

The Year Of Our Lord, 2020

by Dulce Maria Menendez

There is loneliness in eating garbanzo beans all by yourself on a Saturday afternoon while drinking wine and watching Hulu.

Teenage angst still lingers.

There you are on another Saturday in 1975 staring at the boy next door through the kitchen window.

And what of it?

You are pushing 60 and there are garbanzo beans on your plate with a dash of oil and vinegar and anchovies floating around the parmesan cheese.

Blame it on your DNA.

There you are with the most handsome man in Miami and he is yours to do with whatever you want a day after you turn 21.

Blame it on the disco.

And here you are today on a Saturday afternoon the year of our lord, May 2020.

Alone with a pandemic.

Don't judge.

Do you have garbanzo beans on your plate splitting in two as the skin is falling off so easily like when you opened up your legs to let him in for the first time?

