 26. Joy - "Jester of the Gods" .....                          | 51 |

|                                               |    |
|-----------------------------------------------|----|
| 27. Empathy - "Echo Chamber Heart" .....      | 53 |
| 28. "The Cosmic Joke" .....                   | 55 |
| 29. Dream - "The Alchemist Sleeps In" .....   | 56 |
| 30. Instinct - "Animal Knows Best" .....      | 57 |
| 31. Intuition - "Trust Me, I Just Know" ..... | 58 |
| 32. Imagination - "Castles in Thin Air" ..... | 59 |
| 33. Vision "Spectacles of the Divine" .....   | 60 |
| 34. Perception - "Mirrors Lie in Style" ..... | 61 |
| 35. Judgement - "Court of My Mind" .....      | 62 |
| 36. Inspiration "Lightning in a Teacup" ..... | 63 |
| 37. Memory - "Lies I Call the Past" .....     | 64 |
| 38. Will - "The Tyrant in My Chest" .....     | 65 |
| 39. Delusion - "Crown of Smoke" .....         | 66 |
| 40. "Curtain of Stars" .....                  | 67 |

## 1. Curiosity – "The Itch"

It started with a whisper  
Behind the mind's back door—  
A giggle in the shadows,  
A "what if" on the floor.  
Peace was on the sofa  
Reading calm like a saint,  
But I blinked,  
And the itch said, "Let's paint."

Poked the box, cracked the lock,  
Found Schrödinger's cat in a sock.  
Could've left well enough alone—  
But silence hums like a dial tone.  
Mystery wears a low-cut grin,  
And I always let it in.

*I kicked the door, it kicked back—  
Found a raccoon in a bishop's hat.  
Truth ain't polite, it's wild and rude— It moonwalks naked through the Louvre.  
Curiosity's not wise—it's wild.  
But well, it makes the ride worthwhile.*

I licked the frozen lamppost.  
I googled my own name.  
Drank the philosopher's milkshake—  
Now I'm playing alchemical games.  
What burns the fingers also warms—  
And dragons love reform.

Oh seeker's curse, oh sacred bug—  
You bite before the hug.  
Hermes smiles with slippery lips—  
He gifts you puzzles, not scripts.

*I kicked the door, it kicked back—  
Woke the Oracle from her nap.  
She said, "You want truth? You'll bleed and grin.  
Then ask another question again."  
Curiosity's not wise—it's wild.  
But hell, it makes the ride worthwhile.*

So scratch the itch.  
Open the glitch.  
The world is weird—  
And that's the pitch.

## 2. Innocence – "Before the Bruise"

I stepped outside without a helmet,  
Trusted the sky not to fall.  
Believed that dogs don't bite  
if you sing to them real small.

Told secrets to the wind,  
and swore it would never tell.  
Because innocence, you see,  
is bad at spotting spells.

I thought grown-ups were just taller kids,  
with better lunch and grace.  
Didn't know their smiles,  
could be armor hiding mace.

Thought "sorry" fixed everything.  
That hugs were shields.  
That monsters only lived in reels.

*Still wave at thunder, barefoot on glass,  
I've got bruises, but I still laugh.  
You say I'm soft? I say I choose  
to live in light before the bruise.  
Hope's not dumb—it's just bold.  
And Innocence? That's solid gold.*

I handed out my name,  
like stickers at a fair,  
Thought eye contact meant truth,  
and promises were air.

I smiled without receipts.  
I danced without a plan.  
Called every stranger “maybe friend,”  
and every mess “just sand.”

Don’t mistake clean skin for weak skin.  
Don’t mistake my yes for sin.  
I bleed easy, but I heal weird—  
Like flowers growing in the beard  
of time.

*Still wave at thunder, barefoot on glass—  
I’ve got bruises, but I still laugh.  
You call it foolish—I say muse.  
I’m writing life before the bruise.  
I know now pain’s a clever guest—  
But I still leave out cookies, nonetheless.*

So when the bruise comes— (and it always does)  
I’ll welcome it like a postcard from who I was.

Because innocence isn’t a phase,  
it’s a memory the soul replays.

### 3. Attention – "Look, Just a Little"

I wore this chaos on purpose—  
It's not a cry for help.  
It's fashion.  
It's flair.  
It's internal warfare with sequins and felt.

I said "don't look,"  
but dressed like a prophecy.  
Winked at the void,  
hoped it winked back at me.

I tweet in riddles.  
I post in code.  
I pretend I'm fine  
but sit in "seen" mode.

You think I don't care?  
That's adorable.  
My therapist knows,  
I'm metaphorical.

*Don't stare— (but don't ignore me).*  
*I'm subtle, loud,*  
*desperate, holy.*  
*Just a glance to prove I'm real,*  
*Validation's my favorite meal.*  
*I swear I'm chill, I swear I'm tough,*  
*But look at me- just enough.*

I talk in fireworks.  
Walk in theme songs.  
Hold a TED Talk in my bathroom mirror

on why no one's wrong.

You say "attention seeker"  
like it's a slur.  
I say I'm the billboard  
for "Please confirm I occur."

Is it a need or just a glitch?  
Do I exist if no one flinched?

Hermes said,  
"Know thyself."  
But what if thy self  
wants applause from someone else?

*Don't stare— (but don't pretend).*  
*I'm not the start,*  
*but I want to trend.*  
*Just a glance to mark my spark,*  
*Proof I'm more than question marks.*  
*I swear I'm cool, I swear I'm tough...*  
*But look at me.*  
*Just enough.*

And if no one sees me?  
I'll still glow— like a lighthouse,  
that doesn't know the ships already passed.

Still shining,  
just in case.

## 4. Control – "Grip"

I've got three backup plans,  
and a fire drill for love.  
Labeled my emotions— filed them in a drawer above the "Do Not Feel"  
zone,  
next to panic snacks and backup chargers for when the sky cracks.

I don't relax.  
I preemptively manage.

Tried to leash the moon.  
Tried to schedule fate.  
Even bought a planner  
for the chaos I create.

I laminated hope.  
Color-coded trust.  
Control's not a kink—  
it's survival,  
plus.

*I built a box, called it peace.  
Told the wind to sign a lease.  
Tight fists can't catch what's real,  
But I still drive with both hands on the wheel.  
The world spins wild, but I grip,  
'cause letting go feels like a crypt.*

I smile like I meant to.  
Laugh on cue.  
Even cry in lowercase,  
not too much, not too few.

I've got a straitjacket

stitched from good intentions.

Every hug?

A negotiation.

What if I fall? (You might rise.)

What if I lose? (You gain the skies.)

But I'd rather drive the car into the sun than admit it moves without me.

