

Old Friend

I saw the paint splotch on the floor

That same head arched upwards

Its chiseled nose pointing towards the bathroom door

The index finger rising like a jagged bolt of lightning

I had forgotten that it still was here

But I was aimlessly staring at floor as I sat waiting for nature to take its course

And then as dreamt-about loves gone by and trips I never took, and trips I did take and places I had been

I saw this splotch upon the floor and realized that I had seen it before, so many times before

And there were times I never even noticed, but there were times like these when I did

And I thought “so good to see my old friend again, the one who never fails me, the one who stays here on the floor waiting for me to come back and remember him, and forgiving me for not remembering him every time”

Oh, if only all my friends were as sure, and loyal, and forgiving as him