

THE REUNION

Every ten years, as summertime nears, an announcement arrives in the mail.
A reunion is planned. It'll be really grand. Make plans to attend without fail.
I'll never forget the first time we met. We tried so hard to impress.
We drove fancy cars, smoked big cigars, and wore our most elegant dress.
It was quite an affair; the whole class was there. It was held at a fancy hotel.
We wined, and we dined, and we acted refined, and everyone thought it was swell.
The men all conversed about who had been first to achieve great fortune and fame.
Meanwhile, their spouses described their fine houses, and how beautiful their children became.
The homecoming queen, who once had been lean, now weighed in at one-ninety-six.
The jocks who were there had all lost their hair, and the cheerleaders could no longer do kicks.
No one had heard about the class nerd who'd guided a spacecraft to the moon.
Or poor little Jane who's always been plain. She married a shipping tycoon.
The boy we'd decreed "most apt to succeed" was serving ten years in the pen,
While the one voted "least" now was a priest. Just shows you can be wrong now and then.
They awarded a prize to one of the guys who seemed to have aged the least.
Another was given to the grad who had driven the farthest to attend the feast.
They took a class picture, a curious mixture of beehives, crew cuts and wide ties.
Tall, short, or skinny, the style was the mini. You never saw so many thighs.
At our next get-together, no one cared whether they impressed their classmates or not.
The mood was informal, a whole lot more normal. By this time we'd all gone to pot.
It was held out-of-doors, at the lake shores. We ate hamburgers, coleslaw, and beans.
Then most of us lay around in the shade, in our comfortable T-shirts and jeans.
By the fifty-fifth year, it is abundantly clear, we are definitely over the hill.
Those who aren't dead will crawl out of their bed and be home in time for their pill.
And then I can't wait until they set the date. The sixtieth will be planned, I'm told.
It should be a ball. They've hired a hall at the Shady Rest Home for the old.
Repairs have been made on my old hearing aid. My pacemaker's been turned up on high.
My wheelchair is oiled, and my teeth have been boiled, and I've bought a new wig and glass eye.
I'm feeling quite hearty. I'm ready to party. I'll dance until dawn's early light.
It'll be lots of fun, and I hope at least one other person can make it that night.