

## **Lost Something Good**

### *A Different Path*

DEROS from Vietnam.

Drove back from meeting up with some old HS buds.  
They were still High Schoolish—  
I didn't fit in...  
I had lost something they still had.

They had never gone to war.  
I had.

Naivety, immaturity, the life's gap between  
HS and college experiences, frats and football games, and  
tailgates and fire rings on the beach.

One tried to sell me life insurance—*really*—after Vietnam?

All amounted to an unfillable void; a separation by  
different paths at life's fork in the road.  
Couldn't believe, once we were all best buds.

I had lost something they still had...  
Never saw them again.