

# Poetry Porch: Poetry

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## **Right after My Doctor's Appointment**

By Robert K. Johnson

I remember,  
parked at a rest stop  
halfway up the mountain,  
I heard a car's faint horn  
honking high above where I stood  
but blaring louder and louder  
as the speeding car—its brakes  
useless—careened into sight

until it reached the far end  
of a wall on the opposite side  
of the road and began to scrape  
down along that wall,  
making a tinny sound,  
and, finally, came to a stop.

I remember  
the driver slowly opening  
the door and emerging,  
his wobbly walk,  
his trembling hands trying  
to light a cigarette,  
his white face still close to death,

and I'm sure that, today,  
I look just like him.