

*Tandem Derelict*

I laid my head upon the ninety-degree armrest.  
Succumbing: comfortable in my discomfort.  
How many before me had done the same?  
Worn in, until it was worn out.  
Countless before me, countless after.  
Dilapidated, yet in a dignified fashion.  
Charcoal coloured cushions smudged my eyes shut.

Rise. Return. Reality.  
Neglect lingered amongst my peripherals.  
These sad little sofas, you see them everywhere.  
Simply occupying the space,  
until they're replaced.  
By something new; something better.  
Just like you.