

The Prairie Doesn't Apologize

by Dulce Maria Menendez

The prairie is what she is.

The ghost of me passes by
pulling a cow past a long stretch
of nothing but prairie grass.

She was so heavy with milk
I didn't know if
we'd make it back in time.

The cow's bell echoing
with the sound of the howling wind.

Today, I am walking a dog on a harness
past the echoing sound of ghosts
tapping on my shoulder,
whispering something foreign
which only I understand.

Husbands are long gone.

Back then for war.
Now for divorce.

The sun sets the same.
The sun rises the same.

Nothing much has changed
except for the cars

passing by so fast sometimes
I shutter at the thought of
my dog escaping the shriek
of death.

The dog is safe now.
My one condolence.

Safe in my fenced yard.
Running around chasing
the ghost of who I used to be.

