

Facets

Friends are like facets of a stone;
Formed with pressure, and time, and work
Or maybe - Like those of a dice;
Part luck, and thrill, and fun.

One of the flock
Or one on one
These bonds change us
Frame us
And rearrange the way we see the world.

Yet when I think of friendships
I also feel a fear –

Historic toxicity
Robbing vulnerability
That really, I need
For genuine connection.

It's easy to be a friend;
Harder to have one.
So as I think of
These precious gems;

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I question –

Whose am I,

And whose are mine?