

My Favourite Thinking Chair

The bright and dappled sunbeams,
Scattered by the dancing leaves,
Play softly,
Shining on the cushioned arms.
My favourite thinking chair.

So calm and reassuring
Is the wind that stirs the branches.
Peaceful.
Resting in the thoughtful still.
My favourite thinking chair.

The minutes slip away.
Enfolded deep within my mind,
The hours
Cease to hold their meaning,
In my favourite thinking chair.

From moments in reflection
Bud the shoots of revelation.
And the light
Perceives the marvels,
In my favourite thinking chair.

W. M. R. Simpson