

Was a Friend

Robert Wyatt

Furry kind of greeting, not exactly hostile,
Not exactly facing, not exactly turning away,
Not exactly frowning, not exactly smiling.
Lurking by the door
Without a sign of wanting to move.
Though hardly friendly, not an angry gesture
Did it make. Just quite unnerving.
It's been a long time.

I almost forgot were we buried the hatchet.
"Bin a long time no see", (pidgin English
Native to none). After several silences
A cautious head nod. This could take forever.
Did it want to come for a dig? It did
Not answer. I was feeling restless at the door,
Ashamed of my fears. Where WAS the hatchet?

Suddenly was gone. I woke up
Feeling stupid. No-one else awake
Though dawn was only minutes away.
Quietly I rose to fill the morning pee pot.
What a silly dream,
Not like what really would have occurred.
Old wounds are healing.
Faded scars are painless just an itch.
We are forgiven.
It's been a long time.