

Reunion

The man at the reunion crouches by my chair,
slightly drunk. I don't remember him.

He was running behind me, he says, the day I won
the All-City B-Squad Hundred-Yard Dash,
the only race I ever won. I was usually on varsity,
but I'd been banished that week, and I felt so free.

You were flying, he says. You ran a 10.2!

I heard them call it. I've been telling this story for years,
but I always say a 10.3, and I thought I'd just
made it up. Who knows? Who knows what that man
really heard long ago? Who knows what is true?

Dave always won on varsity, arms thrown back,
chest out. He could run 10.1, 10 flat. He was an arrow.

I was always second or third, at best, a step or more
behind, 10.7, 10.8, grasping at air. I could never
reach him. He was the one I most wanted to see,

I wanted to tell him how I felt, who I was,
but he died just before the reunion, a loving father
and grandfather, the obituary said, at home now
with the Lord. I was always a step or more
behind. Faith is the evidence of things unseen.