

"Friendship"

Bird's chirp, honey of a melody of nature although we don't understand, As to the very ancient hieroglyphics. From there to here to there, Feelings, Can be touched, Hearts mended and emotion's captured through the conceiving of one's mind... To fly way... Just fly away to lead you and, I don't drink! Why paint a picture? The truth behind this reality is, formulating something richer. When life rains its turbulence in heavy torrents, when disaster strikes your nerves, when the world seems to crush your surroundings, leaving you physically, mentally and emotionally scared. Lend me your ear. Friendship is honesty, perservance, patience and willingness to open up, rather being timid... Friendship mean's dependability, keeping one's word in the heat of Struggle. The immature people are master's of the abibis. They are confused and disorganized. Their lives are a maze of broken promises, former friend's, and unfinished business with good intentions that somehow never, materialized friendship is the ability to connect mentally, it's lasting longevity, loyalty to understand what one may face. The hardship, Agony to feel the pain of the struggle. Friendship is beautiful, bleeding it's beauty through what draws you never.

To feel comfortable, smooth, soothing, without being ruff nor blemish...

When you hear the sound of what you do not understand...

Bird's chirp...

Human's understand...

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