

Green Torino

by Dulce Maria Menendez

John you are a green Torino
cruising past the long stretch of road
past the field of my back yard.
The black dog barks as it races
'round the corner of the Good Shepherd Church.
A police car waits for some shit to go down.
Waiting for something, anything to go down
but it never does here in the Midwest.

YouTube is playing a god forsaken
song from the seventies which only I
remember. The green Torino is now
rummaging through the long forgotten
backroads of my memories as I sit
on the lawn of Hollywood High
at seventeen finishing a yogurt and a
Butterfinger for lunch.

I sit alone.
Just me.
My books,
the black dog
and a poem
yet to be written.

