



Empty

Old oak rocker,
narrow slats on the back,
wide armrests, contoured seat
with a denim pad
 for the man in farmer overalls
and blue shirt.

At the funeral parlor,
Mother says, "Never a harsh word"
as we look down at his body.
We stay for a while and head back home.
The rocker doesn't recognize me.

By Arlin Buyert