

...september 5, 1990...

**i loved you once my friend –
desperately and fully –
inside a hidden room
where you could do no wrong –**

**i think you felt the same
and always after loving
you graciously forgave
my errant ways –**

**i love you now my friend
distantly and freely –
no lover bondage
twisting mind and soul –**

**i think you like me better
in our separateness –
but when you rage
across a faceless telephone**

**condemning those who wrong you
while you are always right –
i am not sure
i want to call you friend.**

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