

among dining room chairs

‘oh how i wish i was a sofa’ thought the quaint wooden bench-
set in a green and brown park appropriately french
one with the weather and blending in with the trees
talking strangers passing and lost rusty keys

early morning bakery runs and bringing kids to school
afternoon playground fun and bullies being cruel
mothers looking out and fixing up bruises
old friends playing boule and whoever cheats loses

‘but they get the evenings, trusty and warm
early spring mornings, sometimes hectic, sometimes calm
christmas celebrations and family bliss
heart wrenching fights followed by true lovers’ kiss

i wish i was part of all offers of life
of son, dad and daughter, of husband and wife
of mundane routines and silent night reading
of loving and tugging, of crying and pleading

for i am one of many in this park alone
longing for staying company, longing for a home
a family that chose me, a family that cares
a place to belong among dining room chairs.’