

The War Makes Everyone Lonely

My sister's been receiving a lot of calls
from strangers. This is how she learns
her number is listed on an escort site.
Normally she talks about her fiancé, her dog,
what they think I must not want—really, to hear.
Now these guys keep calling, asking for Elisha.
And I'm sitting there, in Afghanistan,
in a little plywood room painted red
hung with pictures of the other guys' wives.
I can hear a wind in ribbons through the concertina.
and Allen's boots on the roof
as he brushes snow off the dish,
and two privates debating the odds of an attack
since it's already two a.m. *and* cold as shit,
and my sister is wondering if maybe she needs a lawyer,
and I'm thinking: What about Elisha?
She must be home, I imagine, counting hits
against the number of times the phone hasn't rung.