

The Chair

Nondescript. It sits
An eau de nil, recovered relic
From another time. Another place.

But
Each fibre holds
A smile, a touch, a tear:
The time you played
That song
That song.
The time you jumped down
Onto one knee.
The time the tears
Flowed like blood
For broken me.

Imprints of life shared
A camera lucida
Showing me
That though you are not here
You are, actually, always here
And when I sit
I feel your arms around me
Once again.