

Even the Chair

The chair was plastic,

Gray, hard plastic.

That's where she sat,

Silently, motionless,

A thoughtful expression

Painted on her face.

The room seemed to listen,

Listen to her silence.

And she seemed to speak;

Speak silently, speak motionlessly.

She spoke through her eyes,

Through her hands and through her hair.

Everything about her,

Made you want to listen.

And it seemed that everything around her did;

The blank walls, the dying plants, the dirtied windows;

And even the plastic chair.