

The old writing chair
For Paul Amidon

Old school desk,
where Johnny carved "Jenny."
What have you learned?

All those years of almost knowing,
slipped through you at the knees
wearing denim and dungarees.

Old school desk, I split you
into kindling today.

Waste not.
Want not.

You keep me warm
this evening while I read.

What have I learned?

My thoughts, go
up the chimney with you.

Where's Johnny?
And what of Jenny?

Old school desk,
I cherish your warmth
and honor your memories.

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