

To the Ex Who Told Me, "I never wanted to date you in the first place"

Camryn Hay

For him,

I don't hope for
misery or an STD.

I don't hope for
Alzheimer's, car accidents, or jail.

However, for him,

I do hope for photographs
that never capture his good side.

I hope for late buses, cold macaroni,
shirts that are always a tinch too tight,
and a radiator with a rattling screw.

I hope for taco shells that
fall apart with the first bite
and keys that disappear
when he's late for work
on a Monday morning.

I hope for him a lifetime
of Monday mornings.

I hope for many first dates,
but not so many second ones.

I hope for the friendzone,
for his brother to be better at everything,
and a B+ in every class he'll take.

I hope for him a long-term relationship
that breaks
right around the time his buddies
get hitched.