

Indomitable, impassable, impregnable,  
The walls I'd built up over the years,  
Were like the cores of far off planets,  
Cold, dead, solid,

The first utterance you made,  
Reignited the fires,  
Slowly but surely,  
The machinery came back online,

As heat flowed,  
Slowly returning life,  
To these cold desolate halls,  
That I call my heart,

My defenses floundered,  
Decades of cold obsidian,  
Made brittle from lack of heat,  
Shattered at its reintroduction,

Then with fires burning bright,  
The core resuming its liquid existence,  
Brought other systems back online,  
Long since mothballed and forgotten,

Ambient temperature rising,  
And all systems go,  
A torrent of emotions,  
Swelled up from within,

Pipes backed up with ichor,  
And saccharine words,  
Flooded the tanks,  
No longer frozen and pushed down,

The wellspring bubbled over,  
Letting it all out,  
So something new could take its place,  
Something better,

A new tincture,  
That these halls may have never know,  
An as yet unidentified substance,  
With a chemical makeup spelling love,

As this newfound potion,  
Traveled through the living machine of my heart,  
It restored color, warmth, and desire,  
Crumbling away the last vestiges of defense,

Then,  
Unobstructed,  
You cast open the high forgotten doors,  
And waltzed into the control room,

And then as if it were second nature,  
You regulated the unkempt machinery,  
Setting new tolerances,  
And balancing pressures,

Wrangled the turbulent monstrosity,  
That my temperament had become,  
And set it on a better path,  
Feral tendencies allayed by your acumen,

The keys in your hands,  
The entire complex accessible to you,  
With secrets hidden no longer,  
An open book,

Dropping the metaphor,  
You saved me from myself,  
Shone your light upon me,  
And breathed new life into my inert heart,

I love you.