

Moroccan Lanterns - An Escape Into Moroccan Furniture

In a perfect world, you would be in your Mediterranean parlor, reclining on a luxuriously upholstered ottoman with a warm bowl of harira soup. At this moment, however, the rich comforts of Moroccan furniture seem impossibly far away. Instead you find yourself walking through the wet, blustery chill of a February morning at an hour so early that it still feels like yesterday. Gone are the lush fabrics, bold colors, and cinnamon earth tones of Moroccan decor- they have been replaced by the concrete reality of the surrounding metropolis. You clutch your overcoat against your chest, hoping to ward away the worst of the sleet until you reach your first destination - the bus stop. As you get off the bus, you see the glowing light of Moroccan lanterns shining. Each step drags you further and further from your treasured Moroccan furniture. But you have planned for this; the vision of your Mediterranean parlor will sustain you throughout the day until you can return to its welcoming mirth.

The bus is drawing near, and you wonder if you will encounter the surly bus driver today. With bated breath, you climb aboard and-- the surly driver greets you with a dismissive snort. But you aren't even there. The bus has already morphed into the Mediterranean parlor, Moroccan lanterns are everywhere glowing their magical flare; the stiff bucket seats have been replaced by the forgiving cushion of your favorite ottoman, its refined silken upholstery buffering you against the onslaughts of a callous society. The din of cell phones and the steady groan of the city melt away as you remember the quiet solace found only in your own Moroccan furniture.

This is your stop. A hydraulic sigh accompanies your leap from the bus steps, and you take to the sidewalk as if in a trance. And still the visions of Moroccan furniture and the shining Moroccan lanterns captivate your imagination. Smoke from a nearby ventilation pipe reminds you of a steaming cup of mint tea. Furniture shop windows try to lure you from your daydream with promises of modern creature comforts, but you remain unswayed. Beneath your feet, the cement gives way to the provocative fractals of a Moroccan tile floor; the hardened concrete path appears as the luxurious hand-made Berber carpet that adorns the floor of your Mediterranean parlor. And within the icy puddles, you can see the reflection of an elaborately decorated Moroccan ceiling above you. In this world, you may walk between the raindrops, unscathed by the neon lights that buzz cynically overhead; and in their place, you see only the romantic glow of hand-wrought Moroccan lanterns.

You have finally arrived at the office where you have reached countless compromises in the past. The revolving door of the building has little to offer you in comparison to the intricately engraved entrance to your Mediterranean parlor. In Morocco, the doors are designed to welcome guests, enticing them with grace and artistry. But here-- in the real world-- the doors seem to throw you out as soon as they invite you in. Your body may enter here, but your mind will remain transfixed with the exotic ambiance of Moroccan decor. Co-workers greet you with bowed heads and grave countenances; and you realize that many of them will live their entire lives without ever having glimpsed the subtle beauty of Moroccan furniture.

Entering the board room, you take your seat at an elongated table. The faces around you look bored. For them, all tables are rectangular-- or square. They have never seen a hexagonal table with fascinating Moorish designs and a hand-carved facade; that much is clear from their expressions. On your own face, there is a look of total contentment. The Moroccan furniture has pulled you through the worst of another day, thanks to your own sense of style and taste. Now you are curled up in your favorite ottoman, sipping your bowl of harira soup. Board meetings are so much better this way. And no one suspects that you aren't even there.

About the Author

Adeal Benhayoun is the head of Star of Morocco, which retails and wholesales exquisite [Moroccan furniture](#) pieces including colored glass [Moroccan lanterns](#).

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