

H A N G U P

He'd dare her despair.

He figured he wanted
The nose he'd lent her
Back by Christmas.

He called collect—
Would she accept?—
But then the coins dropped.

Unless she answered
And then he'd say
Nothing—

Waiting for the coins
To drop again,
And her hang up . . .

He never asked for it back—
Any part of himself, or else,
The time and money he spent,

Or worse, her nasal voice,
Which was his once—
Learned from him of course.

Of course, he could be wrong.