

Manayer

That hair, that enters the room first like a lion's mane
Tamed by her beauty it circles like a frame
As she smiles wide to take in the room
Sarcasm is a shield casually tossed into the gloom
When it comes from a living doll wits so disarming
Technological maven makes her more charming
And oh my dear friend how nothing changes
Even when years pass between to rearrange us
Each reunion as natural as the first
Every conversation filled till it could burst
You know everything and know it twice
Of all our triumphs and their price
To walk to the edge of this life with such a friend
Gives meaning to the beginning, middle and end