Centennial

Randy Petersen

This is skin
You can wrap all of your arms and legs in
An address that you know
An envelope unfolds
I'm writing to catch up
We were small when we last met
But the letters are unread
She's heard it on cassette
Taught to read and write
At such an early age
Passenger still
She's got books on tape
I'm running to catch up to that old VW
They're leaning out the back
You've never heard of fiction

You've never heard of fact
Way back when
We met 'cause my parents
Knew your parents
Steady hands, easy friends
All these designs
Parading on the rooftops
All of this time, little kids
Intrepids
I'm running out of space
So let me sum this up for you
I'm only wishing well though you won't believe me
This coming Thursday evening is our centennial

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