

## Cheryl Wheeler

### "It's the Phone"

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It's the phone, get the phone, there's a phone call  
Fish it out, press the talk button right now  
Anytime, anywhere there's a phone call  
We will answer and start talking real loud  
In their odes to Joy and Jesus, do you think they once  
foresaw  
Their pieces in our wireless devices  
All across the planet? Blah blah, blah blah, blah.

Ah, the strains of music all around  
Short little beeps cut through the din  
I've come to love that Motorola sound  
Not harpsichord or violin  
I know Ludwig would be so proud  
That "Für Elise" could beep so loud  
Rossini too and Brahms and Bach  
And Mozart and Rachmaninoff inoff, enough.

Hold the fries, keep your eyes on the road somehow  
Pretty awkward to talk on the phone right now  
To the whims if the Cell Tower Gods I bow  
And I hope the local laws allow.

It's so crowded, you're so loud it's some deaf guy  
you're talking to  
All of us on this Hertz bus attempt to turn our backs to  
you  
You're impinging, see us cringing, dirty looks aimed at  
your head  
Not proud of it but I admit I wish your battery was  
dead...

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