

## **Jank 1000**

### **"At Seventeen"**

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I learned the truth at seventeen  
That love was meant for beauty queens  
And high school girls with clear skinned smiles  
Who married young and then retired.  
The valentines I never knew  
The Friday night charades of youth  
Were spent on ones more beautiful  
At seventeen I learned the truth.  
And those of us with ravaged faces  
Lacking in the social graces  
Desperately remained at home  
Inventing lovers on the phone  
Who called to say come dance with me  
And murmured vague obscenities  
It isn't all it seems  
At seventeen.  
A brown eyed girl in hand me downs  
Whose name I never could pronounce  
Said, Pity please the ones who serve  
They only get what they deserve.  
The rich related hometown queen  
Married into what she needs  
A guarantee of company  
And haven for the elderly.  
Remember those who win the game  
Lose the love they sought to gain  
Indebentures of quality  
And dubious integrity.  
Their small town eyes will gape at you  
In dull surprise when payment due  
Exceeds accounts received  
At seventeen.  
To those of us who know the pain  
Of valentines that never came,  
And those whose names were never called  
When choosing sides for basketball.  
It was long ago and far away  
The world was younger than today  
And dreams were all they gave for free  
To ugly duckling girls like me.  
We all play the game and when we dare

To cheat ourselves at solitaire  
Inventing lovers on the phone  
Repenting other lives unknown  
That call and say, come dance with me  
And murmur vague obscenities  
At ugly girls like me  
At seventeen

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