

Little Townhouse on the Prairie

by Dulce Maria Menendez

In the evening the geese and the small engine planes
start their descent from the west to the east.

I sit on the deck facing the Lutheran church where the
sign announcing the Reverend so and so is highlighted
from a mile away.

The cars rush by and I count them as I did when I was a kid
in Los Angeles. How many red cars pass by. How many blue?

The dog barks at nothing at all.

It turns dusk at 4:30 PM and supper has been already been served
and eaten as if it were a 5 course meal in New York. Or Miami.

Except we left Miami a long time ago.

And before that we left Cuba.

Settling in a new territory is nothing new.

If we left Cuba, we can leave anything.

