

The First Morning in My New Apartment

Clint McCown

The furniture has been evenly distributed
throughout the three-room floor plan.
Every stick of it came down to me
through family long departed.

I'm waiting for the cable man now.
He has a two-hour window
or my installation's free.

This afternoon I plan to buy a mattress
for the extra single bed,
in case a daughter ever comes to visit.

This place is nice—
fresh paint, new carpeting.

I've enjoyed the puzzle of figuring out
what goes where, how to make this space
appear to be my own.
But that's all done now.

I turn up my hearing aid.
It amplifies nothing.

There's nothing
to be afraid of.

I'll cook and putter, put pictures
on the walls. Lose track of time.

I'll watch old horror movies
without flinching, admire
the cinematic art of casting shadows,
pity the poor Mummy his damnation,
bear witness to his slow limp
down unfamiliar roads,
tattered to the bone, loose rags
raveling along a reachless past,
mindful of her dark eyes
shining through the years,
of all the taunts of nameless infidels.