

Poem for a dear friend

by [Brian Doyle](#) in the [February 5, 2014](#) issue

I don't tell you how much it matters to me that you are my friend.
I'll never tell you, bluntly and face to face. I can't summon words
That way. They only come to my fingers occasionally if I'm silent
And give up thinking. Our fingers are a lot smarter than we know.
Like today when my fingers want to say something like: your gifts
To me have been ears and humor. We speak some strange language
That few other people speak. I don't know why that's so. It's surely
An accident. It's not like we set out to find each other in the tumult
Of this sweet wilderness. But we did somehow. You can put names
On the finding if you want. The names all mean the same thing. An
Old name is Providence, which is another way to say God, which is
A way to say We Have No Idea How, But We Are Aware of Grace.
There are more names for God than we'll ever know, and one is you.