

# Poetry Porch: Poetry

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## On an Old-Age Day

By Robert K. Johnson

—out of the blue—  
                                at dawn  
you awake startled to find

your body unbullied by pain!  
find your breath as clear  
and easy as a breeze!

and—gripped by a giddy urge—  
you decide (for almost a minute)  
to drive on the Alcan Highway  
all the way to Alaska.