

Domestic

The chair is on its side.
Which would be expected
if on the floor shone
some glut of wasted egg white
spread under some heavy boot,
broken
shell crumpled, clear as a court case.
At home
among splinters
scattering, exploding
from our shattered floor.

You forget its oddness.
Defend it,
like the other furniture
is stuck up.
You can't fix it,
now you know it's on the floor
out of temper.
No one will believe you.

"Chairs will be chairs" – they'll say,
or "some chairs can't sit still."
"Why don't you just leave it be?"

Because it is chaos –
Its' chaos could come, could
rip apart this kitchen,
tear the walls apart like bread,
then this chair would make sense, but

our bread is at home in the bread box.
Coffee cups crowding the kettle,
clean
and gleaming
- and in place.
Windowsill sweet from blossoms
that belies the viciousness
of the chilli plants.