

## Black sofa

There's a black sofa in the back of the third floor gallery of the museum.

I wonder:

"How many hands have touched you?"

Your dark suede skin shining.

"How many hands have handled your upholstery as a means of finding comfort?"

"Who's farted in you because you were tucked away in the back?"

Gave some bourgeois patron the fleeting concept of a

"Safe space",

to relieve themselves quietly and in the dark.

I just want to press my face into your armrest and weep

when no ones looking and hope to God,

I don't get pink eye.