

## Scrupulous

### "Vortices Of Linear Thought"

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I want to find, you, my mind; set you free.  
And here this whole time I thought I was you.

Walking down that broiling street,  
trying to beat the summer heat,  
trying to keep shoes on my feet to stop the blistering.  
And concrete is warm and my shoes are worn; don't  
know  
where I've gone but I must move on.

Oh. On and on.

Cannot let my thoughts create a box,  
reliant on a schedule, walls,  
and clocks; I've gotta be a clever fox,  
more than just a stubborn mule. Pour the fuel.

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