

An ode to platonic love

The untaught harmony of falling into friendship
is the most honest romance
When true, it chooses not to deceive,
For what's the point of leading the heart astray

It supersedes the impermanence of sexual love,
with limitless intimacy.
Finding eternity in its companions
is remarkably the only course it sets.

Sometimes, it wallows in the lukewarm poverty of intentions,
to be starkly reminded that intentions alone have never satisfied.
The criteria for true platonic love
is invariably defined by its constant pouring of itself into you, by itself

It is solitude's wildest dream,
and mine too,
whose imperceptibility intimidates the onlooker.
Its fibres stretch between two, through many

Such an infatuation as its outlines
the most beautiful half-crescent stamp
placed squarely between
the cliff's edge and mountain's summit atop every face.

The sensation it arouses is
the most pleasurable delight found on this side of heaven,
found on this side of death.
But just like divinity, its truth tip-toes delicately above.

Those who have walked to its cadence
and sung to its melody
know well the fact that its song
never once goes out of tune.

So, rejoice !
while its lyrics intoxicate every dancing blood cell,
while your heart perpetually plays copy-cat with its rhythm,
and with the adornment of that half-crescent stamp upon your face.

May platonic love
remedy a world ailing,
hearts misaligned,
and curious voids awaiting the best type of friendship.