



Crossed Wires*

Hello central,
what's the matter with this line?
I wanna talk
to that high brown of mine.

She
had a place in his life.
He
never made her think twice.
As he rises to
her apology
anybody else would surely know
he's watching her go;

Tell me how long
will I have to wait?
Please give me two ninety eight,
why do you
hesitate?

but what a fool believes
that he sees
no wise man has the power
to reason away.

Oh, what you say,
can't talk to my brown?
A storm last night
blew the wires all down.

What seems
to be
is always better than nothing
and nothing at all
keeps sending him somewhere back in her long ago
where he can still believe there's a place in her life...
Someday, somewhere,
she will return.

Now, tell me how long
will I have to wait?
Oh, won't you tell me now,
why do you
hesitate?

What a fool believes
that he sees
no wise man has the power
to reason away.

* All lines in Times New Roman font are from the song *Hesitating Blues* by W. C. Handy (1915). All lines in Arial font are from the song *What a Fool Believes* by Kenny Loggins & Michael McDonald (1978). Pastiche poem written by © Pascual Delgado (12-07-2019).