**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.