

50th Class Reunion

Half a century since
we last saw or spoke.

It is easy around pizza
and wine in the art gallery
reception to recognize
a few faces, put name-tags
together with memory
and come up with
what was once high school.

Personalities seem
much the same, changed
little by unsurprising careers,
features still familiar from
the prom, French Club, band.

Our professions are largely
over, we are as we have been,
we find it easy to talk
about what we've left undone,
the music from that period
that still possesses us.

As we walk the high school
hallways—about to be torn down—
our footsteps echo, and we can
hear voices of our youth
still bouncing off the walls
like spit-wads or dodge-balls.

It's somehow satisfying
to realize you still don't fit
in, you live across the country,
the airfare alone costs an eyetooth,
and so many still live here
where you remain a foreigner.

Overall a once-in-a-lifetime journey
into the self, its many portents
and narratives and this new town
where everything drives by
not knowing you are home.

—David Radavich