

ROTARY DIAL

The cold creeps in, & out meanders fall.
The sunlight drips more thinly every day.
The day is sharp in feeling bright & small.

I speak at turns, pinned up against the wall
by my own image—what I mean to say:
I say too much. I mean nothing at all.

I make uncertain choices between all
the right things. Or the things I want. I weigh—
the day is sharp, in feeling bright, & small.

I wasn't very good. I didn't call.
I do so little with the time I take.
I say too much. I mean nothing at all.

I don't walk, or even wander. I just sprawl.
So many people die, it seems, each day.
The day is sharp—in feeling, bright & small—

I ended a whole world with just one call.
I hold the line. I *mean* the things I say.
The day is sharp in feeling, bright & small—
I say too much. I mean nothing at all.

Matilda Lin Berke