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Untitled

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he just doesn't care. I seen the woman he's married to now, and she looks like a walking raisin and she bitches all the time. He's either drunk or hung over when I see him, and I have yet to see the poor sap smile.

Oh yeah, I seen her once, too. About six months ago. I was takin' my lunch break, and just as I stepped out onto the sidewalk, here she comes with a little girl that was just the cutest thing I ever did see. I don't know who the father was, could have been him, ain't none of my business.

She looked alright, but I could tell she hadn't had new

clothes in a while. The girl looked about the same. But all in all I'd say they were a lot better off than he was. She didn't recognize me; she just gave a sad little glance up the side of the building where they used to live for such a short time. She probably knew he still lived there. And I could see the loneliness spill out right in front of me. She still loved him and it tore me to pieces. I walked down the street and all I could think was, "I closed the door for him when I should have left it open for her."



Michelle Jones