Phone Call for Cupid

The bells in the plastic ring as the phone vibrates.

That sharp trill that sounds in the lobe, bouncing around in the cranium like a ball of elastic.

A mutter, a low grumble, the sound of beer cans hitting the grimy floor.

Cherub wings, small and covered in cold-eyed cobwebs flutter out of sleep.

He scratches his fat stomach that’s full of booze and broken dreams.

How funny a baby with a 5 o’clock shadow seems and that toga used to be white probably.

An answer, a call, a pleading hope for help.

Nah...too late, these calls come too few and far between.

The laptop sits idle with eHarmony on the screen, pink feather-fletched arrows with heart shaped heads piercing the glass.

He crawls back to his chair to watch The Bachelorette and Divorce Court, grumbling to himself about the days when he used to attend to Venus herself, carry her silk dresses, flutter about shooting lovers in the rump to cause mischief.

He won’t be bothered anymore.

Slinking into the moldy armchair covered in roses and candies, he will reminisce about the days of glory, because these days, those who have to call don’t deserve to.

The world needs no Eros anymore, and those that care, are able to find it by themselves.
For those are the ones that pay his bills, those are the ones that buy him food, those are the ones that keep him alive.

The world used to revolve around him, the world used to look to him for peace, he who used to control Gods, now grabs a Jack Daniel’s, a pack of Marlboros, a half-cooked, twice-salted microwave dinner, and thinks the world of those loyal lovers.
What, on Earth,  
Is taking so long? I’ve got  
Places to be, people to talk to, but  
I’m stuck here, at a Stop Light, wondering  
When it’s going to change. That crimson frown  
On the face of a yellow box, telling me in that grumpy  
Tone that I cannot pass, I shall not pass! What a strange  
Thing, to be told what to do by a machine, I suppose we...  
Don’t HAVE to listen, I could just floor it right now, and get to  
My destination that much faster, but doing so could send my  
Bumper through another’s windshield, sending my steering  
Wheel deep into my chest, letting, for the first time ever, an  
Amount of car exhaust into my lungs. No, I don’t think an  
Extra two minutes is worth four gravestones worth, but  
It IS a strange thing, to think that for that 2 minutes  
We are at the mercy of an inanimate object  
That we must listen, and to do so means  
safety, security, collective welfare  
These thoughts come...  

Without fail at times  
When in my commute... always  
Whenever my compact car rumbles  
Up to that white chalk line, where little old  
Ladies will shamble like dry-cleaned corpses  
Across that road, don’t get me wrong I am happy to  
Wait, it gives me more time to think about these strange...  
Very strange thoughts...You know, if I think along those line, it’s  
Not out of the question to liken the street light to... God, in a way,  
That stoplight IS a god for that minuscule period when the light will  
Change from green to red, OBEY or be crushed under a five car pile  
Up. Strange to think of a stoplight, in all it’s divine splendor, cracking  
A tri-colored whip at us or telling us to stop, go, yield at the asphalt  
Gates of Eden. I wonder how many ran red lights that rainbow  
Zeus has seen up there dangling from the Olympus wire,  
How many times it has seen a police car speed under it,  
flashing those lawmen lights and then the light squeaks  
“Oh, that was red! I have red too!” What semblance  
Of control is lost when we pull up to that cross  
Section? When we really think about it  
We have many gods that we must  
Listen to, or we shall fall  

But I suppose that  
Is all right, to not have as  
Much control as we would like  
Because while GODS can be disputed  
And tore down and changed according to the  
Rule of the day, that light is constant, unyielding  
And all who wish to avoid death follow that colored box.  
I will choose McDonalds, then I will choose the color of drapes  
Then I will choose that action movie I used to watch with my brother  
Then I will choose to wear that shirt for today, the one I wore during my  
First kiss, the beautiful recipient of course I chose. But the more I think  
The more I agree with myself that it’s ok to let others make the choices  
To let others make the decisions about my days, my life, my route as  
I travel it. I may even learn something, from this deity of an  
Electronic, that maybe if I take little pauses and let others go  
I might feel a little better, so when I come to a stop sign,  
Another angel of direction, and someone, disheveled  
And hurried, I’ll let them pass, wave my calm  
Hand, watch as they send up a quick  
smile in thanks. little help in life is ok  
Even if it’s coming from a box on a  
wire, I’m ok with that