*I built a box, called it peace.*

*Told the wind to sign a lease.*

*Tight fists can't catch what's real,*

*But I still drive with both hands on the wheel.*

*The world spins wild, but I grip,*

*'cause letting go feels like a crypt.*

Control is a nice outfit.

But the thread's worn thin.

And every time I tighten—

the cosmos grins.

## 5. Doubt – "My Favorite Backseat Driver"

You don't shout,  
you whisper smug.  
A voice like fog  
in a ceramic mug.

You wait 'til I'm halfway sure,  
then lean in like,  
"Are you really pure?"  
I hate you.  
And I keep you.

You tap the window,  
never break it.  
Say, "I'm not stopping you,  
just... maybe take it slower?"

You hum when I choose.  
You hum when I pause.  
You're the anti-cheerleader  
in a velvet applause.

*You hum a tune I can't forget,  
Turn yes into not-yet.  
I'm the captain, you're the fog—  
Doubt, my darling sabotage.  
I try to mute you,  
but you're baked in a second guess  
beneath my skin.*

You don't fight fair.  
You bring receipts.  
You quote my childhood  
and draft new tweets.

You lace my dreams  
with parentheses.  
I pray with hope,  
you edit these.

Maybe you're a liar.  
Maybe you're a guard.  
Maybe you just hate how I play my cards.

But part of me listens every damn time.  
You're not a demon,  
just poorly designed.

*You hum a tune I can't forget,  
Turn yes into not-yet.  
I'm the captain, you're the fog—  
Doubt, my darling sabotage.  
I try to mute you,  
but you're baked in a second guess  
beneath my skin.*

So ride along, you bastard muse-  
I'll drive,  
but you can choose the next ambiguous turn.

And if I crash, at least we'll learn.

## 6. Hope – "Suspicious Light in the Distance"

There you are again,  
like a glitch in my despair.  
That stupid glow,  
that won't take a hint.

You sit outside my doubt  
like a stray dog with manners,  
tail wagging even after I kicked the fence.

You've got no proof, no plan,  
no Pinterest board of success.  
You just sit there.

All optimism and bad timing.  
A candle in a hurricane,  
singing show tunes.

*You shouldn't be here, but you are—  
Glowing like a guilty star.  
I said "leave," you wagged your tail—  
Hope, the glitch that never fails.  
You're fragile, dumb, absurdly bright,  
But maybe that's why you're right.*

I tried logic.  
I built walls.  
I made a bunker out of "what's the point?"

But you wrote poetry on the concrete  
with sidewalk chalk.  
And smiled when it rained.

They say you're blind.  
But I think you see,  
what might be if we stop rehearsing tragedy.

You're not the cure.  
You're not the map.  
But you hand me shoes when I collapse.

*You shouldn't be here, but you are—  
Persistent as a stubborn scar.  
I said "go," you said "I'll wait."  
Hope, the guest who won't vacate.  
You're fragile, dumb, absurdly bright,  
But maybe that's why you're right.*

So fine.  
Stay.  
Sit on the edge of this wreck.  
I'll pour you tea in a cracked old cup  
and pretend you're not the reason,  
I still get up.

## 7. Fear – "The Fire Drill That Never Ends"

I smell smoke when there's nothing burning.  
Heard a cough, now I'm Googling "early warning."

My brain wears boots,  
stomps around the halls,  
yells "What if?!"  
like it's gospel on bathroom walls.

I check the lock,  
then check the check.  
Count blessings twice,  
just in case one's a threat.

There's a shadow  
under every praise,  
and a panic button  
on sunny days.

*Alarm! Alarm! (No fire, just me.)*  
*Paranoia throwing a house party.*  
*Fear's not wrong, just loud and rude—*  
*A bodyguard with attitude.*  
*It guards the door with bloodshot eyes and still lets in*  
*my worst goodbyes.*

Fear folds my clothes in case I need to flee.  
Even joy feels like a setup to me.

I love you?  
Cool. What's the catch?  
Let me just burn down this match.

Fear means well— like a mother with a taser.  
It builds a cage and calls it “safer.”

But safety's not a place to live,  
it's just a pause before you give.

*Alarm! Alarm! (No fire, just breath.)*  
*Fear's a prophet dressed like death.*  
*It doesn't lie—just overshares,*  
*And hand-delivers phantom scares.*  
*It's loud, it's wrong, it's sometimes right,*  
*But it always keeps the porch light bright.*

So let it bark.  
Let it pace.  
I won't out run what guards my place.

Fear, old friend— you yell too much.  
But I still flinch at your touch.

## 8 Regret – "The Rewind Button That Doesn't Work"

Regret wears socks in sandals,  
but still judges your shoes.  
Shows up late to remind you,  
of things you didn't choose.

It lights a candle in the museum of "should've,"  
then makes you tour it naked and unforgiven.

It calls you by your worst nickname,  
keeps old texts like holy scrolls.  
It throws reruns of your lowest days  
and never lets you skip the roles.

Popcorn salted with your own shame.  
And you're both the villain and the frame.

*Let's watch the blooper reel again,  
Popcorn and past pain.  
Regret's a DJ with no chill,  
Spinning my shame against my will.  
I moved on? Not quite yet,  
Regret rewinds with no reset.*

I apologized twelve times and a poem.  
Still, Regret built a summer home  
on the corner of "Could've" and "Why?"  
With throw pillows that scream, "Nice try."

But maybe, just maybe—  
Regret's a teacher with knives for hands.  
A bruised coach in shifting sands.

It wants to protect but punches wrong.  
Teaches silence through a song.

*Let's watch the blooper reel again,  
Frozen frames of who I've been.  
Regret's a fan with mixed intent,  
Cheering while I stay bent.  
I moved on? Almost true,  
But some ghosts still pay rent too.*

So I set a chair, pour a drink,  
let Regret sit.  
But I get the remote.  
I choose when to hit quit.

## 9.Ego – "The Crown Won't Fit but I'm Still Wearing It"

I walked in like destiny owed me rent.  
Winked at the mirror,  
like it meant something.

Said, "I'm not just the main character— I'm the plot twist."  
Then tripped on my own confidence and blamed physics.

I post quotes I don't live by.  
Give advice I don't take.  
Built a throne out of compliments and sat there eating cake.

Call it delusion.  
I call it, branding.

*I'm the king of maybe-right,  
Posting truths in perfect light.  
Ego shines like gold spray paint—  
All bravado, zero restraint.  
The crown won't fit, but still I flex—  
A legend with a fragile complex.*

I'm allergic to being wrong.  
Even when it's loud and clear.  
Ego doesn't apologize—  
It just disappears.

I talk over silence.  
Perform peace like a stunt.  
"Look how healed I am,"  
I grunt.

But underneath this cologne of glory—  
a child in a goldfish story.  
Just wants to be clapped for before trying.  
Wants to matter without dying.

