THE PROBLEM OF TIME

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It isn’t the life-long problem of never being quite on time that most of us carry with us out of some kind of need from vanity preparation to last-minute caring for pets or children or the aging or others with no sense of time unless you happen to have served in the army, navy, or marines or some bureaucratic job calling for a slavish schedule and a failing of the adventurous spirit that puts time in its proper place so we don’t really give a damn until it turns out we have to as we reach that certain age. This is when the problem takes hold in unforgiving ways by speeding up mysteriously and haunting our possibilities both of us knowing that time can be mercilessly in command so that we ask ourselves quietly will there still be time for the gardens in some English town we choose or a walk in Paris by the river say the flea market in the Plaka and O those white islands
a castle with its convenient wall
time to hold hands in some chapel
with the steep gorge below
and the boundless sea beyond
so we can plan for the unknown
say a trip farther east
or the west rim of Ireland
anywhere that says we’re able
with what time we still have left
to cruise in the world out there
and the world of our private longing
to roam the green fields
singing our song of pleasure
and so challenge the knowledge
that only time will tell.