Singular Friend

there is no singular friend

who holds the hand of one

while teaching another

but there is a line

whose terminus is drawn roughly

in the sand of my mind

beginning

in the point

directly behind my eyes

a string of music

vibrating with the divine

note of desire

that stretches to the impossible

the sinkhole, the hungry void

all the wishes i have in the world

cannot do but bring me closer

to that distant origin

and that it does not exist

has never been my problem