

Oak Wood Table

Meagan Schlee-Bedard | Poetry

I wore your size 11 black leather dress shoes every Christmas
eve.

I always wanted to fill your shoes; the archetype. The opa, the
one who could call everyone back to the oak wood table.

I remember our family quarrels like sparklers. Makes life more
interesting.

We were these small brief moments a vignette of a family.

Remember when you guys left.

I was still sitting at the oak wood table when
parenting

out of all things oma blamed mom for bad parenting
like a weed telling a flower it didn't blossom properly

I was still sitting at the oak wood table
moving my fingers across the starches left

behind

from the good times, the times of way too much food and laughter like santa claus before
Christmas eve rosy cheeks and light

light

as bright as roughs red nose.

I am still sitting at the oak wood table wishing to wear your size 11 shoes

Wishing my tiny feet could hold a foundation to a least start building a home.