*I'm the king of maybe-right,  
Wrote my story overnight.  
Ego glows like rented fame,  
Big ol' strut with a lowercase name.  
The crown won't fit, but I still pose—  
A mirrorball with busted toes.*

So laugh if you want—  
I know I'm a show.  
But under the glitter,  
there's someone who just wants to glow.

## 10. Love – "The Risk"

I walked in with no shield— just skin.  
Offered my name,  
like it was a fragile win.

Didn't ask for a map,  
just your hand.  
Didn't bring a contract,  
just planned to stay if you'd let me.

Love isn't loud.  
It whispers in earthquakes.  
It's not perfect— but it shows up with band-aids and pancakes.

It doesn't fix you.  
It sits in the mess.  
Calls the chaos "ours,"  
not "yours," and less.

*It's the risk, the leap,  
the truth that bruises deep.  
To be seen and not retreat—  
To break, but not delete.  
Love's not safe, but it's clean.  
Raw like rain, and quietly keen.*

I won't promise it won't hurt.  
But I will promise,  
I won't convert your wounds into debt.

I don't want you perfect— just honest.  
Just real.  
Just here when the silence is steel.

I've known lust,  
known fear,  
known ego dressed as flame.  
But love?  
Love knows your name before you say it.  
And says it softer every time you try to leave.

*It's the risk, the vow,  
without a script or how.  
The fall without a net— The best "not yet."  
It cuts, it soothes, it hums, it stings,  
But oh, the gold this wildfire brings.*

So here I am.  
No mask.  
No trick.  
No clever line.  
Just this wild heart  
in open time saying: I'm not safe.

But I'm mine.  
And I'm yours if you're kind.

## 11. Shame – "The Mirror That Lies"

The mirror didn't scream.  
It just looked.  
Tilted its head like,  
"Is this really who you are?"

Didn't need to insult me.  
Just showed me,  
me through fogged-up glass and cracked belief.

Shame doesn't yell.  
It stares.  
Takes your name, adds footnotes and flares.

It makes a home in your softest scar,  
turns a moment into who you are.

*Shame's a whisper you mistake for truth,  
A mirror smudged by ancient youth.  
It wants you small, wants you tame—  
Keeps calling your shadow "name."  
But you are not that frame.*

It doesn't forget.  
Keeps every line.  
A critic with a scrapbook and too much time.

You smile?  
It flinches.  
You dance?  
It stitches your joy to a courtroom bench.

But listen:  
That mirror is wrong.  
Your soul isn't a stain, it's a song.

You're not the worst you've ever been.  
You're the fact that you still begin.

*Shame's a fog that thinks it's glass—  
A false reflection built to last.  
But glass can crack, and names can shift—  
You are the silence after the rift.  
You are the gift.*

So let the mirror lie.  
Let it shatter.  
You were always more than what it said  
mattered.

## 12. “So Here I Am...”

So here I am.  
Scraped knees,  
cracked mirror,  
laughter leaking out of old fears.

A little bruised.  
A little brighter.  
Lugging a suitcase full of fire.

I met them all—  
The whisper, the scream, the ego in the spotlight selling self-esteem.

Each one tried to name me wrong.  
But I listened long and turned them into song.

*So here I am- stitched and strange,  
Beautiful mess with a sacred range.  
I'm the fear, the doubt, the burning truth—  
The grown-up ghost of reckless youth.  
Still marching, still flawed, still free—  
And all of them are part of me.*

I've danced with Hope and kissed Regret,  
Shook hands with Shame— we're not best friends yet.

I've let Love in without a plan.  
I held Control, like shifting sand.

Each archetype  
a mask I wore,  
a room I entered,  
a cosmic chore.

But the Self remains— quiet, whole.  
The spark untouched beneath the roles.

*So here I am— A puzzle lit,  
A soul in boots that sometimes quit.  
I'm Curiosity's last dare, and Innocence with singed hair.  
Not perfect, not done, but real- and that, my friend, is the Hermetic seal.*

Let the mirror stay cracked.  
Let the doubt ride along.  
I'll keep walking forward,  
even when I'm wrong.

The Light.  
The Shadow.  
The Beat.  
The Flame.  
I carry them all.  
And I march with my name.

### 13. Hunger - “Belly of the Cosmos”

Oh hunger, you sly alchemist,  
You gnaw at my ribs like a jealous mystic.  
Hermes whispers, “As above, so below”,  
But my stomach growls louder than the Logos can show.

You promise enlightenment, yet steal my fries,  
The universe contracts when there’s no apple pie.  
Starving saints write scriptures, prophets hear a call,  
But me? I just hear echoes in an empty hall.

*Feed me, feed me, belly of the cosmos!*

*Feed me, feed me, knowledge or tacos! Feed me, feed me, body and soul,*

*Feed me before the void swallows me whole!*

The bread of the world, the wine of the spheres,  
Turns to acid reflux and existential fears.  
Oh noble philosophers fasting for truth,  
I just get cranky and yell at the youth.

They say hunger sharpens, makes the spirit clean,  
But my aura’s just hangry, tinged with caffeine.  
The Hermetic balance, the dance of the poles,  
Is lost when the fridge has devoured my goals.

*Feed me, feed me, belly of the cosmos!*

*Feed me, feed me, noodles or logos! Feed me, feed me, don’t make me pray, Feed me before enlightenment fades away!*

Hunger twists the body, bends the mind,  
Emotions unravel, the soul left blind.  
When the vessel is empty, the spirit limps slow,  
A cosmos out of harmony, with nothing to grow.  
So feed the flesh, but feed the fire too —

For the soul starves quick when truth's overdue.

*Feed me, feed me, belly of the cosmos!*

*Feed me, feed me, burgers or logos!*

*Feed me, feed me, wisdom or fries, Feed me before Hermes steals my eyes!*

## 14. Thirst - “Cup of the Cosmos”

Oh thirst, you desert prophet, bone-dry clown,  
You turn my crown chakra upside down.  
“As above, so below,” Hermes declares,  
But I’d sell the Emerald Tablet for a glass that cares.

Saints sip dew drops, they call it divine,  
But my tongue’s stuck fast to a cheap red wine.  
The sages write rivers, philosophers preach,  
I just want water within arm’s reach.

*Drink me, drink me, cup of the cosmos!*  
*Drink me, drink me, wisdom or Red Rose!*  
*Drink me, drink me, body and soul,*  
*Drink me before the desert takes control!*

The rivers of life, the fountains of youth,  
Dry up quick when you sip at truth.  
Hermetic balance, the play of tides,  
But my lips just crack as my patience dies.

They say thirst cleanses, makes the spirit keen,  
But I just look dusty, brittle, and mean.  
The holy well whispers, the chalice is near —  
Too bad it’s empty, just dust and beer.

