

Limits of Friendship

[Print this poem only](#)

I went to my friend
almost afraid to expose the need
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 showed with him.

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
my expectations too great
and I am wrestling
with my self
sweating MY
deafness.

Written 1-28-23

