

## Refinishing

They stand dejected in the hallway,  
Life and travel weary,  
Not knowing why I'd ship them 3,000 miles to be with me.  
I trace their curves with my fingers, wipe the Michigan cobwebs from their corners,  
And let their scent of farmhouse attic take me back to my childhood.

They stand with scars of age and disrespect,  
A far cry from their original form and beauty:  
A purchase by newlyweds to adorn the parlor, create a home.  
The use of years, the second, third generation, who valued them less,  
Who thought of them as "old."

Perhaps they wonder at my attention,  
Why I shop for hardware and mirrors,  
Why I strip, sand, and varnish,  
Why I refit, nail, and glue.

Now that I'm through,  
They stand majestic in my living room, part of my home,  
Old, yet dignified,  
Refinished.

I feel their comfort,  
As if those that originally loved them were near by.  
I receive their service. Their utility exceeds their years,  
Part furniture, part museum piece, part family archetype.  
I am restored in their reworking  
as I see myself more clearly through their restoration.