"Senior" Undergrad

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College of DuPage

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"Senior" Undergrad

By John J. Gordon

On a near Autumn morn
   The reality hit me,
This was the day
   I would start COD.

And what of my marriage
   I admit with some glee,
Could it survive young sex pots
   Hurling their bodies at me?

Memories flooded my brain
   Sure, I'd schooled before,
But with folks of my age
   What would now be in store?

Nor could grades be discounted
   I reasoned aloud,
How would I stack up
   Against a competitive crowd?

I'd observed undergraduates
   These past several years,
But now that I'd be one
   Rekindled old fears.

I recalled my past efforts
   Developing the tools
For gaining acceptance
   To top graduate schools.

The dress code for instance
   Was a cause for alarm,
Would I need body piercings
   Or tattoos on my arm?

Oh, this would be tough
   Causing my stomach to ache,
But soon other students
   Would be left in my wake.

And knowing that students
   Wore clothes rather baggy
Concerned me no end
   For I'm already saggy.

Finally entering the classroom
   All primed to engage,
Amazingly no one
   Made an issue of my age.

Social customs these days
   Have changed quite a lot,
Would I now be expected
   To join in and smoke pot?

During subsequent weeks
   As I heard other's work,
This 'teacher less' class
   Proved a positive quirk.

And could I make friends
   Where controlled substances abound,
When blood pressure and arthritis
   Are the drugs I have found?

So enough time has passed
   I can say, "What the hell."
I'm enjoying myself
   Re-living 'show and tell.'