

DEAR DANDEE

Dandee, Dandee.
Do not call to me.
I know your voice
from years ago
when we first met
in letters and e-mails.
through cyberspace.

And all these years
every time
I heard your voice,
the growl and bark,
the guttural and thick,
the whine and whimper,
the snivel and howl,
inhaling or sighing,
awake or sleepy,
calming or coaxing
whenever you said
just what it was
I needed to hear
whenever you spoke,
I knew you well.

I hear your voice,
not asking, nor in apology.
It refreshes my memory,
reminding me
of when we were equals.

From the old days,
your tone of voice
isn't how
you speak to me now.
You send instead
an unwelcome message,
one I won't hear
from a dear friend.

Don't talk to me.

Listen instead
to the things
I would say to you

after all this time.
Listen to the love
I send you in my words.

You are a place in my life
carved from distance
over serious years
that only belongs
to us.

And all I can answer
is God keep you well,
Dandee, Dandee.

by Lee Netzler