

On Losing My Cell Phone

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I'm wearing jeans I chose for comfort
held low on my hips by a belt
when from a too-shallow pocket
my cell phone slips out.

I retrace my steps.

I will not panic.

Shield, please, Lord,
my phone from lawn sprinklers
and the crush of car tires
while it waits for me,
lub-dubbing unheard like a heart.

Clutter and debris shine metallic and phone-like
in the sunshine. I'm dizzy:
the hassle, the expense, the lost memory.
If people can't reach me, over time, will they forget me?
I imagine my ring-tone sounding desperate.

God breaks down for this pleading widow
and gives me what I want so blessedly often.
Grimy guilt can dim my taste for hope.
Taste a fresh peach just after licking a cherry snow cone.
There was no hope in my first marriage.
My second husband died. I live
for God's loving pat; to be
picked up, brushed off, and
set on course again.
The easy metaphor: when I call
I know I can rely on an answer.
I don't use a cell phone.

There it is: nested, camouflaged,
upright like a miniature tablet of commandments,
waiting in stiff prairie grass,
its shape as simple as a tombstone.