

Jim Gaven

"A Good Look Into A Pure Heart"

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Softly, whisper those words so softly, for better or worse about me, open up your heart so carefully, put it on the table, don't worry, it's in good hands with me; I'll place it upon the ledge and mirrors will face it, to reflect the inner beauty mistaken, for everyone to admire this work of art, sculpted to perfection and shaded in light and dark, traced with a stencil while lead hold's the pencil's true mark; Gently, a blanket covers pieces remaining from last night's fight, with both sides containing, poisons from, one of your critics that mixed deadly potions to form, a so-called harsh expert who's notions are tender and warm; So tainted, the rust is soon to erode our faith in, whatever it is we have our hopes on making, the truth be discovered and all lies are smothered right from the start; and till I rest my case and pledge death do us part; (I'll write a book that takes a good look into a pure heart, why do we make this so hard) many times at end

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