With the Ardor of a Fly in a Cell

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Make your coal black call
From the left wing of your manuscript
Dial the Boarder Guard
Can you do a fly-by with one wing, you ask?
No answer.
Then you call her.
The phone receiver creaks in your right hand--
Now mouth to mouth
Recite your pages, but you're using the
Right wing of your manuscript
Sugar Cane is on the other line
Waiting for her lick and buzz fit
Movement 68 is what you think
The phone dial is color coded:
Roygbiv you remember from grade school
A rainbow frames a frown
Artifacts of vision.
Commence to typeset your words in logs of talk
So Sugar Cane will remain.
She listens to your words
Then Sugar Cane has to go down the lane.
Hangs up, your manuscript is curled
Like a cold ocean wave in your left palm.
You crawl back to your sweaty cell
Pondering the grand canyons between the bars
And your last lick of Sugar Cane.