Here in My Hands

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The snow softly drifts down, covering the cold, hard ground,

Here in my hands, I hold a prize, in which I have found.

It is lighter than a feather, and doesn't hold the same value as silver or gold.

It is gained by trust, and can not be sold.

Everyone can have it, as long as you are willing to give it.

You can not physically hold it, and you don't need a permit.

It takes at least two people to gain it, and a bowl full of forgiveness and respect.

But if you suddenly crash, expect a distressing effect.

It can comfort you when you're sad, and share a laugh with you.

It can do so much more than you know!

It starts with a f, ends with a p, and has 8 letters in-between.

The prize is friendship, isn't it keen?​