

Open Lines

Phoning you
Massachusetts to Chester
her voice keeps saying
"Busy, I'm sorry,"
"Busy again, so sorry."

(Out the window
the first red leaves
the lines of firm corn
the crazy-spun webs of gypsy moths)

And again:
"Still a busy line."
But pretty soon she gets
a thing going with the London end
and he is getting heavy-voiced
and smooth-voiced at once
and soon is panting back at her
over all those miles of ocean and deep cable
and not wishing to interrupt them
I shut up
and soon I'm getting to be a phone voyeur
and wondering how its going to work out for these two
and thinking how good a feeling it is that
whoever you are and wherever you are
the lines are always open for you.

— *Tony Curtis*