

about time

I have a best friend

a best friend

I do not write about often,
if ever

because we have a friendship
that does not need dissected
by letters and words

nor does it need
confirmed by
poems and stories

it will be there tomorrow
and the day after
without me
tainting it with my
artistic jism

I always feel
as if I write about the ones
I know will be temporary
as though I'm trying
to hold onto them
a bit longer
or
as if I'm trying
to document their existence
to keep me from forgetting them
once their gone

and I never write
about the ones
truly dear to me

perhaps
because while loving them
I don't secretly hate them

and hate

always makes
for a good poem

there must be conflict
for it to remain interesting to
write about

I don't think you,
the reader,
wants to hear about
my friend and I
shooting the breeze
as if your tongues were
pistols

without any tears
without any drama
without any hate

just simple
conversations
about this and that
and not much

but then
you must take a moment
and realize how beautiful
this and that and not much
really are

how a friendship
as enduring and rewarding
as the one I have
is rare

and it's about time
I wrote something
for him

a poem without
conflict or crisis

just joy

joy for my friend

how I wish
every poem
could be like this
I'd never have to type
hate again