

JOHN GRIFFIN

JUNE

Today I met again young June,
in Myers, eating lunch with friends.
“Didn’t you teach me once at . . .?”
I recognize that voice, the face,
and she quickly provides a name.
“I’m going to have a baby next month.”
I glow for her; I never saw
that happy face at school.
“I got married last year.”

That was the June I recall
from school: always in trouble,
offering unbeatable, endless alibis.