

Maya Marshall

## Eviction

Her sisters carry her things to the stoop.  
Six dachshunds herd the fur she hasn't cleaned,  
chase hard diabetic feet up, down the  
winding wrought iron staircase. Tomorrow

she will miss all of her rooms. True, no room  
or man was ever hers at all. She has  
been waiting for God to pay. She has been  
winding yarn in the absence of filters,

ash. Each year leaving home brings her closer  
to its every chamber—each block and sibling.  
She has been waiting for all of these years.  
Untethered, she will not look to her mother,

the wrinkles of her, the sag she made when  
she filled her, the stretch marks that surround the  
exit wound, nor wonder that we do return,  
by necessity. We return by necessity.

