

Bloomington, September 2021

by Dulce Maria Menendez

The sun is setting.
The leaves are rustling.
Their shadow against a weeping willow.
A dog's endless bark.
A child runs barefoot against the lawn.
A bird is chirping against the song of the cicadas.
A red chimney in the horizon.
No smoke.
It is an Indian summer in Bloomington.
I sit with a glass of chilled wine.
My dog watches the neighbor's yard and sniffs the air.
Something is about to go down.
But since he is a dog he quickly forgets for a treat thrown in the air.
He catches it and begs for more.
The black dog is resting on the fence post.
Waiting for a squirrel or bird to fly by.
She has been gone forever.
The end of a marriage.
The start of another.
The end of another.
A move to the Midwest from Miami.
My daughter is gone.

