

A Chair Like That

A lovely thing is a well-made chair.
Solid and sturdy. No splinters there.
A kitchen chair or a dining chair,
ordinary-seeming
or polished and gleaming –
either is best when you ache to rest.

You could gaze at an unavailable chair
and if it looks comfortable,
I swear you're *longing* to sit down
there.

There are poorly-made chairs
that you can't quite trust,
rickety ones with a cross-piece bust
which you'd never sit down in unless you must.

Or chairs which aren't quite chairs at all;
you see them sagging in a hall,
or they're in a skip, or against a wall,
and they look *like* a chair! But a thing's not a chair
if it can't bear the weight it's meant to bear...

And even a well-made, *lovely* chair,
with cushioned arms, put away somewhere
is no use on earth, if it's not there;
if it's disappeared into thin air.

When you're tired to death, you need a chair
built to bear what it's meant to bear;
never collapsing, never a splinter,
always sit-innable, summer or winter.
A well-made chair that won't fall flat.

Oh!
And a welcome just like that.



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