So Long My Friend

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So Long My Friend

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So long, my friend, our time is at an end,
Or censored, should I say? For so I’ve seen:
Life’s characterized by moments spent with friends;
Our measure, here, has summed to one, it seems.

Now normally goodbyes are said like this,
“God speed your future’s random walk or run.
Today we see that independence is
Assumed too oft, as friendship’s rho is one.”

Kurtoted tales are told of friends’ import.
Each role is central, limitless in score.
Conditions hold ‘mongst friends like our consort,
A Q.E.D. of what a friend is for.

Remembering this, I’ll mind my Ps and Qs
Each time I count my friends, including you.