

cumberlands



**Fall--Winter
1981**

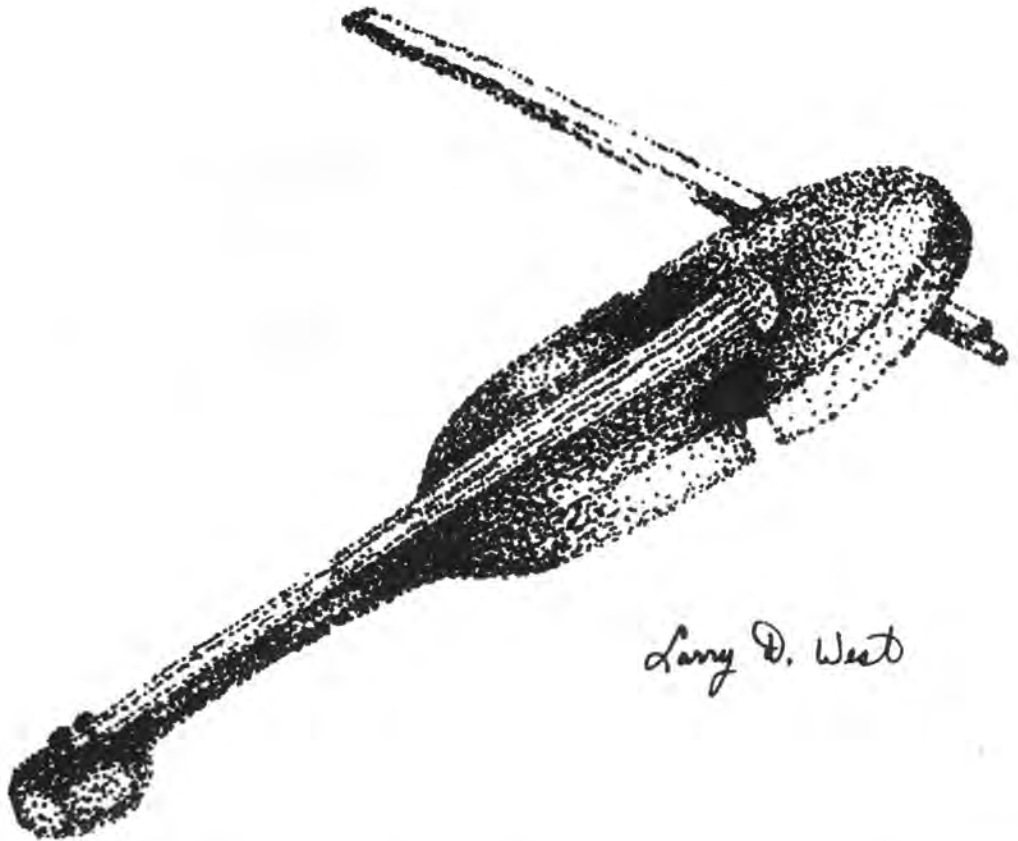
\$2.50

cumberlands

EDITORS

Leonard Roberts *Fiction and Folklore*
Harold Branam *Poetry and Criticism*

VOLUME 18, NO. 2
FALL—WINTER 1981



Cumberlands is published by the Appalachian Studies Center and the Pikeville College Press, Pikeville, KY 41501. Copyright © 1981 by the Pikeville College Press. All rights reserved. Reprint permission released on request. Serial Number US ISSN 0163-1209. Our regional free-lance magazine, 18th year, poetry, fiction, articles, art, folktales, 8½ x 11, twice a year, paper, \$5.00 a year.

faint odor of corruption, but then he hadn't bathed in years. David was too intoxicated to mind. He gently lifted Uncle Eddy from the reclining coffin and sat him in an armchair. The joints bent easily.

David removed the yellow wig from Uncle Eddy's head, and placed it on his own. On Uncle Eddy's head David placed his cowboy hat, and in his yellowing phalanges David placed a beer can. As David stepped back to admire his handiwork, he bumped into the coffin. Turning, he climbed into the reclining coffin and pulled the cover with the viewing window in it closed. David went to sleep, wearing Uncle Eddy's grin.

KEYS

by
Dallas Denny

Keys, keys
A lifetime of keys
Pitched into this bucket
Yale, they say
Master, they say
Samsonite, they say
Or Buick, or Fiat
I save keys
They unlock old memories

This is the key to my first car
The one with the bad brakes
This key fits my grandmother's house
Although she never locks it
This key fits an army footlocker
In which I have stored
Things too private to tell you about
This tiny key fits a tiny lock
Long since discarded
This big brass key
Fits the tightroom
At a mental hospital
Where I once worked
Or lived
I don't remember which
This key fits the lab building
At my old college
Where I used to put together experiments
While my marriage was falling apart
And all the keys in this pile
Are the ones that must fit something
But I don't know what
I'm going to keep them
Because some day they might fit something again
Don't laugh it's happened before
With this key
I opened the trunk
Of a Chevrolet
And it is a Mercury key

And now it's time
To put all my keys
Back into the bucket
They've done their trick
They've taken me back twenty years
I save keys
They unlock old memories

DALLAS DENNY, Greeneville, TN, is "a full-time psychologist and a closet writer" who only recently began publishing his work; one of his short stories also appears in this issue.