At Seventeen

Dht

I learned the truth at seventeen
That love was meant for beauty queens
And high school girls with clear skinned smiles
Who married young and then retiredThe valentine's I never knew
The Friday night charades of youth
Were spent on one more beautiful
At seventeen I learned the truthAnd those of us with ravaged faces
Lacking in the social graces
Desperately remained at home
Inventing lovers on the phoneWho called to say
Come dance with me
And murmured vague obscenities
It isn't all it seems at seventeenA brown eyed girl in hand me downs
Whose name I never could pronounce
Said, "Pity please the one's who serve
They only get what they deserve"The rich relationed hometown queen
Marries into what she needs
With a guarantee of company
And haven for the elderlyRemember those who win the game
Lose the love they sought to gain
In debentures of quality
And dubious integrityTheir small town eyes will gape at you
In dull surprise when payment due
Exceeds accounts received at seventeenTo those of us who knew the pain
Of valentines that never came
And those whose names were never called
When choosing sides for basketballIt was long ago and far away
The world was younger than today
When dreams were all they gave for free
To ugly duckling girls like meWe all play the game and when we dare
To cheat ourselves at solitaire
Inventing lovers on the phone
Repenting other lives unknownWho call and say, come dance with me
And murmur vague obscenities
To ugly girls like me at seventeen

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