

REUNION - TWO

There they were. All ... hmm ... however many of them there were ...
An old-age group selfie ... huddled together ... grinning like chimps in a zoo's primate house ...

I read the names ... all, thankfully, printed beneath the photo ...
Thankfully, yes - not one familiar face among them. A few outright freaky ones, but none I recognized.
They could have been relatives, they had so much in common ...
White hair ... a couple with little-to-no hair ... and all white, as in caucasian ...
Every size and shape .. some fat ... most thin ... almost all in suit jackets but none in a suit.

But the chimp-like grins ... oh, jaysus ... burned holes in my eyes! Who were these freaks?

They seemed to like each other. Know each other.
That was cool. Of sorts. Scary, but cool.

As I read the names, maybe a third of them rang a bell.
Not out loud, but when one would jog a memory, I'd say "Oh, my God, so-and-so."
And I'd look closer, longer, harder ... but nothing more than the name stood out ...
And, as I've long-since learned, what's in a name?

One hit pretty close to home, though ...
I hated that kid he was a mean spirited asshole ...
I knew him from grade school ... ended up at the same high school ...
He might well have gotten his head out of his ass by then, but ... I only remember the name ...
As belonging to a person I had absolutely no use for.

And every year ... year after year ... several times a year
One of them reaches out to me ... Gotta come ... gotta join us ... yea, reunion – rah! And **GOLF!**

Golf! I finally told one of them I used to have fantasies about being a sniper ...
Picking off golfers, as they idled about in their argyle socks and knickers
Like a batch of god-knows-what, 'squatting' on a couple hundred acres
Of what would be enough land to feed a horde of folks
I suggested, instead of golf, we all go to a Habitat build site - do something useful for someone,
For once ...

In spite of that, they kept reaching out ... year after year, every month, come to the lunch ...
Attend the dance ... let's meet up at the reunion ... and I kept not going ...

I mean, seriously ... do I look like someone who's going to huddle up,
Grin like monkey, and pretend any of this shit means anything to me?