

# Poetry Porch: Poetry

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## **The Call**

By Bruce Bennett

A Sunday afternoon. A fire.  
The phone rang, and a voice  
came from the distance on a wire  
presenting me a choice

I had not thought about, nor planned.  
I could not then have guessed —  
nor do I hope to understand —  
how that led to the rest:

This life I lead, and that I led.  
All, all, came on that line.  
What if, that afternoon, instead  
I'd chosen to decline,

Remaining in that place, that zone,  
myself, as I was, free,  
committed to that self alone,  
that uncommitted me,

Just living as I thought I should?  
It did not come too soon,  
that call that changed my life for good  
that Sunday afternoon.