

IAN LUSTIG

THE CHAIR

I look at you –  
the bulky red monster,  
used and abused  
by everybody:  
the rightists, the leftists,  
the pious, the profane  
the young, the old,  
and even Sam, the cat.

Every day  
you listen to  
dialogues, discussions,  
witness  
disappointments, disillusion –  
is that why you're so red?

Weather-beaten,  
you survive the storms,  
strong and solid,  
you remain victorious,  
the Rock of Gibraltar  
of my home.

But,  
as I look at you,  
my pride,  
pièce de resistance,  
perhaps, even,  
a part of me,  
I wonder:  
will *you*  
survive the holocaust?