

Long Distance

Call me, she says, and my face drops to my lap.
I dream bursting flowers, screaming birds, and say
I will, then spend weeks on a farm with no phone,
No mailbox, a driveway a half mile long, and don't.

I empty my eyes across fields of cut corn,
Past the silos and the green John Deere tractor,
Past the twenty two all uninteresting cows,
Over the hill where the herbicide drums gather rust,
Where the pasture falls to meet the road again —

There is a phone booth there.
The road looks like it might end,
Though it only turns sharply.
If it rains I might go there and deposit my dimes
In the slot of that phone exactly 2.7 miles
From my kitchen stove, but that
Is a place I must be driven to.