

Alleys of my youth

There were gerbils, rabbits, outside habits,
what with the common alley, the carrot plots,
the zero lot lines, juicy gossip the refugees from 1956 tell—
not so sublime.

We were born after the boom, though long before we had boobs,
orthodox lapsed mamas' boys left us in the thin soil,
for hoops, 50-yard dashes, and pimply turmoil.

Seventy-three had gas lines on TV,
High Holiday vigils after Sunday school,
things happening in science, small frogs dissected,
one small planet reconsidered, almost rejected.

Now in our 40s, existential crunchy moments...
older sisters, alley cats, sneaky bright lipstick, table tennis—
But wait, Pluto is voted a dwarf forgettable planet.

by Paul Turner (c) 2006