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Folding Chair

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Folding Chair

Katie Huey

have a chair that once was yours –
chipped brown metal and cracked leather
that snags at my clothes
and creaks with the years inside.
But the screws are still tight
and the legs still clutch to the seat
not ready to let go just yet.

In the mornings when I awaken
I eat my breakfast in your chair
Curved back digging beneath my shoulders
Seat's edge cutting into my thighs
I look at my soft couch
but here I stay.

I don't know why I miss
a hand never held
a smile never given
So when will the screws loosen
and the seat collapse onto the legs
the years giving their final cry . . .