

Remembering Friends

Deep, deep inside, almost shadows, some translucent,
There exists, safely stored, pictures with soft smiles.
Of times blessed, sought, as a budding student
Of moments with others ... learning trials.
Etched deeply rarely taken out,
Moments with deep emotions.
Now running fast about.
Such friendly notions,
Seeking sunshine,
Laughing loud,
Punchline.
Friends.
Links
Long gone
From the grind.
Calm, hidden song
Whispering ... remind
Me of good times well spent
At bars and fun watering holes.
We never worried about the rent.
Dancing the night away ... grateful souls.
Cotton Eye Joe ... Country Two Step ... Salsa.
Waking early ... waiting to do it again.
Those times, deep within, etched in stone, still call us.
Ah, time, the master of us all, look at it and grin.

Bob Bussey (June 2024)