

Ryan G. Van Cleave

PSALM OF THE CHAIR

At twilight, no one sees
it stretch its own tired legs
and shuffle through streets
towards the section of town
with gutted store-fronts,
windowless eyesockets.

Anonymous and occupied,
it answers to whistles
even the dogs can't hear.
Imperceptibly it quivers
like an evangelist feeling
God; too wide, too much

in the shade, undressed
in memory like an old lover,
it is legion. How it clamps
and screeches across linoleum—
soulful adieus, its teeth so sharp.
Long past dinner, it dreams
of eating, of wearing your shoes.