

Just Inside the Door

By Polly Summar

It may be a Mexican Governor's Office,
circa 1845, but to me it's a table and
chairs for a family of 4, the family I
failed to create and sustain.

It may be a typical wooden, T-shaped
candelabra to you, but to me it's
a fire ready to drop on the table
and consume the family of 4.

It may be a decorative ruby-red panel
halfway up the whitewashed wall, but
to me it's an interior designer's touch,
moving the family of 4 up the social scale.

Duncan-Phyfe chairs, tin sconces and
mirrors, they belong to another time,
another woman, the wife of the Mexican
governor, the mother of his children.

Can any mother really
see a table with 4 empty chairs

and not think of filling them? It is
my permanent flaw that I cannot.

At my table there are only
2 chairs, one for me, one for
my feet ... which I might possibly vacate
if the Mexican governor came to visit.

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