

## A Life Without a Cellphone

Means life

As life should be.

No longer bound to that

Cursed, five-letter "p".

Into the ether

I cast it away, chained

In some dark, dusty, closet corner.

I return to the world once estranged.

"What of emergencies?" They say.

"What, emergencies every day?"

So begins every hectic row.

"I'm no important CEO!

I'm no foreign dignitary

With places to be or places to go."

"What if God made some disaster

This very day?"

"I'm sure we'd all be dead anyway."

"What if someone got mugged

By a man with a gun?"

"Call me? Please...just call 911."

Exasperation, desperation,

Fly at me like a boxer's blow.

Hoping one will get that K.O.

And then: "we all have emergencies now!"

Ah, the over-enthusiastic haymaker

That trades brash, hyperbolic power

For the steady protection of reason.  
I counter with my left hook of logic:  
"There was a time when emergencies were dealt  
Without cell-phones you know."

Hushed silence.  
A sudden, *subito piano*:  
The sound of struggling minds tense.

Alas! Who are we now?  
Man has become  
Machine's best friend!  
This we cannot allow.  
Oh how fatally we succumb  
And so descend

Into a world of ones and zeroes.

Our language too descends.

A "plan" is not a "plan" when  
It shifts as wind and water  
Shift in a shaded glen.  
Yet with an air of omnipotence  
We, nature's gods, do as we please.

A text saying we may be late,  
Is a text saying we will be late.  
Because that text means  
We can be.  
Conditional, modal, intransitive?  
Something we say yet nothing direct follows.

And so each day follows  
Todays with tomorrows,  
Our phones creating solutions  
To their own creations.

We are monks to our religions.  
With daily texts we pray.  
We, the Cellphone Christians  
With our texting vices, praying day by day.

Let us do as monks do  
And swear our vows of chastity.  
To bid the cellphone *adieu*  
And preserve our human sanctity.

I turned to virtue.  
Made appointments that stayed true,  
Slept without that glowing blue,  
Real words passed between me and you.  
A new life from isolation grew!

I've lived a day without a phone.  
One day, one month, and more.  
Although my phone did buzz and moan  
Behind my closet door.  
Even now I hold my own  
And live my life with it no more.

I leave it buzzing,  
Buzzing behind my closet door.

