

Robert Wyatt, Was A Friend

Was A Friend (Wyatt, Hopper)

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.