

# my apartment needs more culture

*by* M. F. Sullivan

the first night we visited  
i stepped on a splinter  
while walking to the car  
and half-limped back,  
hiding a wince.

once the birds were chirping  
when i was finally alone  
and undressed for bed  
it had worked itself further

until now, a week later,  
it's part of my foot,  
and i keep my weight on my heel.

what small price,  
a little arrow,  
for a piece of art  
to liven up the home.

