Nostalgia:

I met my friend up at a diner,

To catch up on our lives,

In search of something finer,

From mental dumpster dives.

To order: coffee black, I resolved,

And he three sugars sweet,

But when I looked they had dissolved,

And I shifted in my seat.

Right now he looked alright,

But back then how he was gold!

‘Twas as if each hopeless night,

He grew to twice as old.

Yet the conversation rumbled,

Reached the climax of our days,

But at a pause he mumbled,

And picked the knives up off our trays.

And he thrust across the table,

Stabbed and twisted in my gut,

Left my outfit crimson-sable,

‘Cross my trousers and my butt.

How my good old friend betrayed me,

Left me out to rot,

Deceived my hope and ecstasy,

Made me happy he did not.