

Chair I am

Cecelia Estrada Vaughan/iti kafi

Momentary stillness

front door Opened

Oak leaves fouetté

into the foyer

land before my threshold

 Come in

I caught a glimpse of you

through the sunny corner

window twirling 'round

abutment of old trees

 A time

Madam liked to switch-on

the phonograph sip tea

Sits and reads Chekhov

 Calmly looks up

through the window to watch

the old Pine tree

an assigned confidant

lady alone drifts

in moments of sunshine

curled among cushions quilts

lap to nap dream

no night no matters

Late afternoon
shadows
pattern room
brightly beams
Birthday party moments
of Past
red lanterns prism energy
donkey tail giggles paper hats
Children not yet ready to settle

Old Chair I am
comfort station
observation tower
story time listener
desert army tank
twain Steamship passing
elephant transport
Rocket into a space oddity

Wee ones drift
into a land of nod
bridge full day make-believes
tired legs broom play ponies
A summer blanket slides
into place settling upon
relieved shoulders and hearts
Front door closes