Alchemic Implement

Nicholas Sajjakulnukit

Consider the power of my weapon of choice

The tool held in my hand

Through its work, you can always hear my voice

From wherever you may stand

Watch as it catches the essence of all

and confines it here as a word

See how it creates all manner of things

From the mundane to things absurd

See how it captures the far cloudy sky

See how it captures what’s near

See how it draws in all that meets your eyes

See how it compresses them here

Consider how words here take hold of your mind

You hold them, but they hold you back

Who takes control, your mind or your soul,

When a play’s words are caught in the Act?

This hand holds a tool that can become “God”

To make anything that comes to mind

Or unmake it once more (that’s what erasers are for)

If your wish is to leave creations behind

So open the door to the world of your own

Where the world you live in lives in your head

Keep writing for it, and see how it’s grown

Past the things that you can understand