

## CLASS REUNION

They tracked rural Kansas in on their feet  
as they filled the only restaurant in town,  
and then, holding their drinks for balance,  
sipped the soul of the last twenty years from cold mugs  
of whatever was on tap. It was the usual scene:  
bad boys made good, hopes and dreams going gray  
at the temples, the homecoming queen folding her party napkin  
into a little crown, reminding them after all this time,  
she still wins.

A guy sat beside a girl whose kiss he once thought  
might save his life. He told her he taught  
Spanish for a year before starting at the video store,  
then mumbled something about depression and looked away.  
The intimate strangers ate Chex Mix and confessed old crushes,  
they made plans to get together at Christmas,  
they danced backwards two decades, then it was over.  
It wasn't so bad, they were almost looking forward to the next one,  
and they had five more years to make something of themselves.

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