

The Old Rocking Chair

There stands my grandfather's
old rocking chair at the corner
of our white-washed porch.
Nobody sits on it now. No one will.
Maybe someday, someone would.
My Grandpa used to tell stories
to us, he, seated on that
old mahogany made rocking chair.
His pipe clamped between his
tobacco-stained lips;
the blue smoke would rise
and it aroused in me
to imagine things in
faraway lands;
the magical lamp of Aladdin,
the majestic ships of Sinbad
in turbulent seas,
the sparkling gems and
nuggets of gold inside
Alibaba's cave,
the towering pyramids
in sand-filled Egypt,
built by pharaohs
whose petrified
bodies now lie inside,
the useless glimmering
wealth strewn around.
My mind stirred with the clash
of swords of the Roman soldiers
who conquered other lands
and made their captives slaves.
My soul merged with the spirit
of the ancient gods worshipped
by tattooed African tribes.
My heart ached with the sentiments
of the Indians who
whispered the chants
of their mystical sages.
Childhood tales my Grandpa told

when seated on that
old mahogany made rocking chair.
Now it stands there
at the corner of our porch,
empty, alone and lonely.
Nobody sits on it now.
No one would, but someday,
somehow, someone will.
It could be me
when my hair turns to gray.
What tales would they be,
when seated on that
old mahogany made rocking chair,
I will tell to
my own grand offsprings?

Maria from Philippines