

## Poem to Be Read at 3 A.M.

*Donald Justice*

Excepting the diner  
On the outskirts  
The town of Ladora  
At 3 A.M.  
Was dark but  
For my headlights  
And up in  
One second-story room  
A single light  
Where someone  
Was sick or  
Perhaps reading  
As I drove past  
At seventy  
Not thinking  
This poem  
Is for whoever  
Had the light on

Keillor, Garrison, ed. Good Poems.

New York: Viking, 2002. Print.