ON TURNING EIGHTY-EIGHT

EDMUND KEELEY

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?