

With a Phone Call to Heaven

BILL HOADLEY

I wish I had a phone
that could talk straight to heaven.
I'd call your dad and tell him
thank you.

Thank him for you,
for changing his mind
about having kids,
for giving me the reason
I ache in an empty bed.

I'd tell him that I love you.
Not the kind of love that
wrinkles the lips of people
after a movie,
the kind that enables
male penguins to guard
an egg in the biting cold,
while mom goes out to eat.

Before hanging up,
I'd ask for his blessing
and allow me the chance
to stand in the cold
because you're going
to make the world's
greatest mother,
I already bought the mug.
Now all we need is a mantle.