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Wooden Bench

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Wooden Bench

By: Isabella Elisco

Upon my Poppi's presence is a wooden bench
That rests between two hollow, graceful,
Greening trees. In need of a place to rest,
He places his body upon the bench
shaded by the palms of the trees.

His white Nike tennis shoes dig into the visible, naked
Rocks, while his khaki shorts and pink polo skid
Further back into the paneled wood. Rays of sunshine
Strike his delicately bronzed face, blocking his view
of the lagoon lying in between the vacant golf course.
From his back-right pocket, he grabs his black ray bans
And *Vanderbilt* hat, shading his face at last.

Enjoying the cool breeze of the wind blowing,
He pulls out a *Macanudo* cigar from his back left
Pocket, and places it between his lips. His lighter
Sparks a flame, shortly releasing puffs of smoke.

Ten minutes pass by--- the cigar disintegrates.
His beautiful wife Nunki finds her way
To his wooden bench, taking a seat right next
him. They glance at one another with a loving smile,
And lock their hands together as if they fell in love
All over again.