

Shaun Turner

EVICITION NOTICE

My apartment is too big.
It's actually very small
for three people.

But now it is only me here,
the others having left—
one person split
into so much empty space.

In one room, I store all my books.

In another, I lie on my big belly, my knees
itching into the gray carpet.

In his empty room, I build a fort
out of discarded mattresses and old quilts.

In another room, I read books
behind piles of books
in the dark like a kid.

The maintenance man told me not to worry,
some cabinets are cheaply made, that they absorb
water from the atmosphere sometimes
and just fall apart.

Where the cabinets are broken,
my kitchenware sits out: nestled
between busted pulpwood doors, more plastic

in plastic.
All the art still hangs on the walls,
and that'll be the last thing to go.