The Paper Chase

In the seventies everyone drove a 56 Chevy. In the seventies, everyone ran the 100 in 10.3. Girls had long, smooth legs but somehow you never once thought where they went. The only milk was Darigold. The only books in the library were books. When you walked into a cafeteria all you had to do was be there: plates clattered, steam rose from the macaroni. People were grainier, but real. Spaces weren’t as crowded then, so everyone could really occupy the air they were in. Evenings you sat by the river and thought your long, slow thoughts. The sun set through cottonwoods. This was the way things were. This was the world. You had no idea it was dying.