

Saint Valentine and his Day

I sat ... alone ... on my couch watching some special something or other on the television. Some blonde chick was babbling and bubbling about Valentine's Day.

I clicked it off and picked up the newspaper.

Advertisement after advertisement assaulted my emotions.

Take her here!

Buy her this!

She'll thank you in her own special way!

I tossed the paper into the fireplace.

Pouring myself a glass of Bourbon to blur my solitude, I wondered to myself:

With all the heartache that this guy caused ... all the pressure ... the pain of coming face-to-face with loneliness, how'd that jackass ever get sainted in the first place?

by

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