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Louisiana Phone Call

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LOUISIANA PHONE CALL

Farrah Field

Yes, weather is humid there, cold here,
and I am your only daughter alive.

If my sister hadn't been killed,
I'd tell you about my new man,
where I met him and his humming.

And you would say more than *oh*.
I can't promise I won't die before you.

Daddy'd rather talk of cats
and I hear Mama doodling stars.

We are strangers now, never proud,
always blood-nervous, even at a pig roast.

The phone's static taps
the close distance of the never-said.
Everyone who can think has a weapon.