

The Chair at the Head of the Table

The chair looms
Bearing down on us as we stand
Our chairs are loud as they are pushed back from the table,
But that chair remains still.
The head of the table has been vacant for so long.

I used to think that it was the person sitting there that held the power,
That it was them at the head of the table
But the chair is as empty as our plates,
And the power remains.

The silence is deafening,
Reflecting all that we have lost.
The chair watches from the dim light of the candles
I shiver.

Once, it extended an aura of peace,
Reflecting the goodness of Grandma.
But she is gone, and so is the light.

All that's left is the other type of power.
The power that sucks at your soul,
That drags you in and never lets you go.

- Isabel Adams (Year 9)



Inspired by *Sahib Ki Kursi* (Alia Haider, 2021)