**Ex-Girlfriends**

Josh Crummer

They’re waving farewell with
your newborn baby’s wrist,
then dissolving in the morning sun.

They found a doodle you drew
when your love was new
and seek closure days before

their one-way flight to Egypt.
They’re working twelves in the ER,
driving forklifts at the foundry,

greeting shoppers at Wal-Mart
and ask if you’re still living at home.
One left this shithole at eighteen,

and ten years later, hadn’t aged a day.
They found The One after years
waiting for your commit. In fact,

they’re touring Nashville next month
and need a kitty-sitter. Sometimes
they visit like a UFO

almost as lonely as you are,
adamant it’s only sex. On weekends
their ghost dances bench side at the park,

leaves slowly spinning as she proudly
wears your hoodie like a poncho.
There’s still strands from their ropes of light

gripping your clothes, clogging
your drain, littering a worn shoebox
where your old adversary—

yourself, younger, angrier,
never satisfied—
tosses them back to the earth.