

Reunion

Without the salute
I wouldn't have known him.
His teeth have become little yellow corn kernels
worn small over the years,
hardly large enough now to chew.
Small, too, are his steps as he comes to embrace me.

But over dinner
I remember his voice,
its pitch and its cadence.
I sit across the table
enduring the strength of his opinions,
drinking his pretty good wine,
as he recalls episodes I already know
because I was there too.

The hour grows late but
he has more stories to tell,
so we linger,
my friend and me.