

Old friends on a park bench, sharing coffee from a thermos in the shade of sycamores in spring...

by James Lloyd Davis

"In my life, there have been moments when...."

"Stop that."

"Stop what?"

"Explaining yourself."

"What do you mean?"...

"That whole business of 'In my life, there have been blahblahblahblah...' It's a preamble and it's totally unnecessary."

"I was just..."

"What, gathering your thoughts? If you've got something to say, say it."

"You're a jerk."

"What?"

"You wanted me to say it. So I said it."

"Well, you're going to have to explain that."

"You told me to stop explaining myself."

"That's not what I meant."

"Well then, maybe you're going to have to explain your own self."

"Wait. Let's go back."

"Go back to what?"

"Your preamble. What were you going to say?"

"It was about liberating moments, but this little dialogue itself explains the meaning and provides an example of just such a moment."

"Why is that?"
"I've always wanted to call you a jerk."
"Always?"
"Always."
"But we've been friends for, what... since the third grade."
"And you were a jerk in the third grade as well."
"Well if I was such a jerk... why did you want to be my friend?"
"I didn't. I never wanted to be your friend. I just wanted to be..."
"What?"
"I don't know. Less lonely."
"....."
"....."
"So... what now?"
"What do you mean?"
"You want to just... I don't know, stop being friends?"
"I called you a jerk. You still want to be my friend?"
"Sure. Why not. You're a jerk too. Birds of a feather, right?"
"Let's go fishing, then."
"I hate fishing."
"But we've been fishing together for thirty years."
"And for thirty years, I've hated it."
"Well.... what do you want to do?"
"Let's just sit here and talk..."
"Sure. Why not? It's a pretty day. To be honest, I don't much like fishing myself, so..."