*Drink me, drink me, cup of the cosmos!*  
*Drink me, drink me, logos or fructose!*  
*Drink me, drink me, don’t make me crawl,*  
*Drink me before enlightenment stalls!*

Thirst parches the body, muddles the mind,  
Emotions crack open, compassion turns blind.  
The soul is a garden, but nothing will grow,  
If water of wisdom refuses to flow.  
So fill the flesh, but quench the flame too —  
A thirsty soul forgets what's true.

*Drink me, drink me, cup of the cosmos!*

*Drink me, drink me, Hermes or fructose!*

*Drink me, drink me, chalice or lies,*

*Drink me before the desert eats my eyes!*

## 15. Rest/Sleep - “Dreams of the Cosmos”

Oh sleep, you lazy tyrant, you velvet thief,  
You steal my hours, you grant relief. “As above, so below,”  
Hermes yawns, But I’ve binge-watched shadows until the dawn.

Philosophers nap on marble thrones,  
Prophets snore loud in cryptic tones.  
I chase wisdom at three A.M.,  
But I just find memes and an aching head.

*Rest me, rest me, bed of the cosmos! Rest me, rest me,  
mattress or logos! Rest me, rest me, body and soul,  
Rest me before the darkness takes control!*

The pillow’s a temple, the blanket’s a shroud,  
Dreams are a circus — the snoring loud.  
The Hermetic rhythm of night and day,  
Crumbles fast with too much caffeine play.

They say sleep heals, resets the mind,  
I just wake up grumpy and twenty years behind.  
Melatonin priests chant lullabies slow,  
But my Netflix demons won’t let me go.

*Rest me, rest me, bed of the cosmos! Rest me, rest me,  
wisdom or pillows! Rest me, rest me, don’t make me fight,  
Rest me before Hermes steals the night!*

Without sleep, the body starts to decay,  
The mind grows foggy, the heart gives way.  
Emotions unravel, patience runs thin,  
The soul drifts restless, lost in the din.  
But when the vessel surrenders to rest,  
The cosmos sings softly — and balance is blessed.

*Rest me, rest me, bed of the cosmos!*  
*Rest me, rest me, Hermes or pillows!*  
*Rest me, rest me, wisdom or snores,*  
*Rest me before the dream-world opens its doors!*

## 16. Breath - "Breath of the Cosmos"

Oh breath, you stingy loan shark of life,  
You vanish quick in the heat of strife.  
Hermes whispers, "the pneuma is all,"  
But I just sound wheezy like an old dance hall.

Yogis say inhale, sages say exhale,  
I just hyperventilate when the Wi-Fi fails.  
The mystics breathe light, philosophers sigh,  
I puff like a kettle and still wonder why.

*Breathe me, breathe me, lungs of the cosmos!*  
*Breathe me, breathe me, logos or nostrils!*  
*Breathe me, breathe me, body and soul,*  
*Breathe me before the void takes control!*

They say breath connects the micro to macro,  
But mine just fogs windows and squeaks like a kazoo.  
The Hermetic law of rhythm and flow,  
Breaks down fast when I hold my nose.

Saints call it spirit, poets call it air,  
I just wheeze loudly climbing the stairs.  
Breath is divine, the philosophers preach,  
But I'd kill for an inhaler within my reach.

*Breathe me, breathe me, lungs of the cosmos!*  
*Breathe me, breathe me, Hermes or nostrils!*  
*Breathe me, breathe me, don't make me fight,*  
*Breathe me before Hermes steals the night!*

When the breath stutters, the body turns weak,  
The mind grows frantic, the emotions bleak.  
The soul forgets rhythm, harmony's gone,  
The cosmic symphony loses its song.  
But one slow inhale, one sacred release,  
And the soul finds balance, returning to peace.

*Breathe me, breathe me, lungs of the cosmos!*

*Breathe me, breathe me, logos or nostrils!*

*Breathe me, breathe me, wisdom or air,*

*Breathe me — without you, nothing is there!*

## 17. Warmth - “Flame of the Cosmos”

Oh warmth, you stingy furnace of stars,  
You hide in sweaters and overpriced bars.  
Hermes said fire is the key to the whole,  
But my heater just laughs while it swallows my soul.

Saints sit by candles, mystics by flame,  
I just shiver loudly and curse your name.  
The Logos burns bright in the Pleroma above,  
But my toes are frozen — where’s the love?

*Warm me, warm me, fire of the cosmos!*

*Warm me, warm me, blanket or logos!*

*Warm me, warm me, body and soul,*

*Warm me before the frost takes control!*

The alchemists say, “Ignis is divine,”  
But I just want cocoa and a cheap bottle of wine.  
Hermetic polarity, hot and cold,  
Is charming in books but cruel when you’re old.

They say fire stirs spirit, awakens desire,  
I just want socks that don’t expire.  
The sacred flame burns in the heart of the wise,  
But my thermostat’s broken — surprise, surprise.

*Warm me, warm me, fire of the cosmos!*

*Warm me, warm me, Hermes or logos!*

*Warm me, warm me, don’t make me freeze,*

*Warm me before I pray to antifreeze!*

Without warmth, the body grows stiff and frail,  
The mind turns brittle, the emotions pale.  
The soul retreats, an ember gone cold,  
The cosmic furnace loses its hold.  
But feed the flame, within and without,  
And the soul lights lanterns, dispelling the doubt.

*Warm me, warm me, fire of the cosmos!*

*Warm me, warm me, blankets or halos!*

*Warm me, warm me, wisdom or coal,*

*Warm me before Hermes taxes my soul!*

## 18. Sexuality/Drive - “Polarity of the Cosmos”

Oh lust, you sly salesman dressed in flame,  
You sell me pleasure with a side of shame.  
Hermes says opposites seek to unite,  
But I just get Tinder swipes late at night.

Saints call it sin, sages call it drive,  
But without it, well, none of us would survive.  
The serpent coils, the Logos grins sly,  
But my libido just asks, “When, where, why?”

*Touch me, touch me, heat of the cosmos!*  
*Touch me, touch me, Hermes or hormones!*  
*Touch me, touch me, body and soul,*  
*Touch me before repression takes control!*

The alchemists whisper of union divine,  
I just want someone to text me “u up?” at nine.  
Polarity pulls — male, female, night, day,  
But my aura’s just lonely in a cliché way.

They say drive refines when it’s tempered with art,  
I just buy snacks and scroll in the dark.  
The philosophers preach Eros as flame,  
But my hormones don’t bother with lofty names.

