

*Jane Chakravarthy*

**Peace**

I sit on the chair on the porch of my old house  
creaking the wooden chair  
my father bought me  
when I was a young girl

the chair did not creak when I was young,  
through the years it became weathered, worn,  
the polish, now a faded memory  
apart from around the edges  
like a frame

the smooth seat that once held me rigid  
yielded to my body  
with its now slight curve  
no longer catches my clothes as I rise

the chair has seen many moments,  
the death of my father,  
my mother, and my husband,  
he wanted to mend the creak  
I asked him  
not to

my children who left one by one  
now visit when they can find the time  
but I sit alone

I do not reminisce  
for time has moved on,  
I sit patiently now  
watching the world at my feet

the tree in front of my house  
has taught me many things  
as it grows with the passing years

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through the seasons it comes alive,  
lives to the full in all its splendid glory,  
dies, ready to return  
new life,  
new form,

I notice its leaves do not have  
the same hue as the last

the tree stands still  
weathered with knowledge, worn with the breeze,  
like me and my chair,  
it does not complain  
it stands erect, silent, encompassing  
every moment an observer  
defiant and composed

my guide to peace