

5-1-2001

The Chair

Michael Epstein
NSU University School

Follow this and additional works at: https://nsuworks.nova.edu/uschool_litmag



Part of the [Poetry Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Epstein, Michael (2001) "The Chair," *Hieroglyphics: the NSU University School Literary Magazine*: Vol. 8 , Article 20.
Available at: https://nsuworks.nova.edu/uschool_litmag/vol8/iss1/20

This Poem is brought to you for free and open access by the University School at NSUWorks. It has been accepted for inclusion in Hieroglyphics: the NSU University School Literary Magazine by an authorized editor of NSUWorks. For more information, please contact nsuworks@nova.edu.

The Chair

Michael Epstein

The part of the department store
Most fond to me
Is where mothers make their children sit
Oh so patiently
Next to the dressing room
The chair stands and waits
For a child who is too wild
For his mother to tolerate
So she seats you in this chair and leaves you alone
To be your own entertainer
I was the king of my new throne
But sometimes when my kingdom got boring
I thought about leaving the chair
But I knew there would be consequences
Should I do it? Would I dare?
But then I came to realize
I would be an idiot if I did
Because if I got up
I would witness my mother the boxer – she would knock off my lid
I thought again and chose to stay
So in this chair I spent my day
I would study the carpet
And the clothespins wedged inside
I would organize my cartoon schedule
So when I got home
I would meditate on this chair
Or at least pretend

In this chair I made up
Many imaginary friends
Who would keep me company when my mom was shopping
Charging everything on Visa
Until the bill was literally hopping
Off of the card
I hoped we wouldn't go broke
I would contemplate the jobs I would have to get
To support my folks
A nine year old on his chair
What a tight bond would form
So when my mom and I went shopping
I would be happy to spend the day with Norm (the name of my chair)