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## Reunion for a Night

Last night didn't we seem to fly  
far away from our day-to-day,  
far away to places "once upon a time",  
painted upon the preschool pages  
of fairy tales and nursery rhymes;  
We rode the wild and screaming highs  
of winding, amusement park rides  
once again for the very first time,  
drinking in those pleasant yesterdays  
we thought we'd left so far behind;  
Didn't it feel good when we gathered  
the coffee table cards once scattered,  
recreating our past, poker-playing hands  
of the conquests claimed years before,  
debating who carried the winning score;  
*Was it you who danced the paper doll rings  
formed by the hands of nightclub sororities?*  
One by one, we recalled the twilight names  
of late-night ladies, who in our rooms remained:  
*"Yes, I still remember her well . . .  
was it Lori, Susan, or Michelle?"*  
sometimes it was too difficult to tell,  
and we might have never really known,  
for those yesterdays . . . how they fell  
row by racing, domino row,  
still we tried to stitch the missing pieces  
within our tapestries of tattered memories;  
"Another shot!"  
- - - to make it all too clear . . .  
"Another shot!"  
- - - to take us far from here . . .

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*far from the reign of late-night, working days,  
far from the domesticated, "honey do" Saturdays,  
far from the every day, pay-by-number routines,  
far from the worries that haunt us when we sleep;*

Let us ever savor the wine of treasured times,  
and recall seasons past when time once smiled,  
for memories . . . they sail with the sunset tide  
where the cruise ships roam within our minds.