

Nostalgia for the Phone Booth

by Janice Townley Moore

Your phone number on the seat beside me
I speed through the bluest of Septembers,
the sun roof open to morning brightness,
like the sheen of mica on the river below.
Joe-pye weed blooms tall and mauve
at the edge of each mountainous curve.

Then at the summit of the steepest grade,
the scent of balsam fills my Honda Accord,
and on a CD, Bartoli's arias from *La Bohème*.
Now down the last mountain to *Café a Lait*,
I dash to the phone booth, warm coins in hand.
After many long weeks, your voice in my ear.