

# You & Me

*by J N MacNeill*

You were my first, and maybe I was yours.  
We met outside a cinema in town.  
We both were there on time, and looked around,  
and saw each other, smiling and unsure.  
A friend would ask me what you wore,  
and found my answer worth a knowing nod.  
My status rose with other friends  
because of dating someone with your looks and class.

The ground beneath us, grass, fresh-mown;  
the clippings made their home on your new top.  
I was to blame.  
The kissing had to stop.  
Turn down the flame!

You were a model student; highest grades always your aim.  
Towards the end, you came —  
explaining that you needed three months free.  
You were the adult I would never be.  
Three ceaseless empty months.  
Turn down the flame!

And now,  
you are the love of someone we all liked,  
a fitter better catch than me.