

***Used Red Square Pillow (Manhattan)*** –Taylor Parsons

I am not “used.”

I may have been around  
the block, or relocated  
a couple blocks away, from  
your ex-boyfriend’s penthouse on  
27<sup>th</sup> to this sad excuse for  
an apartment up north. I  
may have been lounging  
on your settee since your  
sadly deceased little  
bichon “sparkles” was  
sparkling all over  
the happy couple’s living  
room floor. But I am  
NOT  
Used.

I have not faded  
since you first found  
me on sale at *Flair*. Bitch,  
I could have been the bright red  
centerpiece to a soft velvet sofa  
in Milan. I am pristine.  
I am redder than the bright burgundy  
blotch on the Fashion Institute’s  
welcome sign, a sight which I relished  
through the passenger side  
of your moving “van” as you fled  
by at 2 miles over the speed limit.  
I have not been “used” for anything  
but out-of-place eye-candy  
on furniture that is  
BENEATH  
Me.

Yet here you have me; full, red curves  
placed ungracefully online with cheap  
IKEA chairs and free giveaway futons—destined  
to wallow in some dirty New York basement—  
along with your other failed grasps at the  
style and comfort that should only be bought at a  
high price.