

## Catching Up

(A poem for two voices)

I've met Dave, my ex.  
 Oh?  
 They're moving next door.  
 They?  
 Teamed up with your ex – thought you should know.  
 You mean Josephine?  
 Natasha – Natasha the smasher.  
 She was.  
 You thought.  
 You're pleased?  
 So so.  
 Never know.  
 Never know?  
 How it will go.  
 They're history.  
 That we've learned from?  
 Meaning?  
 Or are doomed to repeat our mistakes.  
 For God's sake!  
 Natasha Hirst – she was my first.  
 I think we'll move.  
 We're staying.  
 No straying.  
 Definitely not – unless....  
 I detest....  
 Unless he fancies me  
 Or I fancy her.

**Jack Muir**