

They say a final parting's bitter sweet,
As though each tear's the fruit of passed bliss,
A tender crop we plant when new friends greet,
In that we wonder "What might come of this?"

When in the tender hold of friend's embrace,
With eyes that pierce through stars and see the end,
We give ourselves to fret on time and space,
For time-worn love's a cloth that's hard to mend.

But garments we outgrow and crops we reap,
For time must march, and with it we must go.
But in our minds, our memory we keep,
Of some past friend whose heart we came to know.

We have just met, but won't you stay some while?
Perhaps, some day, our tears will wet our smiles.