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Rusted Nails

– Lisa Modelevsky

Wooden chairs are sitting alone in a velvet alcove
Some have nails that are tarnished and bent against their mahogany
backdrop of illusion,
As the days go by, the chairs are moved.
The prettier ones are placed towards the front of the alcove,
where they are caressed by the soft peach lights,
strolling in through the curtains.
The others, whose nails are bent and rusted, sit silently in the darkness,
Their backs to the small drops of light that taunt them with a casual touch.
It was on that fatal night when the fire lapped up all of the beams,
That those with their crowns who sat in the front were burned.
But those who sat quietly, hidden in the back of some memory, were only
left to inhale the smoke.
The chairs with their rusted nails were taken from their dark closets inside
of the gloomy cavern.
Marble floors of the ballroom tickled their feet while crystal domes
illuminated their eyes.
This was their treasured journey to the unknown,
Hidden and dismissed from rusted nails.