

# Poetry Porch: Poetry

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## *I choose to persist*

By Marge Piercy

In old age, days blur into each other as they did when I was a little child. I can't figure out if something happened yesterday, today.

So much is the same now. I travel little after my years were spent running through airports dragging a carry-on, never knowing what

arrival would bring: what was expected of me, how my performance would go where would I be put up, would I be fed, transported?

My car died during Covid. Housebound, lacking wheels my world has shrunk. So have I, too short to reach shelves now. Dependent

on others, I do so much less.  
Most friends are dead with  
ex-husbands, dear cats.  
Sometimes I think I've  
survived too much.

But the alternative? No  
thanks. I'll take old age.