



POEM

The Empty Chair

by Polly Howell

She knows about grief, that one.
Hidden from view, weeps silent tears,
my seat of filigree comforts,
my rounded back consoles.

Garden pond lies at her feet,
wildlife watches, wondering,
water fountain – burst of spray
cascading drops of empathy.

She knows about joy, that one.
All those who visit pass me by –
friends, children, lovers, others,
oft-times laughter, hugs and care.

They rarely give a second glance,
except the most observant
who ask about the empty chair –
décor of dark green filigree.

Sometimes next-doors cat arrives
sits still, alert to spring,
green eyes glued for movement,
twitching of ears – then gone.

At times she likes to sit and write –
pen scratching page on page,
fervently or thoughtfully
but always faithful heartfully.

She may just leave a cup of tea,
hot on my seat of filigree
as she tends a flower, and another –
forgets her thirst, till later.

Ensnoced for the sun's last rays –
as lover of warmth and light
she basks the final minutes.
She knows about life, that one.

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