

# The Mother Fucker Is Finally Dead

*by* Dulce Maria Menendez

Sunflower season is the same here  
as it is in Tuscany. Every mid July  
they start to bloom. Sometimes on  
my birthday.

The seeds start to sprout  
as soon as the snow melts into  
the rich soil of the midwest.

China grows their soy not too far  
from my house which was built  
around the year of my mother's birth.

I was born in Cuba.  
I am the only Cuban in my block.  
In the neighborhood.

When I was living in California,  
I would have to reconfirm to everyone  
who asked if I was Italian, that no,  
*I am Cuban. This is what a Cuban  
looks like* I'd say back to them. I was  
strong with my convictions. I never  
had to do this in Miami.

*I am Cuban.* I'd tell them over and  
over again which only lead to the  
next question. *What is Cuba like?*  
*I don't know,* I'd tell them. *I left*

*before I could remember.*

Recently my DNA tests show I am not Cuban at all. I am ninety-four percent European with sixty-four percent Iberian, eleven percent from Northern Europe and seventeen percent Italian.

The rest is three point five percent Central-American and the remaining from Africa. Not an ounce of Cuban.

I am more Italian than I will ever be Cuban and what DNA flows through me decided that I missed the sunflowers of Tuscany more than the sugarcane fields of an island which is more foreign than ever to me now that the mother fucker is finally dead.

I don't have to carry the Cuban torch anymore for my father who didn't live long enough to see the mother fucker who imprisoned him finally dead or my mother who died in a nursing home so far gone into her dementia that she forgot why we left in the first place.

