

Class Reunion

1

Will I recognize these people
time has changed in ways I can't predict –
will anyone believe
this puffed-up worn-out shell I wear
is really me?

2

The voice,
the stance,
the turn of phrase,
stir cobwebbed gears to motion,
yielding names or part of them,
and mental places
where we've been together.

3

Do you remember . . .
Have you heard . . .
I think he died . . .
She married someone quite well off.
My husband left me.
Here's a picture of my second wife.
I've lost her now.
He had to work.
My son moved out.
My daughter got a job.
How many does it take
to tell the story of our class?

4

The fourteen-year-old boy in me
looks decades back for any sign
of your remembrance, wishing that
the fourteen-year-old girl in you
would join me in the kiss we never had.

5

Will it really matter that we met again
with more than half our lives apart?
This meeting is not for the future,
but for now,

a moment of indulgence.

Spirit Touch

In your sleep
you reached out to me,
just a motion,
loose and free,
and I felt a tug within me,
spirit reaching out to spirit,
speaking underneath unconscious breathing,
quiet,
 trusting,
 calm contentment.

So I place
my hand over yours
and let our spirits
touch as well.

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