

**Our Friend**

Once she was only our friend.  
Now she is a famous poet

and still our dental work  
will go to our respective graves.

Oh graves, wet as wine, west  
of the Great Divide; we walk past

our fatal earth more than once  
in our homely loves. She's likely

sitting alone beside some folded  
flowers, on a white wicker chair

rocking, rocking, feet clicking by  
under the new Daylight Saving Time dusk.

Once she stamped the kitchen floor  
because the soufflé had already fallen,

once she wrote a sonnet  
and we all laughed and cut it

to fourteen lines.

*George Bowering*