

## Phones Ringing

Spouse

It was 10 am when he got to his house  
Heard the door open mid waffle in his kid's mouth  
Then his family's at the table gathered in a group hug  
His wife's crying as she held them tightly with a true love  
He shook his head a couple times with his mouth tight  
Thinking 'bout the worst thing he'd ever seen, it's not right  
Seem like yesterday was forever ago, them sirens singing  
He'll always remember when those phones were ringing

Broken glass everywhere  
Gun powder in the nightclub air  
Glass shattered like hopes and dreams  
As the disco ball spun a shard with gleam  
Blood thick like mud  
Metallic copper how the smell tasted  
Body after body and the congregations of shell casings  
Pine glass fresh drinks all shattered on the floor  
A bunch of lasers hit his uniform as he stepped through the door  
But the sound, the sound was the worst  
It wasn't silent like one might have expected at first  
Nobody was talking, speakers buzzing, electronic whispers  
All he heard were phones ringing, frightened sisters  
Fathers, mothers, brothers, lovers, significant others  
Brains on the dance floor, the tiles all covered  
But the cell phones glowing and the pockets still calling  
Seen so many crime scenes, but this one was appalling  
The horrid smell hit his throat, it made him nearly vomit  
The moment that he saw it, wished that he had never saw it  
The TV still was on  
Years later, he'd still remember how that TV still was on  
The ringtone cacophony, the requiem, the love song  
Boot prints in the blood swamp  
These memories still do linger  
As he reached down with two fingers to check a pulse  
And right as his fingers touched her neck, the phone went off