

My Dear Friend: A Poem

She took me in to see the most sacred and intricate pieces of her collection. Rich blues and peacock greens woven among bright shining gold threads that gleamed beneath showroom lights, reds so deep your eyes sunk down into the hues, royal purples and vivid jades. The tapestry was thick and rich and exquisite, of the highest quality. To stare into it was like staring into the depths of a rainforest in high summer, teeming with life, after a refreshing rain shower. Admiration cannot help but swell up deeply within, as you take inventory of its value and its beauty; of what careful steps and thoughtful movements it took to create such a masterpiece.

She had taken me in to see her character. Admiration could not help but swell up deeply within, as I took inventory of its value and its beauty; of what careful steps and thoughtful movements it took to create such a masterpiece.