

# An Ode to Companionship

Charles Michael Averin | Poetry

Since fatefully finding a buddy for binding,  
Through whoring and warring and whorling and winding,  
I found it confusing, confounded in musing  
On how bruising his words were during his boozing.

Fleeing was fleeting, and while chilled by my cheating,  
It seemed maudlin and mawkish and marred by our meeting,  
Repeatedly meeting, remeeting and greeting,  
And our brutishly, balefully, each other treating.

We were impudent partners, imprudent and rude,  
We'd shamefully sullied and so scornfully skewed  
What we'd wishfully wanted, so flagrantly flaunted,  
So youthfully yearned and vaingloriously vaunted.

We remet once again, for one final first,  
Watching behind us the worst of the worst, we versed:  
"Whatever the weather, we'll weather together,  
From now until never, for now and forever."