

## 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.