

My Friend

There's a small hitch in your step, my friend,
And silver in your hair
You don't stand quite as tall
Your shoulders aren't as square

You slightly turn your head, my friend,
To hear what's being said
Your eyes squint, tho' just a touch,
When something's to be read

Ah, but there's humour in your eye, my friend,
And wisdom on your brow
Tho' things may not be yet as once
I'll gladly take the now

The greying now of you, my friend,
Shows more your heart and mind
Than could the acts of robust youth
In any way define

Time's carved you up a bit, my friend,
Here, there, a rut or groove
But friend you were and friend you are
With nothing left to prove

And soon, perhaps too soon, my friend,
There'll be just one of us
To see the other laid to rest
.... ashes, memories, dust

But we will ride again, my friend,
Ere forever passes by
Though it be on a different steed
And across another sky

2013

These lines owe their inspiration to a contemplation of the fleetness of life and the passage of friends through it, but the last stanza, in terms of inspirational bequest, belongs completely to my friend, Dennis, upon whose passage --- in 2019 --- it was added to the earlier verses.