

## Empty Chair

An empty chair in the room,  
which once held the gentle laugh  
of his blue-eyed gal,  
gone wandering amongst the stars.

Vacant stare gripped the chair,  
willing her to fill his wishes.  
She laid the blueprints for their life,  
oblivious of stolen time.

Damaged womb, refused to conceive  
their combined good, bad, and mediocrity.  
But his life was full with his  
dark haired lover turned white,  
wrinkles—marks of memories.

Each day he made the venture  
in a romantic haze,  
guided along the eager river's edge.  
Regardless of the time of year,  
bloated earth squished  
underneath his worn-out shoes.

Alone—he stood—  
a stem without its petals.

Up the hill, she lay in wait  
for his call home.  
Animated about nothing—  
he nodded, talked of what  
she missed that day,  
then whispered a love song only  
understood by misplaced spirits.

Evenings were a simple formality,  
TV dinner in front of the news.  
Their bed grew in size  
while his body shriveled,  
chanting her name  
toward the missing indentation.

Memories sprouted within his dreams  
of the woman who shared  
her poetic escapades.

In the darkest of hours,  
a reprieve from the empty chair.

**Please submit your comments to Denise Baer at [denise@authordenisebaer.com](mailto:denise@authordenisebaer.com). Your time is appreciated.**