

Free Bird

by Dulce Maria Menendez

I stop for Coup de' Villes and blue eyed men who run marathons of ghosts and what if I was in love with a boy named Roberto in our Spanish class in High School who was half Japanese and half German and preferred penises to my virginity and what if the boy next door was in love with the other girl next door and not me and what if her name was Maria and what if my husband later would leave me for a Maria and what of it if I break to admire the canary yellow long cars parked in front of the old Ozark House filled with men who were shipped off to Viet Nam when they were 17 and what if I ride my bike past the golf course across the Ozark House at sunset as these same men search for their keys after three scotches on the rocks and who may have been my father but are not because my father was too busy tripping on LSD as his lobotomy hummed a little tune from long ago when he was young and living the life of a prince in Havana, the prodigal son who should have taken on the family business but instead was imprisoned by Fidel in a cold cell naked and as his paranoia sank in, the rest is history and here I am and what
if *Free Bird* starts to play in my headphones and I fly like a little boy catching the moon while I think of you?

