

Ode to a Vintage Coffee Table
Circa 1950

Your finish
needs refinishing.

The color of honey,
you served my newlywed parents well,
endured the childhood
my brother and I rollicked through.

You survived our children's roughhousing,
gnawing pup, procession of scratching cats.
Your hard rock maple soaked up pizza and spilled cokes,
propped up weary feet,
granted grandkids a bench, a TV tray, a coloring spot.

Your colonial style—
simple curves, scallops, and oblong shape—
speak homey elegance,
spindled legs a sturdy foundation
upheld by clubby feet.

Fifteen dollars must've seemed a fortune
to a young couple living on pork 'n' beans.
I don't know what you're worth today,
true hue glowing under
surface scar-topped and care-worn,
but the sixty-odd years and adventures you've seen
make you priceless.