

FRIENDSHIP

by John Stone

FRIENDSHIP is as a house build upon a foundation of KNOWLEDGE,
each knowing the other, accurately, thoroughly
as one of honest introspection and meditation knows their own self,
deeply, intimately.

Knowing the flaws within the crystal, where to cut and choosing not to;
knowing the faults along with the honors, valuing the whole of the person.
Discovering the center of their being along with the borders, and discerning between the two.

To hear their discourse as the sound of articulate fingers upon a harp,
and distinguishing it from all similar instruments, as dissimilar.
Hearing the vibrations of its strings at times even before stroked.

To judge the persona as choice and chosen,
bonding to the VALUE of the one who manages the body encasing the one you love.
Finding their thoughts and judgments as substantial, purposeful, valuable, and admirable.
Esteeming their solidness, and comforting their softness.
Holding to their embrace and letting go, allowing their spirit to soar.
Feeling the power of their presence, without being suppressed.
Growing from appreciation, to respect, into admiration.
Each soul inhabiting the other, while the other retains their distinction.

Perceiving the brilliance of their lamp, without needing to quench your own
and never needing to quench theirs.
Offering but not insisting; caring but not controlling;
sharing without fear of loss nor greed of gain.

Experiencing the thrill of an explorer,
never tiring of new discoveries or interesting changes from personal growth.
Passionate with what remains the same and exuberant over what it built upon the passionary.
To grow not just upward, but outward toward and into the 'each other'.

Each to remain a FAITHFUL armor bearer,
helping to polish the swords of their strength,
and assist in smoothing out the dents received in battles past;
and trusted to continue though future dragons may be more dreadful
than were lions previously slain.
Offering ones self as a shield for the other.
Carrying each other's colors upon the lance of devotion.
Wielding the weaponry within their warriors heart
and zeal to slay what threatens the castle of their inseparable faithfulness.

Their AFFECTIONS are blossoming flowers in the late spring.
Moist, alive with color and maturing shape.
Nurturing peaceful serenity by the brook of refreshment.

All the relationship cemented by TRUST absolute,
built upon required faithfulness, accurately perceived within.
Unfailing LOYALTY.