

I Ask You, Erin Burnett...is it fair?

by Carl Santoro

You talk to me
with your luscious chestnut hair
draped so cleverly over both breasts.

You cross and uncross
your muscle-toned legs,
peeking out from your dress
under the glass table.

Your lovely face, your
lips moving in rapid fire,
sending me words I cannot hear.

Why?
Because you stare at me
through a monitor, looming large,
above and behind
my beautiful wife's head.
The sound is off.

I came here to treat her to a
modest Ruby Tuesday dinner,
and speak about our love
for each other.

Is it fair that I am to be distracted
like this? In the privacy of a booth?

We lift our glasses in a toast,

a toast to "Us" and "To Now"
and as our glasses meet,
CNN zooms in for a close-up
and I'm staring at you, Erin, as I
fill my wife's lap with
cold Sam Adams.

I ask you, Ruby Tuesday's and CNN and Erin Burnett...
Is It Fair?

