**45th Class Reunion** by Joy Merritt Krystosek

I bought a dress

for my class soiree

topped it off with

*stiletto heels*

*head full of curls*

*Lana Turner shades*

*simple white pearls—*

Speaking of white

I was pale as a cadaver

not quite the look I was after

a hint of tan that’s what I needed

not too much, just a glow

*the bottle promised it was ‘spritz and go’*

I commenced to shaking the can

ran it up and down my arms

avoiding the hands

I sprayed and sprayed

from my knees to my toes

*must be careful not to get it on my clothes*

A mist it said

‘dries on touch’

it still felt wet

so I flew around

flapping my arms

jumping up and down

*waiting for the ‘sublime bronze’ to come*

I went on to the dinner

but I couldn’t see

that perfect stunning color

the directions promised me—

It was just before midnight

when I looked down

my left arm was orangey brown

I was aghast . . . my heart began to race

*I left the reunion at a jack-rabbit pace*

As the clock struck twelve

I was dashing to my car

turning day-glow orange

*that damn can’s a liar*