

What else could I call this?

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Two sad old faces, though still kids
when we first met
and somehow recognized
that we had skipped the same age

A time of unforced magic
and inexpensive luxury
a treasure trove of friendship so vast
that to try to count it would be ungrateful

From sadness, through timid fear
to trust so deep
that we never came all the way apart again
(did we honey?)

And could we? No
the question is a joke
How can you be apart from
your own laughter and soul?

Paladin-strength, I say
but can they know what true faith means?
Not faith in the unknown
No, *take-my-word-for-it*, here, buddy

I know what I'm getting
 what I'm getting into
 what I'm getting into trouble for
 what I'm getting into trouble for taking for granted, far too often

The source of all my faith

You, *silly*