**Calling**

*May 22, 1998*

Lying in a hotel room.

No one left to call.

Tried all the numbers, old and new.

Tried to call them all.

Just a voice is all I need.

Someone to hear me.

For a moment. Just a word.

A spark of empathy.

Life is long when love is gone.

When friends are left behind.

All I want is to touch someone.

A moment on the line.

Life’s like that. Can’t go back.

All the world to roam.

But late at night, when the soul calls out,

Sorry. No one home.