

The phone

its black armored handset
mounted box
push-button volume

and the silver cord
still attached to the jack

no longer receiving
or returning

ringer denied
its four metered notes

the touch-tone pad
every number
dusty

Message Waiting
an unlit lamp

not burned out

the machine's memory
still intact

despite the defunct office.

Then today---

four rings

no answer

the lone antenna
probing
empty space.

Theresa McCourt