

Phone Calls

by Michael Alan Brich

For a while I lived in the room of echoes.
It wasn't so bad. Bare walls and no windows
but it had a couch and a lamp
and a three-legged table with a phone.

The phone was old and black.

I was sitting on the couch
in the room of echoes
when the old black phone rang.

I wasn't surprised.

Phones ring. That's what they do.
I sat and watched it ring for a couple years
before I decided to pick it up.

I put the receiver up to my ear. A voice cut through the static.

I recognized the voice. It was mine.
It was a bit strange to hear my voice
from this old black phone
but I have seen stranger things so
I went along with it.

This is what my voice said:

It's going to take some time.
Then a pause.
A mythic pause full of static.

I waited for one of myselfs to say something.
Nothing came. Static.

Finally one of us said good-bye and

I hung it up and sat there on the couch
in the room of echoes.

There was nothing else to do with the blank walls
and no windows
so I called myself back. I knew the number.
It rang and rang.

I knew I was on the other side
trying to decide whether or not to pick it up.

This was going to take some time.

I would tell myself this
when I picked it up
from the other side.