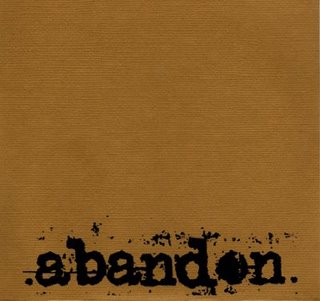
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My friend’s in trouble, troubles looming large

And I feel helpless, for my being so unworthy,

Knowing, my company has only hope to deliver,

But hope, sometimes is more nauseating than frustration,

“I am with you, my friend”, No, this cannot be,

Because the blame is all his to take,

He knows it, and I can’t lie

So I distance myself from him.

I don’t feel anything, am I a hypocrite?

I wield different faces for different people,

I sympathize to him, and I feel somber,

On the next curve is revelry, and all is over?

I avoid him, a friend; solace is all I can give to him,

When he is troubled and I feel suffocated,

I can’t face him, because then I have to face myself,

So I distance myself from him.

It was written quite long ago, when there had been such situation. Its incomplete, and I don't think I would be put words into it neither improve what I had written before. And I don't feel like its poetry and won't be tagging it in that category either. Its a conversation.

I felt shackled, for being so minute, for being just equal to nothing. People sympathizing with the sufferer, and still not helping him in the way they could have, just because it might endanger their reputation or they may enter wrong books? I feel it’s better to fight on the friend’s side, on the side of righteousness. At least in the end, there won’t be any guilt that I did not try. I know I may falter on my own sayings when I say this, but that is something I loath myself for. But at least, I feel guilty of treason. What about others, who watch like mute spectators during the showdown and boast of deepest philosophies and principles?