

Bound by Cord
by Hope Nguyen

You always loved new things.
The slow crawl of
time, memories, progress.
New places, people.

You found me.
I was eager, young,
Shining
For a life.
A tentative touch.
The spark leapt, and I knew
You were mine.

You gave me your number,
I moved in.
The soft caress of your cheek
Drew us closer each day.
My whirring dial spun each day
For you.

You grew older, and
Together we stayed.
I loved you by then and still now.

Your friends met with me.
They called me “antique”
I think it means
“Beautiful as a rarity”.
You told me that.

How sweet,
How golden,
A divine blossom of
love.
Everything must wither.

We have lasted together.

Others enticed,
Buttons, screens, wireless models, but
You have weathered.

But you.
You are flesh, bone, and sinew.
You grow, you change.
You can reach to glorious heights.
I stay, a hard shell.
And so it cannot be.

And I knew,
Someday, eventually, you would fall to
Her.
Her.
Her shine, her curves,
Her smooth, smooth, surface.

Just a little slab of
Thing,
Hardly bigger than a card,
No wires at all,
To carry like some kind of pet.
One little dinky button, and
Such a creative name.
Everyone knows you capitalize the first letter of a name.

So.
The fall came.
You fell
For it.
And time moved on.

I didn't, though.
How could I?
I have nothing now, but a
Sweet, sweet,
Memory.
Now, I sit.
Collect dust.
I know it will inch toward your heart, my home,

But
Please
Remember the love stuck to the wall,
Bound by cord, your sweet
rotary phone.