

## High School Reunions

Every five 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 more do kicks.

No one had heard about the class nerd  
Who'd guided a spacecraft to the moon;  
Or poor little Jane, who'd 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;  
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 fortieth year, it was abundantly clear,  
We were definitely over the hill.  
Those who weren't dead had to crawl out of bed,  
And be home in time for their pill.

And now I can't wait; they've just set the date;  
Our fiftieth is coming, I'm told.  
It should be a ball, they've rented a hall  
At the Shady Rest Home for the old.

Repairs have been made on my hearing aid;  
My pacemaker's been turned up on high.  
My wheelchair is oiled, 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 'til the dawn's early light.  
It'll be lots of fun; I just hope there's one  
Other person who gets there that night.