

Limits of Friendship

By Glenn Currier

I went to my friend
almost afraid to expose the need
I found as I read the book,
not knowing if he would be deaf to it.
As I spoke of my father
who was not there
to show his boy how to be a man
I recounted my losses
and the load of grief I felt.

My sadness clung to me
a heavy suit of chainmail on a dark knight.
I could feel my face
drooping in lamentation
unable to be the smiling grinning buddy
I normally brought to the room.

Seemingly unable to enter into my pain,
my friend, a man of great intellect, character and conviction,
responded only with a litany of his own.
I tried to listen but my burden
made it a mighty climb.

Now I know my pal is only human
and I am wrestling
with my self
sweating MY
deafness.

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