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 rises the same.

Nothing much has changed except for the cars

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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.