

# Between Yoko Ono and a Hard Place

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There was a man.

There always is a man.

Let's say this man was a hippie  
in the sixties and grew a beard, a blond  
beard and hung out in Central Park  
with his guitar and his lyrics. Let's say  
he took too many drugs, drank too much  
bourbon, slept with too many women.

Let's say it is today and you are  
in your garden and are clipping back  
the bushes and pulling out weeds  
and this man comes to mind  
whom you met twenty years  
after he gave up New York and moved South.

You met him after he lost his family  
because he drank too much bourbon  
and slept with too many women who would  
creep into his thoughts as he was making love  
to his wife and although he was faithful to his wife,  
she could feel Yoko Ono tearing them apart  
because she thought they were tight like the Beatles.

You meet him at work and invite him over  
to your house and he brings his guitar and tells you  
a story about that one time in New York  
his girlfriend was at a bar and John Lennon  
walks in and takes a seat with Yoko or that  
other woman he dated between Yoko.

Let's say that our man stayed at home  
that evening because he had a cold,  
or the flu, or was having a nervous breakdown.

Let's say his girlfriend decides not to call  
him from a phone booth just down by the corner  
to tell him to get his ass over to the bar  
because John Lennon was there.

John Lennon was there.

Let's say this was the catalyst of his life.  
The worst thing a woman could have done,  
worst than divorcing him, worst than dying on  
him like his mother did.

Let's say that this man comes to mind  
while you are yanking out a tough root  
and out of the corner of a dark  
place you try never to visit you remember this  
man died last year on John Lennon's birthday.

Imagine that.

