

# The Prom Queen and the Quarterback

*by* Larry Strattner

Friday night, a bar downtown,  
beneath the swirling dots  
of disco lights,  
seated at a table by the door,  
I come across a Cheerleader  
from my high school days,  
having a Martini with  
the Quarterback she married.

Even in forgiving light,  
they both show age and wear,  
definitely beyond the pale,  
neither hearty, neither hale.

I must admit to some perverse delight,  
seeing them this summer night.  
delight they have not weathered well.  
Back in our high school days they would not tell  
a guy like me the time of day.  
I was of the hapless, nameless, many.  
In all the social spare change,  
another tarnished penny.

Now this life has caught us three,  
in the softer light of whiskey,  
opening like a flower,  
then passing us as swiftly.

Suddenly I see the equalizing pain,

knowing in the end we're all the same.  
Holding out my hand I heartily exclaim,  
"How very nice to see you both again."

