

Ode To Friendship

By Michiro-Chan

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A poem that I wrote for my best friend Jessica, and every flicker of beauty I see in this little-known world that makes me think of her ever-shining light. Thanks for everything, Jessica. Our friendship knows no bounds.

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Brave Eyes - Jessica

Brave Eyes,

The motherly breast of Kwan Yin, good Chinese Goddess of Mercy,
Pressing her bosom until milky whites swirled with crimsons,
Splaying rice-paddies with both blood red and white rice
Gazing over the meager stalks while a cerulean fire hurricanes in her stare
Clean as snow,
Clean as snow,
Clean as snow,
A snowy bank of flesh surrounding a pool of icy sapphires, clean as snow

Brave Eyes,

Narcissus flee in murders of pale yellow tinted black by the velvety heavens
One pallid forefinger traces the stars of the past kings of the universe,
Orion's belt, her blade's girdle and sheath
Ursa Major and Minor, snowy comrades of the wild-maned and wild-toothed,
Leo, king of beasts, the strong winds southward being their stampeding over soft earth
And gnashing jowls
The great Sagittarian, Blaze, a glimmer of emerald and shock of fiery red to the archer's irises
And the locks that enclosed them

Brave Eyes,

Dredging the packs of wolves that scrounge over the badlands,
Tawny gawps ringing a requiem and yowls singing their eulogies to the new moon
Paws clambering lethargically over patches of decay, even as snow drifts in schools onto the bare
Head of mother earth
Bits of raveling yarn forming a wool hat for the scraggily, frosty fibers
Of a crown soon to be in full blossom come spring
The mountains serenade for her migration, an opera...
Ave Maria, A ---- ve Maria...

Brave Eyes,

A painted, light-footed little Geisha decked out in majestic dyes and silks, strawberry blond hair pulled
back into a tight bun and cradling a parasol
Butterflies and bean-throwers emerge in sprays of breathtaking color before her, lifting her tartan kimono
to the very treetops and rooftops of Babel
The girl's skin was fabled white as the alabaster unicorn's, cheeks rosy and pearled, as May morning on
the lips of a rose, the cherubim face of a little porcelain doll
A barest shade of cherry behind by the sakura trees painted in the milieu, traces of ebony brushwood
seen lacing throughout the Godly pink posies of petals, her hair woven with pale pastel taffeta ribbons,

Brave Eyes,

A waltzing couple festooned in an old-fashioner's finest, the lady of the dance like a terracotta figurine
and her shoulders embraced by the bullion ballroom walls
Decorated in the monogrammed and tawny bateau of her ball gown, a tiara made up of three gingery

roses and strung pearls placed over her golden head

A Lolita gazing hungrily toward her ballet companion, eyes dotting blue-gray and lips faintly loving

``Someone just for me,"

They say the clockwork doll would say, much prettier than any ordinary girl, ``Someone just for me."

Brave Eyes,

Winter nights shorten to summery, golden afternoons, Ice Age to the Garden of Eden, bringing
bumblebees and scarlet-breasted hummingbirds that buzz their happy ditties,

The daisies drive even the most sober lovers to their wit's end with the jibes and strum of their petals,
even as tulips, daffodils, marigolds, and peonies were painted by the elfin hands of Roy G. Biv
His pot of gold delved into that very realm, garnished his rainbow trail through the gateways of paradise
With crimsons, burgundies, rubies, gingers, ambers, golds, diamonds, emeralds, limes, sapphires,
ceruleans, plums, amethysts, and lavenders...

Brave Eyes,

Plaiting a belt of gold fit for Cleopatra,

The precious virgin Mary shrouding her within a fragile embrace while lullabying the cozy, redundant
tales of woodland sprites, the woven bands of lovers, that paragon of entrancing seraphs braiding a tiara
of violets for her head

``I'll make a music box for you, my love," one dark-haired girl murmurs with a smile,

``One for each of us and play them beside one another, and come the day of my end, tell that ballerina
to dance. Dance until she grows tired..."

Brave Eyes.