

The Ex Lover

Those first few years were taken,
With all the passion and desire of fresh feeling.
And exotic wonders novel I did mistaken
cover over our differences. I said, believing,
I didn't come for judgement making
Beyond the expat life that I was leading.

But after time, as new became the norm,
Her ways began to rub and suspicion grew,
Darker patterns came to form
a shadow on the mistress that I knew.
Questions that can't be asked were born,
Rumours doubted I saw were likely true.

We hardly touched in our daily lives,
Nor spoke for fear of truth uncovered,
Tension, strain and hostile feelings rise
Under the prying presence of another.
He blocked me, spread stories and half lies,
Until all remained was the bitterness of ex-lovers.