

The Lady Who Makes Bad Phone Calls
Y York

"I call up, I don't say anything, I don't have to. I don't have to put a notion in your mind, you put it there yourself. You get a doubt, maybe a preexisting doubt gets solidier. Your wife is stepping out on you, her partner in illicitude is calling on the phone. He wants to hear what you sound like. It's just your mistress; she wants to hear the sound of your voice. It's that car you scratched. Somebody saw you, wrote down your license, looked you up in the records. It's the guy who looked at you at the movies, he followed you home, he saw your name on the mailbox, he looked it up in the phone book, he's on the other end. It's that girl you promised to marry in high school. She found you, now she's going to wreck your life like you wrecked hers. It's the tenant you put on the street with no where to go, calling from a telephone booth right outside your window. It's the widow of the man you fired. What could she possibly want from you. Silence, it's all silence. I don't have to say anything. You read my silence like your own open book.