

ON BEING A BEST FRIEND

I know it is true and to some it is no jest
That I sometimes tell each friend
I love her more than all the rest.

It isn't that I'm lying
And it's not that I'm not trying
To be honest and sincere enough
To pass true friendship's test.

It's just that I'm emotional,
Impetuous, I fear
So when I'm not with the one I love
I love the one I'm near.

And besides, I do love everyone
To more or less degrees
And what's a best friend for
If not to flatter and to please?

Yet still, my dearest Susan, I notice when I'm blue
One best friend I often tend to telephone is you.
And when I'm worried or confused or when I need advice,
Or when I feel anxiety squeeze me in its vise,
Or when I'm worried my career has somehow gone off track,
Or my dog is getting fatter or my kids are talking back,
Or my husband's not attentive,
Or my work is not inventive,
Or my life is too expensive,
Or my manners are offensive.

When I want sanity and peace and need some wisdom rare
One I always turn to, one to always care,
One who somehow finds the time to always just be there,
Is you, my dearest Susan,
It's you, Susan, dear.