There Goes A Green Torino

by Dulce Maria Menendez

I will be here
sitting on this pavement
on this block
in this neighborhood
with my legs crossed
with a dog
with another dog
with his bone
in front of my house
in front of the mammoth
sunflowers
drinking a glass of water
reading a book
listening to Disco
because I'm weird that way
playing fetch
tossing a ball
lifting my fat Cuban ass
from the hard
hard
cement
dancing
under the stars
under the blistering sun
under the blue vast blue
with my headphones on
with my Twitter tweeting
with yellow canaries
circling my head

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with lightbulbs flashing
news alerts
with a prayer
under the planets
under the rockets
red glare
looking sideways
looking the other way
looking up
looking down
watching the cars go by
counting the colors
there goes a green Torino
with my hair
growing longer
and longer
I pull it into a pony tail
with lipstick on
with *Oil of Ola*y splattered
and my children
whispering
if I've finally lost it
reading the Tarot cards
my mother left me
playing Solitaire
under the maple tree
while the Magnolia blooms
while twirly birds
fall around me
a tornado torpedoes
I whistle a lullaby
or the theme from
The Andy Griffith's Show
as my dog's ear listen
as the temperature drops

as the seasons change
waiting for you to
decide what to
do with me.