

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."

