



The Individual Senior

He enters the door, smiling naively at new faces.
 A search for identity? he wants to be an individual.
 Down the corridor. Into the room labeled Sophomore.
 "Do not fly too close to the sun," he is told,
 "your wings will surely melt."
 "I think I understand now, Miss Strickland."

He is a young man, making decisions.
 Yet the teachers guide him.
 French. Geometry. He must study.
 Here comes his driver's license. FUN!
 "Give 'em Hell, Blue!"

Exams come. The Sophomore Hop.
 He survives Senior Week. But what about her?
 She prays for a senior to ask her to the Prom.
 He has grown up. He knows his way around.
 "I understand now, Miss Strickland."

Into the room called Junior he goes.
 Older. Much wiser. Ready to do his best.
 "I feel I am an individual; yet I do as they say."
 Mrs. Westerlund barks the history command.
 "Miss Van Wilkens smokes pot."

The SAT scores come. "Flash made 1390?"
 Everyone slaves for the prom. It is magnificent.
 Pride, aspirations all fill the heart.
 A sense of accomplishment chills his spine.
 "We are the best class ever."

Visions of the beach fill his head.
 It's time to relax. He is maturing.
 Love, hatred, pride, disappointment, joy—all experienced.
 A full life. Yet he is told what he must do.
 "I can't wait 'til next year."

At the end of the hall is the big one.
 Senior. Class of '69. The wild life.
 We rule Hardee's. Teen Dem Rally. Kep's.
 The D.E. Convention. Miss Caughman's Trig.
 "It looks like a good year."

Cull scores again. Lewis hits for two.
 R.C. informs. "Stand two feet apart in the halls."
 Decisions. Who cares what happens? Not him.
 We are said to be unruly. The administration is omnipotent.
 "Where are you going to school next year?"

Graduation is near. He feels close to his friends.
 He doesn't care what happens. This is his time to live.
 All await the annuals. He looks for his pictures.
 He gazes at his Senior ring. Some three years.
 "I'll be glad when it's over, but I'll be sad."

Out the door he walks, into a room called Life.
 He pauses. The wall is clearly etched. Memories.
 Yet in his venture, he must look beyond the past.
 The ceiling glows—his future looms above him.
 He is an individual.

GRADUATION '69

