

## The Phone Call

By Tom Peters

10-31-21

Waiting for a phone call, going about my daily life  
A lovely life indeed, with technology on my side  
Spam callers are silently batted away  
Questionable and untimely calls are screened  
I don't wait on Sundays for calls I must say  
From my dear grown children back east  
Blessed indeed most Sundays the three calls  
Chris resting on his only day off watching football  
Jeannie chronicles her long bike rides and job search  
Justin touts his children's latest accomplishments  
All Sunday Michigan calls end in 'love you Dad'  
What call am I waiting for? My nine siblings?  
No, I'm the official call initiator  
If not during the year, always on their birthdays  
Am I waiting for a call from my 7 or 8 closest friends?  
No, I can count on 2 or 3 to ring my phone occasionally  
I'll call the others every month or so it seems  
Oh but the call that would triple my heart rate  
May or may not ever cross the airways  
From the Texas plains to the LA basin  
The platoon-mate who called me 'Amigo'  
Saved my life in a fierce deadly battle  
Cultivated a close friendship in hell  
Then becoming a man, I loved  
A dear sweet man I loved  
Yet knew so little about  
He sent a letter from Ft Hood  
I'm a white guy, union job  
He's a black man returning with a bronze star  
To the Lone Star state  
Not replying, a painful regret  
Lasting a disrespectful forty-six years  
In 2016 an address from the Internet  
I package my recently written memoir  
a letter of apology with my phone number  
Whether he read it or not, he never dials my number  
Fifty-one years pass I have his phone number  
I call, no answer....call no answer, call no answer