

Linda Black

The yellow chair

Wasn't always, isn't really – underneath it is, as I remember it, a darkish blue, not quite petrel. Scanning the room, I can't find a match and decline to lift its skirt. Three thoughts occur, vie for precedence. I like to be exact, attend to minutiae.

I am mistaken. A petrel is a sea bird, related to the shearwaters, typically flying far from land; the colour (though it isn't) is petrol blue. Small crosses like sideways kisses are woven into the fabric – regularly, but how far apart I couldn't say – and dots, I believe there are dots. I could liken the pattern to swallows – there is something in the curve of a wing.

There are no arms. Its wide back curls around my shoulders, tapers like a cut-off triangle to meet a circular seat. A further point – the springs have gone; under the cover I have placed – some time ago – an old feather cushion and several pieces of thickish card. They slip about sometimes.

Its legs are wooden, hidden. It is my grandmother's chair, a low chair, a feeding chair. I do look later; about some things, I am completely wrong.