

Kitchen Chair at St. Lo

Some jester has seated him here
Stiffy a-straddle a kitchen chair
And left him a pretension of man
Reversed to watch a reversed parade.

Once he was the brave and fearful
Thinking of home and a kitchen chair
Before a fire of uncertain shadow
Where life was a curious looking in.

Now a screech, a creek, and a groan—
Homage of Hell from the cowled trucks
Is paid to a crimson faced fool
Who majestically bloats for the laugh.

Still he and the chair and shadows exist
But man and the fire have gone with strife
While he on a spindle-legged throne,
Curious, finds he is looking out.

—Basil J. Raymond