

The Year of the Cat

by Dulce Maria Menendez

And it is pouring cats and dogs on a California afternoon
off the corner of Sunset and Highland.

Droplets of sorrow drip down our forehead
as our eyelashes bash back the rain.

A woman hands us free tickets to the Merv Griffin show.
The bus is about to leave without us.

We take them and run past her, our books weighing
as our earth shoes splatter through water puddles.

The Hollywood High School bell rings as we hop
into the public bus system. There are no seats left.

The steam inside the bus makes our hair frizzier.
My sister is lost in thoughts of her homework and the boy with blue
eyes.

My pimples are bursting anger and my socks are damp.
The bus driver catches my reflection from the rear view mirror.

I pull the string to let us off on Wilton and Santa Monica.
We walk quickly to our one bedroom apartment on Barton Ave.

Our mother greets us as she goes to make some cafe.
We slip out of our wet clothes and blow dry our hair for Merv.

