



**An Old Song**

We met in tenth grade  
at a weekly teen dance.

Santo and Johnny had just recorded  
"Sleep Walk", and it became our song.

Months later, the smell of salt air and Coppertone  
permeated the best summer of my young life.

1959 at the Jersey shore, we were still together,  
the summer I dated the cutest boy ever.

I can still picture him in his white clam diggers  
and bare feet, his black hair shining

as we dug for sand crabs and swam  
on the sunny beach at Avon by the Sea.

We walked the boardwalk in the moonlight,  
stopping every now and then to share a kiss.

I wonder what life would have been like  
if he had not gotten away.

I wonder if he still has teeth,  
and his beautiful smile.

I wonder if he still has hair,  
and if he ever thinks of me

when "Sleep Walk" comes on  
the oldie station.

**EUNIE GUYRE**  
**Lebanon, NH**



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