*Touch me, touch me, spark of the cosmos!*  
*Touch me, touch me, chakras or hormones!*  
*Touch me, touch me, don’t make me wait,*  
*Touch me before desire curdles to hate!*

The body trembles, the heartbeat quick,  
The mind grows clouded, emotions flick.  
The soul feels pulled between heaven and flesh,  
A cosmic dance, chaotic and fresh.  
But when desire is woven with love, not just fire,  
The soul finds balance, and rises higher.

*Touch me, touch me, flame of the cosmos!*  
*Touch me, touch me, wisdom or hormones!*  
*Touch me, touch me, laughter or sin,*  
*Touch me before Hermes cashes me in!*

## 19. “Quintessence of the Cosmos”

I’ve eaten the cosmos, I’ve drunk the sea,  
I’ve wheezed and I’ve snored, I’ve burned my knees.  
I’ve chased desire like a moth to flame,  
And Hermes just chuckles, it’s all the same.

Earth, water, air, fire, and lust,  
All turn to compost, ashes, and dust.  
The Great Work says, “Balance, child, be whole,”  
But I just want Netflix, a snack, and a roll.

*Hold me, hold me, quintessence of cosmos!*  
*Hold me, hold me, blanket or logos!*  
*Hold me, hold me, body and soul,*  
*Hold me before the universe swallows me whole!*

The sages write books, the mystics write chants,  
I just need coffee and cleaner pants.  
The Emerald Tablet says, “Know what you are,”  
I say I’m tired and want a candy bar.

As above, so below, the law is neat,  
But my stomach’s still growling and I’ve cold feet.  
The cosmos is vast, the mysteries deep,  
But I’ll trade it all for one good sleep.

*Hold me, hold me, quintessence of cosmos!*  
*Hold me, hold me, wisdom or nachos!*  
*Hold me, hold me, don’t make me roam,*  
*Hold me before Hermes calls me home!*

The body is hungry, the body is dry,  
The body is sleepy, the body will die.  
But the soul is the spark, the flame that survives,  
Dancing through hunger, through thirst, through drives.  
Quintessence isn't food, or lust, or breath,  
It's laughing at life — and laughing at death.

*Hold me, hold me, quintessence of cosmos!*

*Hold me, hold me, tacos or logos!*

*Hold me, hold me, laughter and light,*

*Hold me — I'm human, and Hermes was right!*

## 20.Safety - "Fortress of Smoke"

We build alarms on shifting sand,  
Lock the doors with trembling hands.  
Fences high as Babel's dream,  
But fear still leaks through every seam.

*Safety, darling, is a rented coat,  
Keeps you warm till the landlord notes.  
Security's a velvet cage,  
Gold bars rust with time and age.  
Oh, fortress of smoke, you keep me snug,  
Till truth slips in and pulls the plug.*

As above, so fear below,  
Mirrors guard the seeds we sow.  
The mind craves walls, the body locks,  
But spirit laughs at bolted box.

*Safety, darling, is a bedtime tale,  
Tucked in tight with a fear of fail.  
Security's the sweetest lie,  
A sugar pill till the day we die.  
Oh, fortress of smoke, you keep me snug,  
Till truth slips in and pulls the plug.*

Mind builds maps of safer ground,  
Body aches when chains are found.  
Heart beats fast in guarded halls,  
Soul just laughs—it needs no walls.

*Safety, darling, is a fleeting friend,  
Shakes your hand but won't defend.  
Security's a borrowed name,*

*A carnival mask in a cosmic game.  
Oh, fortress of smoke, you kept me warm,  
But now I dance inside the storm.*

## 21. Belonging - "Membership Eternal"

I join the choir, I hum the tune,  
Change my feathers to match the moon.  
Buy the badge, recite the creed,  
Still the silence grows like weed.

*Oh, belonging, you velvet rope,  
A holy drug, a hangman's hope.  
You hug too tight, you kiss too cheap,  
A flock of wolves in borrowed sheep.  
Sign me up, I'll play along,  
Membership eternal in your hollow song.*

As within, so tribes appear,  
Echo chambers loud and clear.  
Hearts like magnets seek the crowd,  
But silence whispers truer, proud.

*Oh, belonging, you velvet rope,  
A holy drug, a hangman's hope.  
You hug too tight, you kiss too cheap,  
A flock of wolves in borrowed sheep.  
Sign me up, I'll play along,  
Membership eternal in your hollow song.*

Mind invents a flag to wave,  
Body bends to tribe's enclave.  
Heart is drunk on cheers and cries,  
Soul just grins—already unified.

*Oh, belonging, you carnival tent,  
Sell me love at a five-star rent.  
You break, you bind, you fool, you feed,*

*But I outgrow your paper creed.  
No more roles, no borrowed song,*

*I'm already home—I've belonged all along.*

## 22. Recognition - "Clapping Shadows"

I polish mirrors, beg for eyes,  
Measure worth in strangers' sighs.  
Build my castle out of praise,  
Paper walls for fragile days.

*Oh, recognition, sweet applause,  
A rented crown with hidden flaws.  
Esteem's a drug, I take the hit,  
But silence knows I counterfeit.  
Clapping shadows, sing my name,  
Then vanish quick, it's all a game.*

As above, so masks below,  
Echoes praise the seeds we sow.  
But stars don't bow, and truth won't kneel,  
Only glass demands the seal.

*Oh, recognition, sweet applause,  
A rented crown with hidden flaws.  
Esteem's a drug, I take the hit,  
But silence knows I counterfeit.  
Clapping shadows, sing my name,  
Then vanish quick, it's all a game.*

Mind collects the gold-star chart,  
Body struts a practiced art.  
Heart inflates, then leaks control,  
Soul just laughs—it wrote the role.

*Oh, recognition, you fickle flame,  
Today's a throne, tomorrow shame.  
Esteem's a mask, a fleeting fit,  
But spirit shines without the script.  
Clapping shadows fade away,  
The crown was mine all along today.*

## 23. Autonomy - “Keys to My Cage”

I signed the forms, I got the badge,  
They said I'm free—within this cage.  
The chains are velvet, rent is high,  
But hey, I choose the shade of sky.

*Oh freedom, darling, you sly perfume,  
A scented leash in a padded room.  
Autonomy's a rented stage,  
Here are the keys to my own cage.  
Clap for choice, it looks so wide,  
But every road's the same inside.*

As above, so strings below,  
Puppets dance and think they grow.  
The self is sovereign, still and clear,  
But ego sells its crown for cheer.

*Oh freedom, darling, you sly perfume,  
A scented leash in a padded room.  
Autonomy's a rented stage,  
Here are the keys to my own cage.  
Clap for choice, it looks so wide,  
But every road's the same inside.*

Mind debates the lines on maps,  
Body bends to deadlines' traps.  
Heart cries out with borrowed voice,  
Soul just grins—it knows no choice.

