

## The Circle

My friends,  
My friends always are talking  
To me about their obsessions.

They suffer, too.

I feel You,

Smiling at them inside me.  
Ribbing me with your elbow, *See*.

“I know.  
I know.”

I, too, am like them.

They also tell me of their fears,  
Their sadness.

You and I,  
We shed tears as one.  
We form a great pool,  
Into which We gaze, and seek,  
And find Ourselves gazing back.

Their fears seem more real than mine.  
Not so hidden.  
I see it in their eyes.  
I see mine there too.

I hear them whispered from their lips,

Your voice,

as if the breeze.  
Not hollow like mine.

We form a great circle,  
The three of Us.  
You,  
And me,  
And Me again.

| Brett M. Wilbur