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