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Contributed by Lynn Patmalnee

Now that payphones are
gone, how will I talk to
God? Damn it, I'll miss His
tornado breath swirling
through the spiral metal
cord, blasting through me, His
shiny black receiver,
emptying my ears of
three AM's blaring prayers,
my car alarm pleas, "Please!
Please!" answered with His
gusts of utter nothing,
familiar as screaming.
Once I saw the circus.
The girl on the trapeze
jumped from the sky, His
bored hurricane sigh blew
her net to one side, her
flooded blown-out eyes
stared up at mine and I
knew she'd heard it too:
the buzz beyond the dial tone,
the voice I wish was wind.

Lynn Patmalnee is a born-and-bred Jersey Girl living her lifelong dream of having a Tilt-A-Whirl in her backyard in Keansburg, NJ, and her heart still beats a bit faster every time she crosses into Manhattan. As Lynn Crystal, she can be heard throughout the five boroughs and beyond as host of WFDU-FM's long-running Carnival of Song radio show.