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