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Why I Changed My Ringtone

By Charlotte Jones

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They told us he
was a gentleman
and gentlemen protect
their families
and are private
in their affairs,
so he would not
be likely to leave
his body while
we were in the room.

We learned not to say
See you tomorrow, Dad
when we retired for the night,
taking away his last reason to live.

Instead, we gave him permission to go.

But no matter how well prepared
you are to say goodbye,
when your cell plays
Mozart's *Turkish March*
in the middle of the night,
it punches you in the gut,
takes your breath away.

Charlotte Jones writes poetry and flash fiction in Houston, TX. Her work has appeared in over eighty literary and commercial magazines including *The Bellevue Literary Review*, *Nerve Cowboy* and *Barbaric Yawp*, which nominated her for a Pushcart Prize. When not writing, she loves to golf, sing, play the piano and travel, most recently venturing to the Galapagos and Antarctica.

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