

A Poem by John Gray

Reunions

I hate reunions.
There's some who really made it.
Others who failed.
The rest of us converge in the middle.

It's painful.
Mediocrities have nothing to say to each other.
If I was a success,
I could brag about it.

Or a bum on the streets.
I could honestly moan.
But we're all thinking,
had we tried harder.

then we'd be the ones
raking in the dough.
Or. we really did try hard
and yet look where we are.

Or, maybe if we hadn't tried at all,
we'd be so much happier.
We don't express anything of that of course.
It's more like,

"You're putting on a little weight"
and "A few gray hairs there, buddy boy."
I despise reunions.
I'm heavier, going gray

And all I have to show for it
is other people like me.

John Grey is an Australian poet, US resident. Recently published in *New Plains Review*, *South Carolina Review*, *Stillwater Review* and *Big Muddy Review* with work upcoming in *Louisiana Review*, *Cape Rock* and *Spoon River Poetry Review*.