



Ryan Taylor

*Furniture*

As the days become night and dusk becomes dawn  
As boys grow into men  
I will become one with the furniture

Reupholster my bones and skin  
Rearrange me to fit with the room that I'm in

and when I no longer match with the colors and patterns  
When my worn out frame just doesn't do it anymore

Sell my body but leave the rest  
Do whatever you think best

Whatever makes you comfortable

