

...june 18, 1986...

***i listen at the doorway –
no one comes –
a voice hollows the street
and ricochets –
the telephone does not
respond to hands
silence ringing
both ends of the line –***

***i open up a book
but cannot read
mobile letters
scattering the page –
i grab a pen and paper
but cannot write –
with eyes and brain
refusing to unite –***

***can you hear me
listening to walls
and telephoning rooms
of no one home?
like the fading echoes
of a name
i feel you calling me
to try again.***

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