

SHADE OF FRIENDSHIP

Drawn to the wild thyme's cushioned
Spread, holding troubled thoughts
We sit in perfumed silence, hands
Sadly touching. Enough has been
Said, decisions made, brave promises
To keep.

A patch of time,
A swathe of thyme,
Bees dot the blue
Moments stopping
Of my lips framed endearments.
And for you, afraid
To hold your own
With life's last sweetness,
For you, whose thoughts
Whirl madly at the whim of ghosts,
I'll don friendship's ill-
Fitting garment to
Keep out the sun.
And yes, through aching
Years I will abide, until
The final bursting of the
Swollen Autumn fruit
I dared not sip at.

You see, I've hurled afar
Orion's blazing sword,
But my comet's tail
Will burn brightly on
Its way to you, lighting
The sky with the colour
You have chosen.