

MY FAVORITE CHAIRS





MONOBLOC CHAIR

You'd be hard-pressed to find someone without some connection to this breed of chair. A friend and I were talking about how they always seem to appear at outdoor gatherings—no one really knows where they came from, yet they're always there.

My ex's family had a beach house where our friend group would spend weekends, getting into all the things high schoolers do. My favorite memory of these chairs was gathering around the campfire after dinner, listening to the wind rustle through the pines and watching embers drift into the dark. There was a dark green monobloc chair I always claimed as mine, and I remember the ritual of wedging its legs into the sand just right, trying to keep it from toppling over.



ROCKING CHAIR

This particular rocking chair, crafted from Hawaiian koa wood, is a family heirloom. My grandparents have an extensive collection of koa wood goods—everything from bowls and canoe paddles to an entire hutch made of the stuff.

I don't see myself living in Hawai'i again anytime soon, but I often daydream about settling down there when I'm much older, settling into that rocking chair the way old folks stereotypically do. If the day ever comes when I'm ready to stay for good, I know it'll still be there waiting for me.



PATIO CHAIR

I scored a ridiculously good patio set for over half off at a hardware store, and I'd argue it was the crown jewel of my first apartment. Unfortunately, my current place lacks a patio, so it's been repurposed as a dining table.

The summer of 2024 brought my first 100+ degree days, and for some masochistic reason, nothing felt better than broiling out in the bitter sun, cigarette in hand, an iced tea sweating on the table.

One day, this chair will bask in the sun again.





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