

THE HEART

Every gift from Cupid, is a slightly poisoned dart
But that's the only way -[at least the wise men say]:
That's the only way.....to the Heart.

The world may call us stupid, 'cause we've not mastered the art
But love's the only goal -[say those who've stirred this soul]:
Love's the only goal.....of the Heart.

When we were young, before we'd won
our understanding.
Had not yet been stung, nor dried & hung
by chords of heartstrings' reprimanding.
Everything we craved, since the days we misbehaved
was that subtle poison: tears and joys an'
poignancies disbanding.

Everyone pretended, that it's taste was never tart
But pretense only fooled -[the novice never schooled]:
Pretense only fooled.....the untouched Heart.

Every blossom ended, in an upset applecort
But risk's the only fuel -[and no one breaks this rule]:
Risk's the only fuel.....to fire the Heart.

When we were young, before we won
our understanding.
Had not yet been stung, nor dried & hung
by cords of heartstrings' reprimanding.
Everything we craved, since those days we misbehaved
was that subtle poison: tears an' joys an'
poignancies disbanding.

The veil once is tore, and nature's secrets come apart
To teach us we can't learn -[no matter how we yearn]:
We still can't learn.....the mysteries of the Heart.

O, Sun of Life don't set before, I've had the chance to start
For chance is all we're given -[to sow the seeds of livin']:
The seed that grows...only.....within the Heart.

END