

*for David Friedlander*

On a sunny day you come to say goodbye

with a wan look but a cheery eye.

You ask to open the door to the garden

so full of birds, butterflies, bees and

radiance of October blossom

it's hard to contain a smile or tear.

“So lovely,” you say, “to see the garden again.”

*And those blue-green birds between*

*The kowhai and the bottlebrush?*

“Tuis,” you say, without even looking.

Savouring the lightfulness of spring

and the promise of a bumper summer

we laugh and while the day away

for a moment pause, sit back, reflect:

what better testament at journey’s end –

to have been a kind and constant friend.

