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An Ode to My Futon

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An Ode to My Futon

Brandi Sutton

What was I really to expect
Of a Walmart futon?
An inevitable wreck
You've had a chip on your shoulder
Ever since I bumped you into the room's corner

I even tried to make it up to you
Tending that wound with a chestnut crayon
I dressed you elegantly
With SpongeBob sheets
And a blue pool noodle
So you would stop punching holes in my drywall

You test me with your continuous whining
As if you can't perform what you were made for
Insisting you don't tolerate being slept on
Or sat on...
I know this because
You snap when I dare to try

Yet, here is why I still do
And hardly mind the consequence

Even while you stab me in the back
With your broken metal wires
Piercing me through the cushions
Leaving my back on fire
I still declare, you are nothing but loyal
You stay in your place and
Wait for me each day with your wide arms
You always concede, bearing your arms to hold me
For when the day gets bad
And I feel cold all around

While everything about you screams that you're cheap
You do not fail to provide me with enough reasons
To never get up
To never want to wake from my sleep
So for you, I am still grateful
That there is comfort in your discomfort