

# Phone Booth

*by Carol DeCanio*

Au revoir little room  
with the accordion door

sayonara, ciao, so long  
booth of solace  
conduit of change

*we're going to be early  
we'll be late  
we're not coming  
we're in a hurry  
we've got time*

here's my dime  
my twenty cents  
my two quarters

dank with cigarette  
butts on the floor

chewing gum packed  
under the ledge

phone book anchored  
so secure  
no one can use it

walls chiseled  
with love with hate

or just with  
having been there

au revoir little shacks  
neat in a row  
or lone sentry  
beacon at night

all at attention  
under command  
of the Zero  
voice of the universe  
the one we call  
*Operator*



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