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My Buddy Echo

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My Buddy Echo

Justin L. Mutinta

We used to write letters to each other.
But not love letters,
In those letters words were spoken that would never fall on another's ears.

Words we could never speak to the world,
For it would never understand what really went on inside our hearts,
despite the smiles and brave faces contending the coldness of the world.

We used to call each other,
But not love calls,
These were calls where the heart was aching at how bad this life was
and wishing for a brighter future.

Through this phone, she'd reach to me:
Her shoulder to cry on, an ear to listen,
A candlelight of hope in this darkness called life.

We used to visit each other,
But not in our dreams,
But physically across the lands with journeys that cost time and money.
Yet as we tried to hide our embarrassments called home,
We'd hug and say to each other, "It's where the heart is."

We grew stronger,
But not as lovers,
More as brothers or best buds, and the best there could be of
because we refused to let life get the better of us.

Because of each other,
Should one have fallen, the other was never too far away to say
a word of encouragement, and keep the team on track.

Sometimes I wonder,
But not all the time,
But sometimes it's in order to appreciate the positive effect
we had on each other's lives.

And it was together,
That we managed to stick it through,
Through thick and thin,
Through the good times and the bad times.

And I would like to thank you, my buddy, my pal, Echo.