

# Christopher Woods

## SOFAS

They are only of momentary importance.  
When that goes, when vital minutes  
Have passed on,  
They resume the old upholstered order,  
Plump blends of color  
In someone else's living room.

Quick minutes are profound  
In a time all their own.  
A pair of voices, hands clasped,  
Or in bad weather coaxing fire,  
Sealing a fate,  
Stealing from each other,  
Sitting on cushions.

Sofas become small intimate stages  
Where themes are played out, improvised,  
Constant with change, turning,  
Bent on ending.  
There is no other way.

Not even if our talk should stop  
Long enough to go to the kitchen for tea.  
Sofas await our return  
Until everything we have ever thought  
Has been put into words,  
Has already begun the long weary haul  
Across the room that does not forget.