

## 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