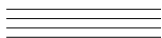


O N T U R N I N G E I G H T Y - E I G H T



E D M U N D K E E L E Y

What could there be to celebrate
on a day so clearly ominous
and hardly down to earth
in ways you might prefer
or very far above it
if still inclined that way
except to remember her hand
reaching at light of dawn
or sometime thereabouts
from her side of the bed
to take your hand as though
headed out to the garden
for an easy walk nowhere
or just to sit on a bench
provided for those in need
of a quick rest or worse
and even the occasional couple
still discovering that deadlines
may not always limit
what there is to know
about the heart's adventures
eighty-eight and beyond?