

Loveseat

There was no room
in this friendship,
not for me, at least.
Yet you both were able
to fit a new couch,
a loveseat that is,
where two bodies
can sit brushing
elbows. So,
when I visit,
I have to straddle
its arm, barely able
to balance. As
time progresses
so does your décor-
filled with odd shapes,
not able to hold
a human's weight.
All that's there
in the living room:
a loveseat,
with me holding
on for dear life
to something
that filled up
space in my home,
and doesn't have
room for me in theirs.