

# 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?

