

Cherish the Treasure; by KB Ballentine

My friend, you are the polar star,
the ruler by which I measure grace.
Your smile and voice a siren's song,
your kindness knits around me
like a warm sweater, a colorful scarf.
These days alone I've become a ghost,
a veil of smoke, but you remind me I am
more than loneliness, more than despair,
more than a hollow version of Woman.
You cradle my sorrow and you starch
my nerve. Alone, I am no one,
but, like champagne that tickles my nose,
you make me laugh and fill me with confidence.
Oh, friendship: thank you for this year.