

The Telephone

by XXXX

Stop talking the phone is asleep.
It is a resting wounded animal.
It is old and made of machines.
Stop talking. Shut up.
I used to love that little thing.
Its arm would stretch all the way
to the piano and I'd play a tune
for whoever was on the other end.
Some silly pop song.
My father would see me and
shout at me for stretching it.
The rings on it were never the same.
I would sit there for hours
just talking, and it'd repeat
everything the other person
would say, nonstop.
Sometimes I felt sorry for it.
Stop talking. You'll wake it.
No one ever uses it anymore.
Not like we used to.
The best part is when the other person
and you weren't even talking.
I guess you don't even need it then.
But because you were holding it
there was some sort of promise
that you're on the other person's mind.
"Bye," the person would say later.
Why? Were you ever here?
It was in its prime.
Now it sleeps all the time.
It is tired all the time.

