

01.24.2023.0720

*by* Dulce Maria Menendez

When I stopped drinking,  
the desire to write poems was gone.  
Remember this to be true.  
The black dog still waits in the distance  
not far from the fence.  
I watch it and open the sliding windows  
to let the winter air run amuck  
through my kitchen door  
engulfing me with bites  
of the freezing Midwest.  
I stand alone watching.  
Waiting.  
The black dog does not run.  
It does not bark.  
We both stare at the empty field  
in solitude as a snowstorm approaches.

