

## With a Goodly Company

by Harry Brown

Friend is as up as I can climb.  
He's ridgepole of my home;  
In my job, she's comb.  
He's *a priori* Croesus;  
She rises from the sea.  
He's higher than I can hope;  
She's further than I can see.  
No hyperbole, now. Truth,  
Absolute. Well, perhaps a tad of litotes.  
Arrival in such economy is mystery,  
Both possible and not—beyond fact  
Or any act I can complete.  
But I begin, I strive, I arrive.  
It's a second grace. No, foremost.  
Yahweh's takes second place.  
My friends are my estate.