

Heiruspecs

"Heartsprings"

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Gold and crimson tinged, fluttering leaves litter the streets
Sitting beneath the trees, she sleeps innocently
Didn't believe that a being so beautiful flew this low
Using slumber to stun others with features almost musical
And when her low notes, my soul hopes for something more than friendly
When her golden notes hit other folks, I feel close to envy
I'd never wake her, but if the slumber ever ceases
I would rouse her with my kisses and tussle with her demons
Seemingly familiar even though I know I've never met her
Like I send a dream in a letter to heaven and it sent her
Went
Word
Sent word to others
There's a lover, never met, yet she's sleeping in my covers
There ain't no others, count the rubbers up to prove it
Don't want to be the nuisance always asking, "Wanna do it?"
I'd run through it
Shoot, my lingua's always fluent
And even if our paths don't cross, I know our wants are congruent
So pursue it incessantly
Her exceptional essence and presence is testing my sensory, incessantly
Does destiny beckon me to set next to thee, indefinitely
"Yes," says the memories, incessantly
Then with the best of me, let it be
To quest for the recipe
To wrestle the delicate thread imbedded in the chest of she
So string-heart heads to me
Yes indeed
Let's proceed
Sensibly, in depth, pensively, yet intensely

She made my heartsprings stretch screams like guitar
string-fret swing sets
Yet she still left when chills crept through the treble
clefs
Better get another pump bolted in, it broke again
It's housings are rusted, it's only tin

June '93, rock-a-bye baby
Waking up out of the tree
Was she smiling at me?
(Who?)
Me with the hat back, knapsack, no tact
Told her I watched her sleep and read her my amorous
raps
She loved that, a pleasant surprise
Then she went with whatever like a drink and some
fries
All right Ms. Honey B. Devine
She offered me a ride, and yet we ended up talking all
night
The reason why
You know the steelo
Summer of the Skee-o, the way a brother speak low
Yo, I'm not endorsing no reckless endangering
But I ran out of condoms like a modern Wilt
Chamberlain
Check the hussle
Send a shrug towards the struggle
Listerine and Al Green to squeeze a fuck out of a
cuddle
But stuck out of the huddle whenever my friends swoop
through
I say, "You're barking up the wrong tree"
They say, "She duped you"
Who, you mean my boo?
You're just mad 'cuz she don't like you
Snapping at what I have, that's the damage of spite,
fool
Take a bite, dude
You ain't even got the plums that I do
Go write a haiku and talk about all that's inside you
Boy, was I cool
'Til the lightning strike split the divining tool that led my
eyes to
the tree of life inside of you
It withered and died too soon
A little each time you pruned the beautiful side of truth
by lying about
who else was laying beside you

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