

3 Phone Calls

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3 PHONE CALLS
by Dimitri Kalantatzis

The telephone rang it
was my mother she's
dying she said I can't
live like this
anymore my mother and daughter are
killing me I'm sorry I
said but I have other things
to do.

The phone rang again it was
my brother I'm going to cornell good
for you I said you've got it
made I said who's better than
me he replied.

The phone rang once more the
third time
I might've wept bitterly then
it was you i love you
you said when are you coming home again
soon I said I love you
I thought how empty my heart-is.