What Could I Compare You to…

What could I compare you to my old friend?
What could I know better than the memory of you.
The one to see me through
To hide the thought of you
in a small brown paper bag
concealed in my head
the vision of the summer’s shine
the smile so kind
the hopes resigned

You were worth every tear you caused
all recordings of the past you paused
the moon in all it’s glory
knows little of our story and yet there you were
in all things new
survivors few
from the past of your delicate mind
The smile that slew the serpents of shame
and gave me breath again.
And so I remember because I am the only one
who saw certain things about you that no one could claim.
this is my undiscovered fame.