**JFK**

**Afternoon in Queens: August 1969**

Rudy decided one afternoon that the guys would drive to JFK,

watch planes land and meet the foreign girls who got off them.

All agreed that this was unlikely (the “meeting foreign girls” part);

they’d done it before with nary *une jolie jeune fille* in sight..

Truth was, none of them believed in the prospect of foreign encounters;

none of them had been on a plane, likely none of them ever would.

JFK terminal three was their European fantasy:

planes landed from faraway places.

Exotic flags dotted the currency exchange booths,

names of famous cities echoed in the vaulted Pan Am Worldport.

**Morning in Dallas: November 1963**

Open-top Lincoln rolled across Dealey Plaza;

shots rang out, the president grabbed his throat.

First lady covered him, stylish in her pink suit,

now splattered with her husband’s blood.

“Mr President, you can’t say that Dallas doesn’t love you!”

Mrs Connally proclaimed a minute before.

“No, you certainly can’t!” he replied over the roar of the motorcade;

his distinct Boston Brahmin would be heard no more.

**Afternoon in Brooklyn: November 1963**

Miss Rigby ran from her classroom (seventh-grade science, to be precise),

into a hall of sobbing teachers; “He’s dead, President Kennedy is dead.”

Parents were summoned, school was closed; kids sat in front of the tv for days

mourning a flag-draped coffin on an 18-inch black-n-white screen.

JFK rested in the Capitol Rotunda, spent an hour in Saint Matthew’s;

John John stepped forward with a final salute, JFK moved on to Arlington.

Flag is folded, handed to a widow in tears;

Eternal Flame is lit, JFK is laid to rest.

**Evening in Queens: August 1969**

Rudy stood at the edge of a crowd in JFK terminal three,

watching strangers board a Pan Am flight to Paris.

Pretty young girl in a red beret, blunt-cut blue-black hair

peeked out from beneath, waited in line.

His eyes widened, he smiled and waved;

*une jolie jeune fille*, gave a slight wave in return,

Rudy began to make his way through the crowd; she smiled and turned away,

red beret vanishing in the stream of strangers bound for the City of Light.