

Adele Renault

Lonely

She is old
like the telephone line
she uses
to call on.

A new neighbor
has moved in
and I should
take interest,
she says,
as he is of my race.

Her son has
left her for
a younger woman.
Men like money
always leave her.

She knows
nothing about
the sixty million
dollar lottery.

Life is a
dangerous
open safety pin
somewhere loose
in the house.

I break the line
with feeble excuses.
She calls back
with fables
of her own.