

# Bloomington, September 2021

*by* Dulce Maria Menendez

The sun is setting.  
The leaves are rustling.  
Their shadow against a weeping willow.  
A dog's endless bark.  
A child runs barefoot against the lawn.  
A bird is chirping against the song of the cicadas.  
A red chimney in the horizon.  
No smoke.  
It is an Indian summer in Bloomington.  
I sit with a glass of chilled wine.  
My dog watches the neighbor's yard and sniffs the air.  
Something is about to go down.  
But since he is a dog he quickly forgets for a treat thrown in the air.  
He catches it and begs for more.  
The black dog is resting on the fence post.  
Waiting for a squirrel or bird to fly by.  
She has been gone forever.  
The end of a marriage.  
The start of another.  
The end of another.  
A move to the Midwest from Miami.  
My daughter is gone.

