

Cell Phone

by Daniel Harris

"Hey, how are you?" she squeaked.

Not sure I wanted to hear her cellphone conversation three houses away, but I knew from years as a jazz musician dope & beer do that to people, especially women whose serotonin production rises when they talk to anyone, but more particularly women.

The squeaky high-pitched voice with constant OMG's made me think she was also doing helium. A type of rapture of-the-deep on *terra firma* common to the verbally and medically challenged.

After hearing about Jack, the subject changed to Patricia and her love-child son, followed by a slight at the local grocery store. Which led to the deplorable taste Amanda showed choosing her bridesmaid's gowns.

I left that acoustic zone and poured a brain deadening amount of what Hemingway called "The best procurable Scotch." I retired to my battered Olivetti portable mechanical typer.

