

Hey

I call you around 3 p.m.
The red sun past its peak.
Through seven rings
the black receiver waits.

With one answer
We can be wrapped in gold,
Forgiving the 24th of August
Because the moon wasn't so white.

Ring number eight,
Brown eyes revealed,
Midnight unnoticed.

Conversations of purple silk
Fill booth thirteen.
The gray dissipates within
That last coffee refill.

The smoke turns blue once more
Turning our backs around 3 a.m.

--Gil Hizon '00