



Circle of friends

Why do we call it a circle of friends?
The reason is it always bends.
The shape won't change with someone new
If there are many or just a few.

A circle is strong, it can shrink or grow
As you meet new people you'd like to know
Or lose a friend in a silly fight
There are others there; it will be all right.

A circle never runs out of space
Come and go, there'll be a place.
A gap can close and open again
To be filled by you, no matter when.

There's always room for another one
Another person to share the fun
Another person who you can share
Your feelings with, who will always care.

Inside the circle, the space is free
To play with one or two or three.
Skates and scooters, books and toys
To share with different girls and boys.

Other shapes have angles and lines
You really can't change those designs.
Bend like the circle, make it wide
You'll find a world of friends inside.

Gillian Craig

Poems

