

The Call

Sonar pings from the depths
of Amy Waldman's handbag
She dives in for her cell.

A wooden yo-yo meets
her fingertips – her son's first toy.
She dives again, retrieving
a first aid kit, a wallet of loyalty cards,
a lint pickup brush for the cat
who died last year, a vocabulary
book, *Axioms for the Organizer*,
a four-inch square children's book
(because you never know when
you might meet a child who
needs a story), a whistle,
a tuning fork -- A440
in case we need to sing,
a bar of peppermint soap
so we can smell good,
one Reese's Piece, slightly squished
(but if it's that or having to drink
your own urine because you're stuck
on a highway in a snowstorm
she'd take the Reese's Piece),
a book of Shabbat prayers,
a change purse she didn't remember
was in there or she would have
plugged the meter.

Soon

her handbag yawns,
contents piled before her.

The cell is quiet now,
not even vibrating.
The call might have been
important -- you never know.

Shauna Singh Baldwin