*Oh freedom, darling, you fickle flame,  
I chased your mask, I wore your name.  
But now I walk beyond the stage,  
No keys are needed for no cage.  
Laughing sky, no leash, no tide,  
The whole wide world is mine inside.*

## 24. Purpose - “Job Title: Eternal Seeker”

I wrote my purpose on a page,  
It changed its clothes, it changed its age.  
Chased the prophets, chased the pay,  
But meaning slips like soap away.

*Oh purpose, darling, my cosmic boss,  
Promised gold, but paid in loss.  
A treasure map with no clear “X,”  
Just slogans, sermons, office desks.  
Give me meaning, sign the line,  
A holy job with overtime.*

As within, so roles appear,  
Masks of fate we volunteer.  
The soul already burns, it knows,  
But ego asks, “What’s my show?”

*Oh purpose, darling, my cosmic boss,  
Promised gold, but paid in loss.  
A treasure map with no clear “X,”  
Just slogans, sermons, office desks.  
Give me meaning, sign the line,  
A holy job with overtime.*

Mind drafts plans in tidy rows,  
Body works and comes to blows.  
Heart aches loud for “Why, for who?”  
Soul just hums—to be is to do.

*Oh purpose, darling, you fickle flame,  
I chased your mask, I wore your name.  
But truth's not found in role or plan,  
It's in the laugh, the breath, the span.  
Meaning's here, no search, no test,  
The dance itself is the quest.*

## 25. Hope - “Candles in the Rain”

I buy my hope in daily pills,  
Scroll for prophets, chase cheap thrills.  
Dreams on credit, fears on loan,  
Still the night is mine alone.

*Oh hope, you salesman with a grin,  
You sell the sky in a cardboard tin.  
Inspiration's a rented flame,  
It flickers bright, then hides its name.  
Candles in the rain, burning fast,  
The joke is we light more at last.*

As above, so sparks below,  
The stars don't promise, they just glow.  
The soul's already lit within,  
But hope keeps selling tickets in.

*Oh hope, you salesman with a grin,  
You sell the sky in a cardboard tin.  
Inspiration's a rented flame,  
It flickers bright, then hides its name.  
Candles in the rain, burning fast,  
The joke is we light more at last.*

Mind sketches futures bold and neat,  
Body drags on tired feet.  
Heart ignites on borrowed coal,  
Soul just shines—it is the goal.

*Oh hope, you darling, you fickle guide,  
You lead me out, then back inside.  
Inspiration's no borrowed flame,  
It's breath itself, it has no name.  
Candles in the rain fade away,  
The sun was here the whole damn day.*

## 26. Joy - “Jester of the Gods”

I penciled fun into my day,  
Fifteen minutes, then I'll pay.  
Buy my laughter two-for-one,  
Even joy's a job when work is done.

*Oh joy, you clown with painted grin,  
You charge a fee to let me in.  
Play's a sermon, dressed as toy,  
The market owns my borrowed joy.  
Dance, dear fool, the world's a stage,  
We're jesters locked inside a cage.*

As above, so games below,  
The stars still laugh, their secrets show.  
The soul was born in cosmic play,  
But we keep filing joy away.

*Oh joy, you clown with painted grin,  
You charge a fee to let me in.  
Play's a sermon, dressed as toy,  
The market owns my borrowed joy.  
Dance, dear fool, the world's a stage,  
We're jesters locked inside a cage.*

Mind makes rules for games to start,  
Body skips with beating heart.  
Emotion laughs till masks unroll,  
Soul just plays—it is the whole.

*Oh joy, you darling, you never hide,  
You were the spark the whole damn ride.  
Play's no purchase, play's no ploy,  
It's spirit's language, pure alloy.  
Dance, dear fool, break out the cage,  
The cosmos plays on every stage.*

## 27. Empathy - “Echo Chamber Heart”

I spell my story line by line,  
You nod your head, pretend it's mine.  
Your ears are open, eyes are shut,  
Compassion sold in paper cups.

*Oh empathy, you velvet lie,  
A Hallmark card with teary eye.  
Understanding's a rented seat,  
You clap my pain, then hit repeat.  
Echo chamber heart, sing me back,  
But miss the note, you're off the track.*

As above, so feelings flow,  
Mirrors crack when truth won't show.  
The soul is sound, the rest is noise,  
But love still listens, it has no choice.

*Oh empathy, you velvet lie,  
A Hallmark card with teary eye.  
Understanding's a rented seat,  
You clap my pain, then hit repeat.  
Echo chamber heart, sing me back,  
But miss the note, you're off the track.*

Mind interprets, twists the phrase,  
Body mimics, acts the play.  
Heart bleeds raw, it aches, it cries,  
Soul just knows—it never tries.

*Oh empathy, you fickle flame,  
You wear my mask, but not my name.  
Understanding's no borrowed art,  
It's soul to soul, it's heart to heart.  
No echo now, no need, no track,  
The truth just shines—reflecting back.*

## 28. “The Cosmic Joke”

We begged for crowns, for doors, for keys,  
For safety, love, for hands that please.  
We sang for hope, for joy, for fame,  
But every mask was just the same.

*Esteem and meaning, freedom's song,  
Empathy said, "You've belonged all along."  
The jester laughs, the mirror's clear,  
The soul was whispering all these years.*

So light the stage, the play is through,  
The needs were masks— and all were you.

## 29.Dream - "The Alchemist Sleeps In"

I dreamt I was Hermes, late for my flight,  
Selling enlightenment two-for-one tonight.  
The stars winked down like they'd seen it before,  
A cosmic rerun—what a celestial bore.

*Dream on, dream wrong, the philosopher's song,  
It's just "as above, so below" all night long.  
Wake up, shake up, the joke's on the scheme,  
Life is just matter pretending to dream.*

I bottled the moon and I pawned off the sun,  
Said, "Alchemy's easy—just add water, son."  
But gold turns to dust when you laugh at the plan,  
The joke is on gods who behave just like man.

*Dream on, dream wrong, the philosopher's song,  
It's just "as above, so below" all night long.  
Wake up, shake up, the joke's on the scheme,  
Life is just matter pretending to dream.*

Dreams will crown you king, put the scepter in your hand,  
Or drag you through shadows you don't understand.  
They heal and they haunt, they build and they break,  
A double-edged mirror with no give and take.

*Dream on, dream wrong, the philosopher's song,  
It's just "as above, so below" all night long.  
Wake up, shake up, the joke's on the scheme,  
Life is just spirit pretending to dream.*

So dream if you dare, but remember this line:  
Even Hermes oversleeps... from time to time.

### 30. Instinct - “Animal Knows Best”

Instinct whispered: “Eat first, think last,”  
Hermes just chuckled, “The spell’s already cast.”  
The cosmos said “order,” the body said “chaos,”  
Guess who wins when you’re hungry in Piraeus.

