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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.

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