

## CHRISTINA WILSON

### The Rocking Chair

Fen-to sat in the rocking chair.  
Pipe smoke wrapped around him,  
Sweet smelled the night time air.  
When a knock, knock, knock,  
On the door frame came.  
Fen-to froze as the South wind sang,  
“Sin, sin, let me in, I come to play  
With the souls of men.”  
Fen-to stiffened, he knew this game.  
That dreaded girl, she had come again.  
Flirting at the window, she let down her hair;  
The whistling wind blew it everywhere.  
Swirling and curving her body danced.  
Fen-to fell once more into that trance.  
With heavy heart he rose to his feet.  
Her body swaying, she picked up the beat.  
He couldn't resist, temptation would not pass,  
His power gone, her spell was cast.  
Fen-to grasped the handle and turned it sharp,  
The wind roared by and he let in the dark.  
“Fen-to, Fen-to,” she caressed his face;  
Kissing him seductively without losing pace.  
He hated her and what she did,  
What about his wife and kids?  
She was so pleasing to the eyes,  
Beautiful, young, but so full of lies.  
Cunning to get the things she would want,  
She knew her gifts and with them she'd taunt.

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No other reason than just because she could,  
Men were her slaves for what she gave.  
A loss, a loss, he took her in,  
And again committed that deadly sin.  
Only to sob alone by himself;  
Once she had left, having satisfied herself.  
Guilty, guilty, Fen-to lay,  
Not knowing who had watched from the back doorway.  
“Again Fen-to you betray my love!  
No explanation will save you because,  
Honest to you I have always been,  
Your weakness as a man I have truly seen.  
Now shut out the light and cry to sleep,  
For you no longer will I weep.  
You had your chance, you made your choice.  
No more silence, I raise my voice.  
Good-bye Fen-to, I will not stay,  
For the one I love will not betray!”  
Fen-to sat in the rocking chair,  
Holding a strand of the South wind's hair.  
It pained him as he watched her go —  
The kids, the dog, now an empty home.  
“Fool, fool Fen-to,” he cursed,  
As he buried the hair deep in the earth.  
He had lost it all, what had mattered most,  
Love, trust, and faithfulness most devote.  
Alone, Fen-to sat in the rocking chair,  
An old man now with thinning hair.  
The guilt he kept close to his heart,  
As he rued the day he let in the dark.

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**Christina Wilson** has no formal degrees, no profession or career. She believes these labels could not define her well, rather they would confine her. She believes that the human beings have the potential to be the masters of their destiny.

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