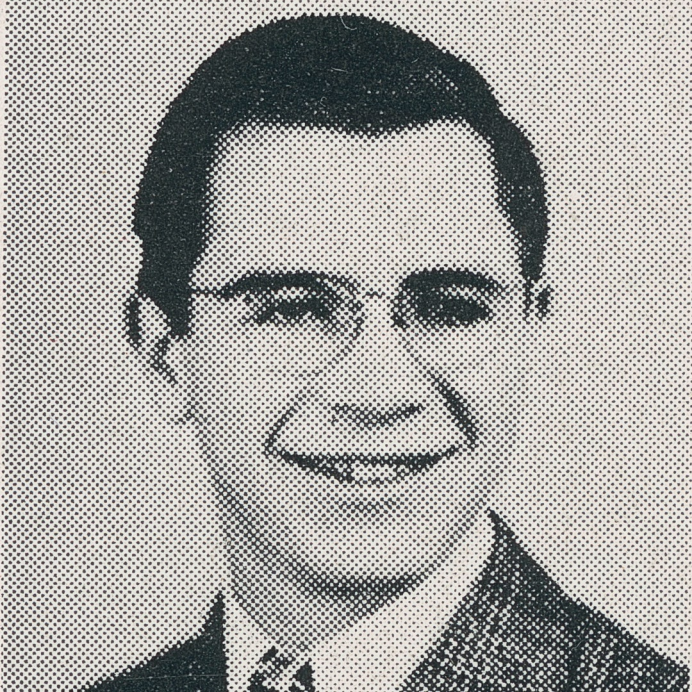




ON SEEING DON HENRY
FOR THE FIRST TIME

As I entered Ms. Spiegel's class in my sophomore year, among the crush of new students, in strode Don Henry. I was literally struck by his appearance. He was my height, wore round glasses, a trim t-shirt and jeans. He imprinted on me in a way I did not understand. Suddenly something shifted.



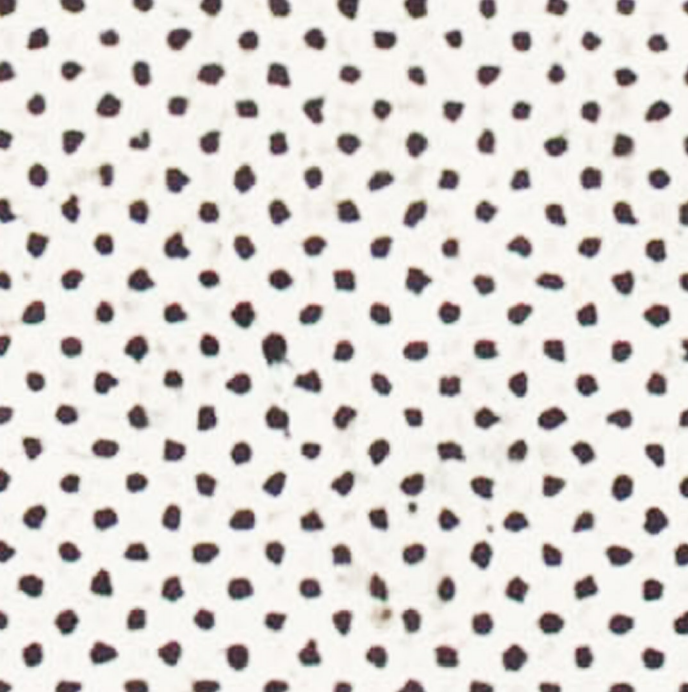
I never before had this sort of dazzlement by another person's appearance. He lived in his grandmother's, and I lived in my grandmother's house, The Henry's did not have a car, my family did not have a car, we were both Catholics.

We became fast friends, because of our similarities.



In our Senior year of High School, Don and I told our parents we were going to a Saturday night Knights of Columbus rally at Forbes Field in Pittsburgh. Instead we went to Forbes Street, and the Casino Burlesque house in downtown Pittsburgh.

Although we were both seventeen, and looked fourteen, the management sold us two tickets.



Suddenly, bump and grind, dirty jokes, tits in full frontal view, grown up innuendos that went over our head. We caught the last trolley to Mckeesport that left at two am, so when we returned to my house, it was too late for us to call Don's dad for a pick up. So he stayed over at my house. At five o'clock Don's Dad called in a panic, wondering what happened to us. Oh what wicked webs we weave, when first we practice to deceive.



I went to college in Colorado,
and Don joined the navy.
I kept the snapshot he sent me
of him in his sailor suit.
It took a couple of years for me
to realize what I was registering.

At our 50th high school year
reunion I saw Don again.
I still remembered that moment
when he entered Spiegel's
class room.

He barely remembered me.