

Paracelsus

I sit before my alembic
I think I seek gold
I write words that are obscure
I do not want to seem bold

I know the truths I seek
Are not what I say or mean
There are no homunculi
In this world to be seen

I write words to cure the hurt
Mixtures sometimes deadly
I did not think some would believe
And now it all seems unlikely

The beaker boils and bursts
The mercury spreads boiling round
The burns we receive hard to believe
Will not heal until we are dead

And still I sit and give advice
Tell you do this you'll heal
I cannot say with honesty
That anything I say is real.