

## Long Distance Call

I used to call you every Saturday morn  
8:30 sharp as was our wont  
to check up on you or  
cheer you up.

Now that you're gone  
up there to an area  
without a known code  
how can I call  
you? Will you reach me on  
some spooky Twilight Zone  
toy phone?

Are you content at last now, mom,  
high up in your super clean dream  
fifties luxury Focsa condo  
overlooking a blue sea-sprayed malecón  
far above the sweaty chusma mob?

Dance on, dear mom, your slow danzón  
with your favorite galán de la televisión.  
Sing along to that old  
Olguita Guillot song  
Or Lucky Strike Hit Parade's  
Nat King Cole's

"Answer me, Oh my Love...  
but if you still think about me,  
please listen to

my prayer."