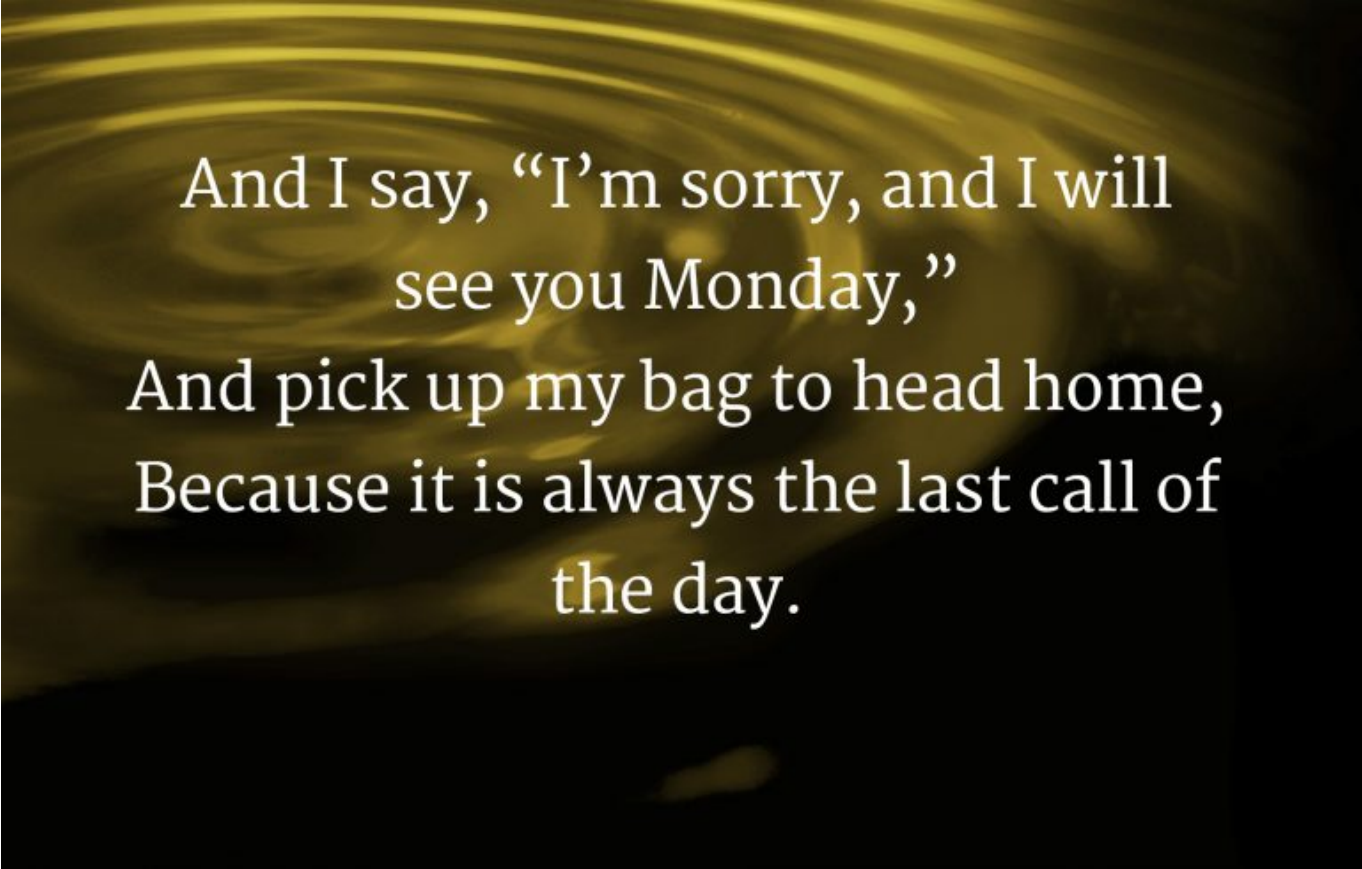


The Last Call of the Day

written by Pulse Team | July 1, 2019



And I say, "I'm sorry, and I will
see you Monday,"
And pick up my bag to head home,
Because it is always the last call of
the day.

Why is it always the last call of the day,
Bag packed by the door, and sometimes I've even put my coat on,
And then I know that I have to make the call. If I was smart, I'd schedule a
visit, have the nurse set up a time
To have the patient drop by after the test is done,
If only I was smart! But today it is too late for that, Friday night,
And a weekend of intolerable waiting for the patient,
So I make the call at half past 6.
The first ring means too late to hang up, the second ring raises hope that no
one is home,
If I make it to the third ring, I start to rehearse a message,
But with the fourth ring, a soft voice breaks the silence. The answer is
always cancer, it's never the plague, or leprosy, or even a kidney stone,
Once in a while it's HIV, and one time it was TB,
But cancer is the real answer. So I share the news, and I wait for the click
Of a dry tongue trying to form a response,
And I say, "I'm sorry, and I will see you Monday,"
And pick up my bag to head home,
Because it is always the last call of the day.