

My Old Flame

John Vanderslice

My old flame, my wife,
Poor ghost old love
My old flame, my wife,
One day in June, I drove by our old house in Maine
Everything changed for the best
How quivering and fierce we were
Simmering like birds
With our videos and records

Our old house
Everything's changed
Bleached out and aired, IKEA-d and swept bare,
Poor ghost, old love,
Speak with your old voice
Of flaming insight
That kept us awake at night
In one bed and apart, my old wife
My old flame