

Friday Afternoon

Peter Hammill

Why wait for life to happen, when right before our eyes blind fate unwraps its patterns? I just said "See you soon". My piano was in tune when you walked out of the room. It felt like any normal Friday.

At concert pitch, 440 the pressure's many tons; the weight of life befalls me. I wish I could pretend my piano's on the mend. You treated it like a friend, left it to settle down over the weekend.

You've got a ticket on the terraces for the game on Saturday and afterwards you might go for a beer. On Sunday afternoon you'll take the family to the park and later, when it's getting dark you'll say "We've still got that old spark", you'll say "Oh, aren't we just so lucky to be here...."

So stupid and so senseless.... Sometimes we're pulled up short, quite shockingly defenceless. I don't know what to do: my piano's out of tune... it's not as if I can assume that it's ever going to get any better now.

A liquid lunch appointment when the working week is done, there's time for one more just before he goes. A quick glance at the watch and now it's time to head for home. And so it's goodbye to the ladies, grabs the keys to his Mercedes, thinking "Maybe I should get a cab....". But no.

Blind drunk, he met you head on. On a normal Friday afternoon.