

School Spirit

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Has anybody here ever cheered
A high school quarterback
Bolting for a touchdown
Like a bulldog for an ankle?

We never did.
We sat in Greek restaurants
All night long,
Drinking crunchy coffee
And endlessly joking.

There's not one joke I recall.

Our queen was no cheerleader.
Flatchested as paper,
She sang of painless suicides
At talent shows.
Everybody booed.
We took turns
Holding her hand.

Nobody who mattered
Had a school jacket.
Only guys and gals
Dull as dittos
Danced at proms.
Corny blackboard buzzards
Loved them best.
We were better.
We were ugly.