

2003

# MY FRIEND WITHIN

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When I am tired, unrested, and weary  
I turn again to the friend within.  
No mirrors represent the essence  
Nor the strength that there caresses  
My soul by my friend within.

For to love others, I must begin —  
By loving and holding once again —  
That inner spirit and that desire  
That holds the fiber and the fire  
From within my friend within.

And when death comes — as it must  
And this earthly body turns to dust —  
As I reach for the hand of my God and peace  
At last, in rest, I shall release  
In the end, my friend within.