

Susan McMaster Poems

The Old Man's Chair

My lap yearns for your heat,
arms curve to reach you,
rigid joints relax
only when your humidities
fill the air around me,
sink damply into my fabric,
grease my back with sweat and oil.

When at last your jittering heels
have rubbed away my sheen,
flattened my nap,
scrubbed through to my supports –

Then, shabby, creaking,
I am finally fulfilled.

Embodied, I gleam.