

Recycling the Yearbooks

By Carole Gauntlett

Just look at those Yearbooks
Lying there in a pile.
Sixty years have gone by
And I see by your smile,

That you're anxious to peek
At the friends you knew then
And remember the laughter
And good times again.

But you're packing your things
For your move at long last
And recycling such things
From your long ago past.

Far more important are the
Things on your list
As how to pack Grandma's china
Without an assist.

Don't chip any crystal
Or lose a good knife.
There's your excuse,
You're under great strife.

So, get off your feet
And give in to the urge,
There's time enough
For the memory purge.

Oh look at the hair!
And those TERRIBLE clothes!
It's hard to believe that
They're what you chose.

Oh stop! There's the mad crush
Who broke your teen heart.
He was handsome and charming
But not terribly smart.

You made much better choices
Along your life's road,
And learned never to stoop
To kissing a toad.

I can see what you're doing,

You sly little fox.
Those yearbooks are nestled
Deep in that box.

It's marked "Antique Silver"
Of which you have none.
But you'll know what's hidden
When all's said and done.