

Susan McMaster Poems

The Old Woman's Chair

It's the holding on to
I envy, the springing back
from every press
without a flinch or groan.
I want to sink into its creases
with the other dust and grime,
hide my flesh in its grooves,
let my stuffing hang out
under cat-scratched arms,
rock back on padded knees,
exude a human sigh
as you settle into my lap.
I want to stay around for years,
too useful to discard,
too heartless to care –
outlive you, every one!

From *Uncommon Prayer* (Quarry Press) © Susan McMaster, 1997. A performance version is recorded on *SugarBeat Music & Poetry*. Please feel free to use this poem in any personal, educational, or non-profit context. To hear the recording, send me a comment, buy the book or CD, or find more information, please return to <http://web.ncf.ca/smcmaster/>.