

# Old Friends

George Winston

Old friends, old friends,  
Sat on their parkbench like bookends  
A newspaper blown through the grass  
Falls on the round toes  
of the high shoes of the old friends

Old friends, winter companions, the old men  
Lost in their overcoats, waiting for the sun  
The sounds of the city sifting through trees  
Settles like dust on the shoulders of the old friends

Can you imagine us years from today,  
Sharing a parkbench quietly  
How terribly strange to be seventy

Old friends, memory brushes the same years,  
Silently sharing the same fears

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