

Phyllis' Table

By Laura Hoyt

Empty the table sits like a schoolroom in June
The memory of chatter held within its wood
As if somehow it could be understood
If only it could stand up and talk or sing a tune.

The stories here are eloquently told
Mixed with laughter and peppered with jokes
Serious moments melt in the mouths of folks
Who gather around, both young and old.

There has been fine food and wine
Enjoyed by friends and family
Some of whom you will no longer see
But will remember them as you dine.

Stories turn into legend and fable
About religion, gardens and faraway places,
Food, music, books, people and faces
Like a dish they pass around Phyllis' table.