

THE FRIEND

I happened to meet an old friend in a bar but I just couldn't place him at first,
And I tried hard to think as we both bought a drink and got chatting while
quenching our thirst.

"Great to see you again", "You're looking so well" – we started exchanging our
news

And then I could see that exactly like me he was frantically searching for clues.

We talked of our work and we talked of our wives, and then there was so
much to tell.

In the end we knew all about each other's lives, but nothing that rang any bell.
Then he said "My wife said 'Oh Trevor you fool'", and that was the answer,
how clever.

So I let slip my own name and then it was cool, except no-one I knew was
called Trevor.

When the glasses were empty at last we could see, in the handshake and the
look in the eyes,

That it wasn't him and it wasn't me – it must have been two other guys.

"Never mind" said the stranger as we said goodbye, "It's been good to know
you so far,

And if I'm here again and you should drop by, at least we will know who we
are".

Now twenty years on and the stranger is gone, there's a story that each of us
tells

Of how in the end we made such a good friend 'cause we thought it was
somebody else.

And there is a saying I seem to recall, though who said it of course I forget
That the stranger you see is no stranger at all but friend you just haven't met...
The stranger you see is no stranger at all but a friend you just haven't met.

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*A made up story, but the starting point is a situation that almost everyone
recognises: "I know that person from somewhere, but who is it?"*