

# Poetry Porch: Poetry

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## **Taking stock at 88**

by Marge Piercy

After the holiday devoted  
to gratitude and eating, I  
ask myself where I can  
still find joy when so much

can no longer happen: no  
hikes, not even a casual  
stroll, can't give large parties  
can't drive, lift weights.

But loved ones are still loved  
and loving. The cats are too.  
Trees surround the house,  
whisper in winds, give green

red and golden in season.  
I still cook great meals, eat  
heartily if less. Deer stalk  
daintily, foxes dance. Rabbits

nibble, birds mass feeders.  
This is my final home. First  
I ever belonged. Now I seek  
what peace I can in a world

half mad, violence common  
as sunshine, daily as clocks.  
I cherish friends, remaining  
years, months, days—my life.