

MEET MEDICINE

Class Reunion

Like a gaggle of geese in the barnyard sun,
Ungainly, yet somehow dear and grand,
Sighting our nose at the humblest one,
We grasp at the eagerly outstretched hand,
And strutting along on the campus walks
In robes of our ancient, proud degrees,
We chatter of things that the mood unlocks
From our casket of golden memories.
No one will notice, we fondly hope
(Knees straight and head held grandly high)
How far we are down on the westward slope,
The fear and defeat in the dulling eye.
Our thoughts disturbed by happy song
From some impious undergrad,
For whom this life is sweet and long
And age unknowable and sad.
Their youthful voices, high and shrill,
In racous banter to and fro,
Reveal them all as the children still,
Not like the giants of long ago.
And looking back with wistful eyes
To sophomore years when men were men,
We long to be once more as wise
And tall and sure as we were then.

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