

The Broken Chair

In a cold basement
In damp storage
Perched on a box
Upside down –
Sits a chair.

The chair is not very
Old –
But one leg is shattered
And sitting in another
Place.

The chair used to sit at
A dining table –
For many a year
And time
It saw.

The times of turmoil –
Anguish –
And utter destruction.
It stood through it all
It bore it all.

Until
One day –
A dark day
Made in romance
It no longer stood.

It finally broke –
Shoved backward
Into a ringing
Silence.
Into a loveless stare.

The chair had seen
It all –
It had stood
Through the holidays
And birthdays.

Through the first
And last smiles
Of a dying love
That corrupted
The mind of a girl.

And broke the heart
Of a boy –
It had seen the tears of another –
And it had born the weight
Of the silence.

It had been the resting
Place
Of a family.
But no more
Was it such.

Shoved back –
And pulled away
From the weary
Soul
Who sat in it.

So now it lies
In a damp basement –
In storage –
Forgotten
And dusty.