

VIEW FROM AN AERON CHAIR

A half-view of greenery, cut off by blinds.  
Pinecones hanging in pairs, like testicles.  
Brain balls, someone once said at a pool.  
We were in it, looking up at a guy getting out.  
This angle replicates that one, but the view  
is more animated, less peopled.

The sky's changeups are reminders  
that this will not drag on forever, despite  
the ergonomic ease afforded by the seat  
first devised for geriatric care, then stripped down.  
It'd seem rational: if the elderly spent  
their days in recliners, so could others,  
dotcomers, say, properly incentivized.

And at least there is no symbolic logic  
with eliminands and retinends.  
No lasting premises either;  
we will be priced out of any area.  
No sooner than the conclusion is accepted  
as consequent and part and parcel  
of this universe of discourse, we'll come to realize  
the sense in having new places to leave.

This is the chair's democracy.  
Particularly this one, with its form-fitting mesh  
forsaking foam and padding,  
which cause overheating and cloud  
the sitter's judgment.  
It's recyclable, and that matters.

Still, the office chair's revolution is an oxymoron.