

## ROO BORSON / A Chaise for Sharon

It would have been sometime in the 1990s, I think, when I walked with Jane Munro into the house on Kitchener and saw for the first time the elegant chaise longue Sharon had come across in a storefront window in Montreal and (as she said) had to have, and so had shipped all the way to East Vancouver, where its yellow satin brocade shed more light than the sun. And I thought: if only one could lie here... shortly after which a few lines began to form themselves. That this particular piece of furniture has stayed in my mind ever since, and that the words below have never had a home till now, makes me think, watching a robin (now that it is spring) endlessly pick up and drop a piece of tissue half again her size, that there are many forms of patience.

To lie in splendor and decline  
on a yellow chaise

and think of nothing  
the origins of success and failure

as the rain comes down  
though no one watches

and the cool petals  
climb out of the twig-tips  
into the rain  
medallion and trailing vine

thinking: *empires of autumn, the pale pools at Ostia*  
*filling with silt for a thousand years—*