



12-15-1990

Oklahoma Reunions Are Fun Out West

C. K. Shroyer

Follow this and additional works at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/westview>

Recommended Citation

Shroyer, C. K. (1990) "Oklahoma Reunions Are Fun Out West," *Westview*: Vol. 10 : Iss. 2 , Article 16.
Available at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/westview/vol10/iss2/16>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the Journals at SWOSU Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Westview by an authorized administrator of SWOSU Digital Commons. For more information, please contact phillip.fitzsimmons@swosu.edu.



Oklahoma Reunions Are Fun Out West

—By C. K. (Ken) Shroyer

It's called a reunion, a collection of friends, who brag and spin yarns—the tales never stop.

We come from all over in singles and groups—we huff and we puff all the strength we can muster.

Maybe it's family, or it could be a class; we gather out west to recall past times.

We're thinking about watching for folks we remember and wondering if they'll look as they did long ago.

There are dear Sister Ann (she's put on some weight) and old Uncle Joe (he can't get around)—

Then sweet Auntie Bess (her memory is bad) and poor Grandpa Scott (his hearing is gone).

With scrapbooks, photos, and home videos too, we reminisce about past Oklahoma reunions.

There are cookies and cakes and Mom's favorite pie. If we eat all these goodies, we'll roll out of here.

It's just like a rally—a roundup of cronies, some classmates, some buddies, and some mere tag-alongs.

We brag on our children but mostly grandkids; we crow that our kin are one in a million.

Then soon our chairman tries hard to call order; while some are still yacking, she borders on panic.

We know we've got rules (we must pay our dues), but what about bylaws (our do's and our don'ts)?

She tells us there are plans and then reads the minutes, while some of the magpies still aren't listening.

They're chatting and buzzing and telling their troubles, while others complaining are counting the money.

Then all of a sudden, the picture comes bright—we've overspent the budget clean up to our ears.

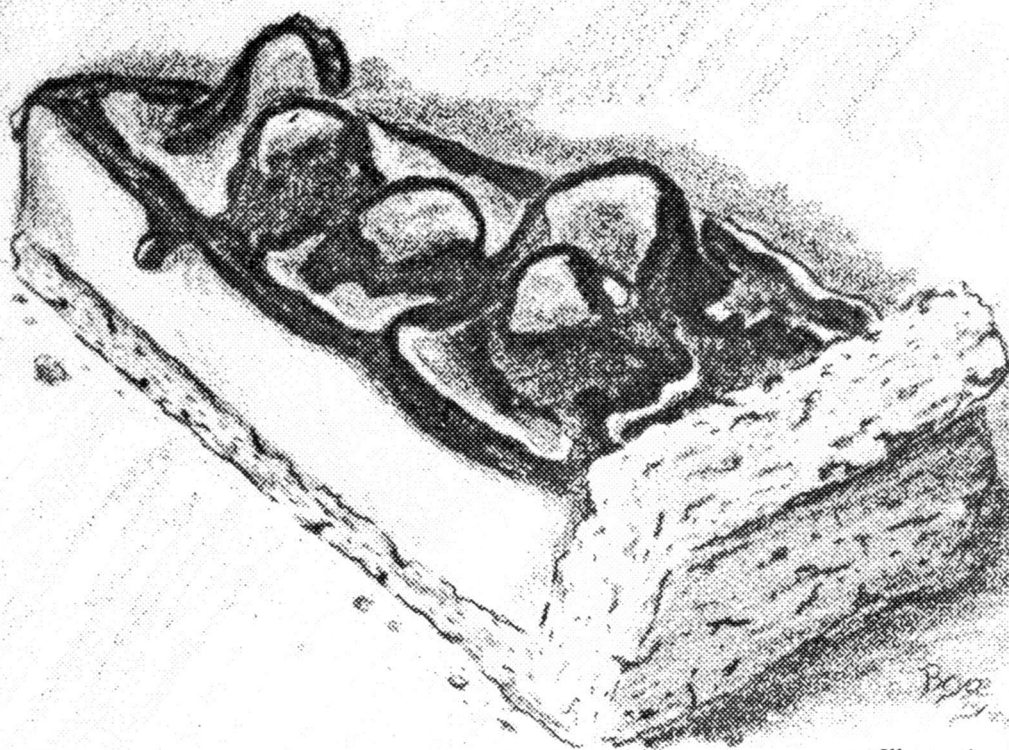


Illustration by Bryce Brimer

There are groaning and moaning and trying to make clear—it's all our fault; there's no one else to blame.

If our dues go up, we take in our belts; most of us have been there before.

We need to suck in and then analyze—these times aren't the same; it's time we make changes.

We're all getting older—our aches and our pains keep adding up costs and taxing our budgets.

So we exchange our gifts and try just to laugh and just take for granted reunions are here to stay—thank goodness.

Our lives are examples for all to see—the future is now for you and for me.

Let's thank our Dear Lord for blessings He gives; it's He who'll decide if we meet here again.

We should be thankful, be helpful, try not to complain, suggest without bossing, say no unkind things—

Take pride in reunions, enjoy and relax, sit back and be happy—it's time to face facts. *

(C. D. [KEN] SHROYER, now a retired senior citizen of Weatherford, is a graduate of the OU School of Business Administration who made his WESTVIEW debut as a poet in the Fall, 1990 issue. He has just been acclaimed by the World of Poetry and received the Golden Poet Award at the organization's sixth annual poetry convention in Las Vegas.)

Design by Gina Mitchell