



# THE FIRST CALL

**JULIE BABCOCK**

There is more than one world. In one, a husband and wife do not part. They return from work together. Imagine February snow lands in her hair and his hand reaches toward her and melts it. See their breath frame a nearing house.

In another world, she pushes police from her kitchen and locks the door. She must stop this world. She must build more walls.

She kneels and her body becomes the floor. Her heart becomes stone. Her fingers become the phone and she presses them to make the first call to God.

*No*, she begins, even before he answers.