

JENNIFER LIGHTY

The Door

If we leave our front door open even
a crack, the dog comes in. *A fuera—out—*
I groan from my bed. I am waiting out the sun
with a book of poems in which a woman
walks naked to a well and pulls a rope
from the dark earth
like a serpent's tail.

When she pours the cold water
over her skin, drops cling and glisten.

I sweat. Scratch flea bites. Cringe
when my roommate yells
with the necessary force to send the dog
out the door.

The dog is pregnant,
looking for a place to give birth.

The guys who live in the bar next door
call her *Chaparrita*. I'm told it's an endearment
for short, chubby females.

Yesterday I watched her gnaw plastic bottles
they threw in the street. They claim she's theirs,
though I don't know what that means here
or in any other country.

Every time she sneaks back in she looks at us
like this time we'll realize we love her.

At sunset the bar opens. We lock the door.