

My friend Bart...

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I have a friend, who is fond of laughing,
He laughs at things he sees funny,
And in things that do not seem much,
And when he does, I laugh in despair without knowing why.

I have a friend, whose company never bothered to matter,
Whose camaraderie is second to none,
Though he is found to be senseless,
For he is my friend that seems to show something unworthy.

I have a friend, whose way of eating is clumsy,
Whose spoons and forks make noise in dining
And whose mouth is full when he speaks,
But is bothered by others doing the same.

I have a friend, or do I have?
If I think I do not as much as I could think.
I have a friend who is a resemblance of myself
And whose reflection is that of mine.