

The Chair

Sitting on a crisp, October night.
So peaceful: not a person or thought in sight.
Sippin' on Lipton. Wonderful right?
So peaceful: not a person or thought in sight.
Something happened. Thought there was daylight?
So peaceful: not a person or thought in sight.
Savoring thoughts: Is it yet midnight?
Sweating profusely at the strange sight,
Staring.
Sitting by the chair: my gravesite.
Staring back at me, black knight.
And there was the chair, laughing at my plight.