

Class of 67

Where are they now?

Why here, of course--
in the ballroom
of a third rate country club.
But who would you recognize
without a nametag?
The girl you deflowered
behind the sewage treatment plant?
(Good Lord, you wonder,
is that white-haired biddy
still a howler?)
Or the squirrel-eating Salutatorian
living off the grid
in the Adirondacks?
And what about the full partner
at Whinney and Glick
who worked her way through Harvard Law
as a “cabaret” dancer in the Combat Zone?
Or the bibulous professor of literature,
his tenured liver
just weeks from retirement,
now eyeing the legs
of the urologist’s fourth wife.
Is it time or a trick of perspective
that brings the change-worthy here?
Bob who became Blanche
has nothing on the shy dyslexic
(the class dunce, no less!)
whose inversions
now fetch two million a pop
and grace the walls of MOMA
with his colorful retort.
Or the yearbook *gravitas*
of the “Absent Ones”,
their report cards permanently marked,
now huddled around the dead quarterback

on the trifold Memorial Board.
Do you remember when?
Music was innocent
(more or less),
and ass over elbow,
Paradise was a slippery slope
in the plasticized backseat
of your mother's Chevelle.
Your rambunctious teen years
have come to this:
pictures of grandkids
and informative discussions
about Medicare Plan B,
the ballroom lights dimming,
the silent auction about to end.
The Wild Bunch tamed,
finally whittled down to size.
Effigies of all those accidents
that waited to happen
and somehow never did,
lifting glasses at a cash bar--

going,
going.

Gone.