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by Dulce Maria Menendez

When I stopped drinking,
the desire to write poems was gone.
Remember this to be true.
The black dog still waits in the distance
not far from the fence.
I watch it and open the sliding windows
to let the winter air run amuck
through my kitchen door
engulfing me with bites
of the freezing Midwest.
I stand alone watching.
Waiting.
The black dog does not run.
It does not bark.
We both stare at the empty field
in solitude as a snowstorm approaches.