*Bite first, bite fast, call it divine,  
“As below, so above”—the stomach’s the sign.  
Trust in your gut, it’s the ultimate jest,  
’Cause when mind goes on strike, the animal knows best.*

The sage draws circles, the beast just leaps,  
The Hermetic scroll yawns, while the wolf still eats.  
Enlightenment’s pricey, but nature’s for free,  
You can’t cage the pulse of biology.

*Bite first, bite fast, call it divine,  
“As below, so above”—the stomach’s the sign.  
Trust in your gut, it’s the ultimate jest,  
’Cause when mind goes on strike, the animal knows best.*

Instinct builds cities, instinct burns towns,  
It makes saints of fools and it flips thrones around.  
It heals when you listen, it kills when you boast,  
The fire you worship might eat you the most.

*Bite first, bite fast, call it divine,  
“As below, so above”—the stomach’s the sign.  
Trust in your gut, it’s the ultimate jest,  
Because when logic runs dry, the animal knows best.*

Instinct’s the riddle, the key, and the jest,  
The cosmos in fangs—yeah, the animal knows best.

## 31. Intuition - “Trust Me, I Just Know”

I saw the truth hiding under the rug,  
My gut sent a memo, my brain gave a shrug.  
Hermes winked, said, “The signs always show—  
But don’t ask for reasons, I just happen to know.”

*Trust me, I just know, don’t ask me how,  
“As above, so below,” it’s all here, right now.  
Logic’s on holiday, reason’s a guest,  
When the cosmos gets cheeky, intuition knows best.*

The stars send riddles, the silence replies,  
The fool calls it luck, the mage calls it wise.  
A whisper, a flash, or a gut-spun disguise,  
Intuition’s just chaos dressed up in a tie.

*Trust me, I just know, don’t ask me how,  
“As above, so below,” it’s all here, right now.  
Logic’s on holiday, reason’s a guest,  
When the cosmos gets cheeky, intuition knows best.*

It saves you from fire, it leads you astray,  
It builds sacred temples, it ruins your day.  
It whispers of beauty, it mutters of lies,  
A lantern that blinds while it lights up the skies.

*Trust me, I just know, don’t ask me how,  
“As above, so below,” it’s all here, right now.  
Logic’s on holiday, reason’s a guest,  
When the cosmos gets cheeky, intuition knows best.*

So raise a glass high to the guesses we bless,  
Half wrong, half divine—intuition’s success.

## 32. Imagination - “Castles in Thin Air”

I drew the sun with a secondhand pen,  
Sold it on credit to a crowd of ten.  
Hermes smirked, said, “It’s all in your head—  
But heads make the cosmos, or so it’s been said.”

*Build castles in thin air, design your own throne,  
“As within, so without”—you’ll still rent, not own.  
Reality’s paperwork never gets signed,  
But imagination rewrites the divine.*

I painted the void with a glittering lie,  
Told the abyss, “Smile pretty, don’t cry.”  
The dream makes a prophet, the dream makes a clown,  
Depends who’s awake when the curtains fall down.

*Build castles in thin air, design your own throne,  
“As within, so without”—you’ll still rent, not own.  
Reality’s paperwork never gets signed,  
But imagination rewrites the divine.*

It heals with its colors, it burns with its schemes,  
It crowns you a king, or it drowns you in dreams.  
A weapon, a canvas, a trickster’s disguise,  
It saves or it breaks you—it never plays nice.

*Build castles in thin air, design your own throne,  
“As within, so without”—you’ll still rent, not own.  
Reality’s paperwork never gets signed,  
But imagination rewrites the divine.*

So laugh at the void with a painter’s repair—  
The cosmos was born as a thought in thin air.

### 33. Vision “Spectacles of the Divine”

I saw the future on discount display,  
Two-for-one visions at the market today.  
Hermes winked slyly: “It’s all smoke and glass—  
The prophets are laughing, they still charge you mass.

*Look ahead, look behind, it’s the same old design,  
“As above, so below”—just a sales tagline.  
Clarity’s rare, delusion’s the rest,  
When the cosmos goes blurry, your vision looks best.*

I drew up a blueprint for heaven’s décor,  
Filed it in triplicate—gods stamped “ignore.”  
Vision’s a lighthouse, or maybe a scam,  
Depends if you’re steering or stuck where you am.

*Look ahead, look behind, it’s the same old design,  
“As above, so below”—just a sales tagline.  
Clarity’s rare, delusion’s the rest,  
When the cosmos goes blurry, your vision looks best.*

It builds golden empires, it blinds with its fire,  
It lifts up the meek, it fuels false desire.  
A crown on your brow or a trick in the mist,  
Vision’s a blessing, or snake-oil twist.

*Look ahead, look behind, it’s the same old design,  
“As above, so below”—just a sales tagline.  
Clarity’s rare, delusion’s the rest,  
When the cosmos gets fuzzy, your vision looks best.*

So raise your third eye to the joke on the line,  
We’re all just wearing spectacles of the divine.

## 34. Perception - “Mirrors Lie in Style”

I looked at the world through my brand-new disguise,  
It promised me truth, but it sold me the lies.  
Hermes just chuckled, “It’s all in the lens—  
Perception’s a carnival, guess how it ends.”

*Oh, mirrors lie in style, they twist with a grin,  
“As within, so without”—depends where you’ve been.  
Reality’s costume, illusion’s caress,  
Your eyes write the script, but it’s anyone’s guess.*

The sage sees a temple, the fool sees a wall,  
The artist paints halos where shadows should fall.  
It’s not what you’re seeing, it’s how you decide—  
Perception’s a chauffeur who’s already lied.

*Oh, mirrors lie in style, they twist with a grin,  
“As within, so without”—depends where you’ve been.  
Reality’s costume, illusion’s caress,  
Your eyes write the script, but it’s anyone’s guess.*

It heals when it softens, it kills when it bends,  
It makes love eternal, or breaks up your friends.  
A gift when it sharpens, a curse when it skews,  
The world’s just a prism that borrows your hues.

*Oh, mirrors lie in style, they twist with a grin,  
“As within, so without”—depends where you’ve been.  
Reality’s costume, illusion’s caress,  
Your eyes write the script, but it’s anyone’s guess.*

So toast to the vision that flickers a while,  
Perception’s a liar—at least it’s in style.

## 35. Judgement - “Court of My Mind”

I summoned myself to the court in my head,  
The judge wore my face and declared me half-dead.  
Hermes was laughing, “The scales never lie—  
They just tilt for the clever, and wink as they try.”

