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Three Poems

by Michael Estabrook

Lunch with Steve from high school

Hadn't seen Steve in 40 years,
but we found each other on *Facebook*
and here we are at lunch, catching up.
We were in the History Club together
and had a couple gym classes together,
but our memories are so barren,
barren as the moon.

"So what do you remember about Patti?"
I ask him as he bites into his hamburger.
Patti was my high school sweetheart,
the incredible girl I married.

"Patti? Oh, she was one of the prettiest girls
in the class." I love hearing that sort of thing.
She's always been so beautiful to me,
but when other guys say it,
I get so pleased and proud that she is mine.

"Did you talk to her much back then,
ever say anything to her?"
I prod him for memories.
"Oh, no," he responds immediately,
"I could never have done that."

I know exactly how he felt.
And it's just as I thought, her beauty
actually kept the other guys away.
And for the life of me I can't figure out
how I ever got the courage
to ask her out in the first place,
let alone to ask her to go steady with me
on our very first date.

"Bravest thing I ever did in my whole life,"
I declare to Steve, who nods his head in agreement.
"Yes, I'm sure it is, Mike, I'm sure it is."

Her arms around my neck

There was that time way back
in high school when she sprained
her Achilles' tendon
and couldn't attend classes.
So I brought her homework home for her

and we studied together.
And I carried her around,
her arms around my neck,
from the living room
to the den, from the den
to the kitchen and back to the living room again.

"I thought it was nice not being able to walk
as long as you were by me.
Bet your arms hurt today
from carrying me around. Well
you shouldn't have done it – though I liked it,"
she wrote to me later.

I liked it too of course.
It's not every day you get
to carry a goddess around in your arms.

Blind Date

"I've never been on a blind date," I state,
feeling a mixture of pride and sorrow.
"I haven't either," my wife responds immediately,
looking away from the TV screen.

I look at her to see if she is kidding.
But she isn't.
"Yes you have," I say. "You've been on a blind date."
A quizzical look crosses her face.

"In college, remember,
when you decided you needed to date other guys."
"Oh that. I forgot all about that."

"So you're one up on me," I continue,
"seeing as I've never been on a blind date
and you have." I guess it is pride I'm feeling.
I've never had to resort to a blind date
like my wife has.
"Yup, I'm one up on you, ha, ha," she kids me,
turning her attention back to the TV.

Of course I can't help but reflect
on how that blind date of hers, a date she dismisses
out of hand, that ha ha blind date of hers,
was actually the worst day of my entire life.
The day she sent me away
so she could spend the day with another guy,
the day I could have lost her,
the most beautiful woman I have ever known.

I guess the laugh's on her though,
because her stupid blind date was a fiasco
and she ended up stuck with me forever, poor thing.

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Michael Estabrook is a baby boomer who began getting his poetry published in the late 1980s. Over the years he has published 15 poetry chapbooks, his most recent entitled "They Didn't Leave Notes." Other interests include art, music, theater, opera, and his wife.