

Litany of Friendship

By Reyadh Rahaman

As the companions travelled together, they heard the music of the world.

Over green hills and open fields, they heard the wind strumming chords encouragingly. Like the strings of an ethereal guitar.

When they crossed lakes and forded rivers, they heard the water droplets ping against pebbles and stones pleasantly. Like the ivories of a piano being tapped playfully.

Through canyons and around mountains, they heard the stones rumble downhill determinedly. Like the beat of a courageous drum.

Until they reached the shade of the majestic willows, where golden sunlight peeked through the gaps in the branches, and the voice of the wind whispered through the leaves.

The companions were told tales of ancient times by the sun and the wind, though not through words. But songs. Played with the instruments of nature, by the spirits of the world.

In harmony, they laughed. For joy is infectious.

In unity, they spoke. For understanding is desired.

In friendship, they rested peacefully between verses and tales. For a comfortable silence is to be cherished.

After the fun, the companions returned home. Back the way they came. Accompanied, as always, by the music of the world. Until the sun dipped below the horizon and the friends below their blankets, they heard the tunes. And as they drifted off into the night, a wonderful moon shone splendorous beams into their hearts and souls. Easing them into a gentle slumber.

Until the morning, when they would rise to a new song.