

Elegy for Peso in Indian Summer

(1999 – 2009)

by Charles Semones

Now that I think of it, you were the color of this weather,
this Indian summer weather of mid-November—
weather like today, when the blond of dandled leaves
is the color your face was, your bright Chihuahua face.
I miss those somnolent twilights of late September
when we took our walks to the end of the subdivision's
cul-de-sac, your picking up the pace when we started back,
your nose pointing homeward in the day's dwindling
tattoo of color, its nostalgia layering lawns, and the last
of the roses, frail but still tenacious on their trellises.
Your passing taught me all I need to know about grief:
the lump in the throat, the scalding tears pooling behind
the eyelids. In the drowse of Indian summers to come,
there'll be the blond weather of a five-pound Chihuahua,
the leaves letting go and slow-motioning groundward—
and you still ahead of me, tugging at your leash in the dusk.