

# Poetry Porch: Poetry

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## Ohio

By George Kalogeris

The very first phone call I ever made  
Went all the way to the Heartland. But first  
I had to climb up onto a stepstool.

When I held the receiver to my ear,  
My ear was enveloped. When I stuck  
My index finger into the dial,

I entered the circle of metal slots.  
Then starting with the number one,  
I kept on twirling the thing until

I got a ringing sound. And that's  
When a perfect stranger answered my call.  
I said *bello* to her *bello*.

And then I didn't know what to say.  
But sixty reeling years will pass  
From that hiatus, down to now—

And never closer to the Heartland  
Than hearing what must have been its Muse:  
“Can I help you, little boy?

Where is your mother? This is Ohio.”