

Mother's Phone

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Mother's Phone – Died 2025

Her number still works.

I call it so the satellites remember her orbit.

A woman I don't know answers.

I say nothing.

Silence transfers like currency.

Voicemail

She has five saved messages—
all from me.

Each begins with the weather,
ends with apology.

Her recorded voice says she can't come to the phone right now.

She already hasn't.

Contacts

Every name still alphabetical,
except mine, which she renamed *Home*.

I scroll until the glass warms.

Heat passes for presence.

Camera Roll

Screenshots of recipes.

The HOWL

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The dog she didn't outlive.
A selfie she took by accident—
her eye a small moon
studying itself.

Settings

I try *Erase All Content and Settings*.
The phone asks for a passcode.
I type her birthday, my birthday,
the year she died.
All incorrect.

Notes

Last entry: *Don't forget milk*.
I never do.
I forget everything else.

Mother's Phone – Buried 2026

In the drawer beside her glasses.
It still lights up sometimes,
not with calls—
just reminders:
Update Available.