

A friend is a person who is for you always . . .
He wants nothing from you
except that you be yourself.
He is the one being with whom
you can feel safe.
With him you can utter your heart,
its badness and its goodness.
Like the shade of a great tree
in the noonday heat is a friend.
Like the home port with your country's flag flying
after a long journey is a friend.
A friend is an impregnable citadel of refuge
in the strife of existence.
It is he that keeps alive
your faith in human nature,
that makes you believe that it is a good universe.
He is the antidote to despair,
the elixir of hope, the tonic for depression . . .
Give to him without reluctance.

— Anonymous