

I Would Make the Worst Cable News Anchorwoman Ever

by Nonnie Augustine

I'd laugh, cry, splutter with confusion or outrage.
I'd probably say "Duh" a lot,
grow pale, flush, and wink at the viewers.
I'd furrow my eyebrows, raise one or both,
and my eyes would narrow, widen, round, crinkle, and tear.
You'd see shoulder shrugging, hand waving,
finger pointing, fist clenching,
slapping of palms on the news desk
and smirking, smiling, quivering, tightening, frowning lips.
And I would certainly, certainly, fail to keep my tone of voice
well-modulated, and sounding sincere.
Yes, I'd scoff, shriek, whimper, and roar.
I might play with my hair as I listened to immortal talking points.
As I grew evermore weary, my outfits would get sloppy,
my fingernails dirty, make-up messed and I might
start throwing darts at images of the crooks,
schmucks, and bastards running the show.
The teleprompter and I would diverge:
given words about the deficit, I'd shout "Puerto Rico!"
given blab about Reps and Dems, I'd shout, "California's
burning!"

So, what I'm trying to say is that when the non-astounding
breaking news was that a honcho somewhere exploited someone,
or a cop got off scot-free, or a maniac used his ever-more-lethal
guns,

or the President lied,
I'd have to let you know how I felt.
I would be the worst cable news anchorwoman ever. Yep.

