

A Poem

Carol Leon

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His Chair

(dedicated to Anthony George Leon)

He sits in his chair,
His chair.
Legs swaying, the green-checked sarong
gently glides.

A faraway look has taken over my Dad's face,
taking over a once spirited gaze.
Singing a song,
always the same song,
and the red-brown sarong swishes along.

Deft dance moves still hold sway,
though gone are the days when he
could walk without aid.

Why? How? Where? When?
When did he slow down?
Change imperceptible.

A love for music and sport,
Mathematical figures and English forms,
A mentor, guide and teacher,

Sits in his chair,
His chair.
Memories have faded,

skills forgotten.
Changes now perceptible.

His chair is empty now.
No more shimmers of green, red and brown
from this space my Dad once occupied.

A book or plate in hand,
sometimes we sit in his chair,
hoping to feel, to savour,
His spirit,
His colours.

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