

High School Reunion

One morning, Eric came to my new house
to lay the new carpet.
I wore robe and curlers, he was not impressed.
His regard changed when I changed for work
into long, curly red hair, skirt, blouse and heels.

The high school down the hill graduated both of us
him a year earlier. He never knew or noticed me
he said, amazed at his own blindness

I told him I was new my junior year and smart
with short hair and glasses, boys didn't like me
he said *that explains it.*

I wear contact lenses now, the past is past
and I'd like to lay the carpet layer just to celebrate four things:
My new carpet,
His big body & brown eyes
Me, and high school ending, finally.

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This is a true story – written in 1976 or 1977. The house was about four blocks directly above Bountiful High School. We could hear the band practice. I have no idea who Eric is or was, but he was a cutie!