

THE PHONE CALL

The telephone plucked him from a sexy dream.
Erotic fragments in seconds fled
away from his memory into thin air.
Too much wine, again. He'd a terrible head.

What idiot rings at this time of night?
Whatever it was, he was sure it could wait.
Could a guy never get a decent night's sleep?
He glared at the phone with considerable hate.

Letting it ring, he turned over in bed.
Told himself, soon the ringing would cease.
Just give it a minute. Two minutes max.
He was right. It stopped. Blessed silence. Peace!

But it rang again, a minute later!
He shouted, grabbing throat of the phone,
HELLO?! WHO IS IT?! WHAT DO YOU WANT?!
This *different* silence said, '*You're alone.*

I'm afraid it's the end of the line, old son.
You've run your last race. Your battery's flat.
This time next year, you won't be around.
Have you made a will? You should think about that.'

'*I'm not alone!*' he yelled down the phone.
I have a faith! Have God on my side!'
'Well, where is he, now?' the silence asked.
'He's here somewhere...somewhere...' he sighed.

'Besides, I have regular check-ups as well.
For high cholesterol, prostate, heart...
Rest assured, you bastard, I'm not going yet.
On your bike! Old son. YOUR turn to depart!'

Tomorrow, this ancient phone he'd give the boot.
Who needs a landline? Come what may,
He'd treat himself to a high-spec phone...
A Full English Breakfast to start the day...