

Bob confirmed my suspicions that you have become
 (or always were (just hiding it) weird --
 no ^{blank} phone calls from me. That third hello
 will fix any danger on. Forgive my late critique
 I couldn't resist! Tom

TAKING THE CALL

I was near the phone, picked it up
 on the second ring, clearly enunciated
 the proper greeting. Three times. ~~Three.~~
 Silence expanded like a bellows,
~~filled me with silence magnified.~~
 A well's depth of deliberation pumped
 through the wires before disconnection.

repeats previous
 line less successfully
 & unnecessarily

It was not a wrong number. I know.
 It was all the calls I ever wanted
 and waited for. All
 the lost letters, messages, affirmations
 that somehow dropped down the wrong slots,
 went through the wrong conduits.

Something about the way I answered
 changed the caller's mind,
 caused a decision.

I was not the right one. If only
 my voice had conveyed more degage, more--

try a space, & think visually better

Or maybe someone I know was testing
 me. Listening for the slightest clue,
 the face beneath my skin that
 doesn't match. And now
 they've heard the plea and the curse
 and the discordant ululated feral note
~~lodged in that last hello.~~

How about
 feral ululation?

weak end. Maybe stress "three"
 above by repetition

too ordinary

love the breaks
 very bold & expressive

for

present tense too
 out of place