*Bang goes the gavel, the verdict is blind,  
“As above, so below”—depends who’s aligned.  
Justice is holy, or just poorly dressed,  
In the court of my mind, every fool is a guest.*

The saint got probation, the thief got a prize,  
The jury was busy just rolling their eyes.  
Balance is sacred, but here’s the real twist:  
The scales don’t weigh truth, they weigh who’s on the list.

*Bang goes the gavel, the verdict is blind,  
“As above, so below”—depends who’s aligned.  
Justice is holy, or just poorly dressed,  
In the court of my mind, every fool is a guest.*

It builds up empires, it tears them apart,  
It blesses the cruel, it condemns the pure heart.  
It saves when it’s fair, it destroys when it cheats,  
A judge in your skull who just loves backseat seats.

*Bang goes the gavel, the verdict is blind,  
“As above, so below”—depends who’s aligned.  
Justice is holy, or just poorly dressed,  
In the court of my mind, every fool is a guest.*

So hail to the sentence, divine or absurd,  
In the trial of the cosmos, the last say’s a word.

## 36. Inspiration “Lightning in a Teacup”

A spark hit my skull while I sipped on my tea,  
Hermes said, “Careful, that bolt isn’t free.”  
I wrote down the cosmos on napkins and bills,  
Now prophets recycle my unpaid refills.

*Lightning in a teacup, muse on the run,  
“As above, so below”—I just called it fun.  
Genius or madness? You’ll never quite know,  
Inspiration’s a prank that still steals the show.*

I shouted the truth, but it came out in rhyme,  
The crowd called it art, though it aged out in time.  
A whisper, a fever, a spark on the page,  
It crowns you a master, or locks you in cage.

*Lightning in a teacup, muse on the run,  
“As above, so below”—I just called it fun.  
Genius or madness? You’ll never quite know,  
Inspiration’s a prank that still steals the show.*

It builds up cathedrals, it burns them to ash,  
It saves broken hearts, or it drives a mad dash.  
It blesses with beauty, it curses with fire,  
A gift from the heavens that won’t just expire.

*Lightning in a teacup, muse on the run,  
“As above, so below”—I just called it fun.  
Genius or madness? You’ll never quite know,  
Inspiration’s a prank that still steals the show.*

So drink from the storm, let it spark where it will,  
The joke is that thunder keeps writing us still.

## 37. Memory - “Lies I Call the Past”

I dug through my past like a cheap paperback,  
The words rearranged when I flipped to the back.  
Hermes just snorted: “The trick’s always cast—  
The future’s tomorrow, but it’s dressed as the past.”

*Lies I call the past, but it feels so true,  
“As within, so without”—memory paints the view.  
History’s a poet with edits too vast,  
What we call the truth are just lies we call the past.*

The saint was a sinner, the thief was a friend,  
The story keeps changing but claims it won’t bend.  
A scrapbook of visions, a courtroom of dust,  
The mind makes the gospel, the gospel breaks trust.

*Lies I call the past, but it feels so true,  
“As within, so without”—memory paints the view.  
History’s a poet with edits too vast,  
What we call the truth are just lies we call the past.*

It heals when it softens, it kills when it scars,  
It shrinks broken wounds or it builds up false stars.  
It crowns us with wisdom, it drowns us in shame,  
A trickster that smiles every time you call its name.

*Lies I call the past, but it feels so true,  
“As within, so without”—memory paints the view.  
History’s a poet with edits too vast,  
What we call the truth are just lies we call the past.*

So toast to the ghosts that refuse to hold fast,  
The future keeps laughing at the lies we call the past.

## 38. Will - “The Tyrant in My Chest”

I told the stars, “Move!” — they said, “Who put you boss?”  
I built up a kingdom and tallied the loss.  
Hermes just whispered: “The secret is still...  
The cosmos obeys you, but laughs at your will.”

*March on, burn bright, the tyrant in my chest,  
“As above, so below”—desire does the rest.  
It shapes and it shatters, it curses, it bless’d,  
Bow down to the fire, the tyrant in my chest.*

I bent all the rules till they snapped in my hand,  
Declared it was freedom, but built up a brand.  
Power’s a crown or a leash, I confess,  
It turns kings to servants and slaves to success.

*March on, burn bright, the tyrant in my chest,  
“As above, so below”—desire does the rest.  
It shapes and it shatters, it curses, it bless’d,  
Bow down to the fire, the tyrant in my chest.*

It builds holy temples, it wages cruel wars,  
It opens new windows, it slams shut old doors.  
It heals when it’s guided, it kills when it’s blind,  
A beast on a leash in the back of your mind.

*March on, burn bright, the tyrant in my chest,  
“As above, so below”—desire does the rest.  
It shapes and it shatters, it curses, it bless’d,  
Bow down to the fire, the tyrant in my chest.*

So wield it or waste it, you’ll fail or you’ll win,  
The tyrant inside is still grinning within.

## 39. Delusion - “Crown of Smoke”

I bought me a kingdom made out of thin air,  
The throne was on sale and the subjects weren't there.  
Hermes was smirking: “It's all just a joke,  
A crown made of nothing, a crown made of smoke.”

*Hail to delusion, the trick we adore,  
“As above, so below”—the lie at the core.  
Truth wears a costume, belief does the rest,  
And the crown of smoke looks surprisingly blessed.*

The prophet saw visions, the merchant sold dreams,  
The fool called it genius, the wise split the seams.  
The cosmos is laughing, but here's the real sting:  
Illusion's the puppet, but it pulls every string.

*Hail to delusion, the trick we adore,  
“As above, so below”—the lie at the core.  
Truth wears a costume, belief does the rest,  
And the crown of smoke looks surprisingly blessed.*

It heals with its comfort, it kills with its lies,  
It blinds and it guides, it corrupts and it ties.  
It gives us the courage, it steals us our ground,  
It builds up the circus while burning it down.

*Hail to delusion, the trick we adore,  
“As above, so below”—the lie at the core.  
Truth wears a costume, belief does the rest,  
And the crown of smoke looks surprisingly blessed.*

So toast to the shadows that dance when we choke,  
The last laugh belongs to the crown made of smoke.

## 40. “Curtain of Stars”

The dream took a bow, instinct left the stage,  
Intuition winked, imagination raged.  
Vision dropped glasses, perception looked blind,  
Judgment just muttered, “The jury resigned.”

*All masks, all mirrors, all tricks of the mind,  
“As within, so without”—the play is designed.  
Applaud the confusion, the wisdom, the scars,  
We dance off the stage through a curtain of stars.*

Inspiration burned out, memory rewrote,  
Will raised the banner, delusion took note.  
Hermes was laughing behind cosmic bars:  
“The actors are humans, the script is the stars.”

*All masks, all mirrors, all tricks of the mind,  
“As within, so without”—the play is designed.  
The circus is over, we’re still who we are,  
Just fools taking bows through a curtain of stars.*