

Your Cell Phone Between Us

By Carole Gauntlett

Your smile, your tone,
Your warming embrace,
Make me feel like a queen
You can tell by my face.

So what *have* you been up to?
Is your new job working out?
Is your son going to graduate?
Has your daughter “come out?”

You're so dear to my heart
And you know that I care.
So tell me your story,
We've so much to share.

We sit down in a booth
And order some wine.
You pull out your cell phone
That's not a good sign.

Is there reason to worry?
You're expecting a call?
“Not really,” you answer,
“It's nothing at all.”

Taking you at your word,
I press you to speak.
There's no depth in your voice
And your answers are weak.

Your eyes are expressive
As they seek out a text.
But I brag on my grandkids
And tell you you're next.

I'm hoping to bring
Your mind back to us.
Your attention is elsewhere,
But I'll not make a fuss.

We've been here a while
Now I'm anxious to leave.
I need time alone
For I'm ready to grieve.

For the sadness I'm feeling
As I sit here alone.
I thought that you loved me
But you're in love with your phone.