

They Even Took the Dogs



Maru Rojas

They came during the day.

They'd been having marriage problems, the usual. Twenty-seven years of marriage disintegrating in front of her. The usual.

He wouldn't talk to her.

She couldn't stop talking.

She wanted to talk of the children, the ones they didn't have and the ones that had left. She wanted to talk of half-full wash baskets, that looked half-empty to him.

She wanted to talk about arseholes, an aphorism
of their black and profound death.

She wanted to talk before, during and after sex,
except there was none to talk about.

She wanted to talk about maids, and cooking, and
cleaning dog shit, and being a housewife.

She wanted to talk of the cold, sweaty panic that overtook
her every other night, when she thought about thieves
taking her life, the same one she despised.

He wouldn't talk to her.

And then of course one day they came, during the day. To their pretty house in a private complex. With the tall gates, the washed out anti-climb paint, the frosted-glass windows, the broken security cameras and the watchman paid to turn a blind eye.

The one with the huge garden, full of dog shit drying in the sun.

They always come.

A result of the panic she couldn't get a grip of, couldn't control. She kept it unchecked and invited them in. And just like he'd taken his words, they took everything that was left.

They took the TV, the fake Rolex and the real Rolex, the laptops, the lamp she got from Perisur, the gold she wanted to sell at the next gold-party, the extra cash hidden in the underwear drawer, the perfumes, the expensive-looking cheap jewellery, the dvd sets, all the other electrical appliances.

They even took the dogs.

She could picture their TV's and the laptop and their lamps and her jewellery in the back of a van. And she thought of the dog shit that she'd wanted so desperately to talk about.

She thought of the dogs shitting all over their shit, the TV's, the old sofa, her silk scarves, the lamp in the back of the van; all the shit that was now their shit.

And so that evening they sat in the big and pretty house in the middle of the mountains in the South part of the city. They sat on the floor and had dinner on paper plates.

And there was no noise. No one spoke, as there was nothing left to talk about.

And there was no
dog shit, except
the one drying
in the sun.



END