



Phone Justice, My Poem
 by Nate A. Lindell #303724 P.O. Box 9900 Boxobel, WI 53805

Loved my uncle, closest thing to a dad
 I ever had.
 But he's in Washington,
 While I'm in Wisconsin
 And the phone bills got too bad.

Loved my fiancée too
 But our love fell through,
 Broke any hope of a grin
 When her bills came due.

What can I do
 When I need counsel
 For a medical suit,
 But can't call one who'll do my case
 'Cause there's a toll-free block in place?
 Don't make cents
 For the zoo.

Although I've otherwise tried,
 Friendly human contact's so denied
 (Distance denies visits
 And, over years, ink dries),
 And those whom I had
 I couldn't even hear
 As if they died
 I hope you will hear
 These words of mine.