

MICHAEL CHARLES MAIBACH



CANCUN FRIENDS

Birds land, we meet.
The sun shines,
The earth stops spinning.
We become friends.

All the rest seems unimportant,
As it should be.

We laugh, we play.
We talk of friends back home.
The special ones,
The ones we carry in our hearts.

Then the songs end,
The sun goes down,
The moon makes its mistake,
The earth begins to spin again.

Birds fly away.
We are better.
Because we are friends.
As it should be.

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