

The Ex - by Anwar Saeed!

Anwar "The Madd Hatter" Saeed returns to IREP Magazine with his latest poetic contribution!

When I met her, she said she was one in a million.

Guess she wasn't lying, because I spent one in a million...on her.

She desired all the finer things.

Unfortunately, her definition of "finer things" did not include life.

She was something I regret investing in.

I should have thought about that when I gave her my credit card, and she came back home with a brand new car.

She was more in love with the paper, than the man that was bringing in

the

paper.

She'd rather have sex with her store bought toys, than the toy that was attached to her boy.

She'd get on her knees and beg and plead for more money, but yet she wouldn't get on her knees to please me.

I think someone messed up on their priorities.

When I got rid of her, she realized how important I was to her.

Without me she had no Coach.

Without me she had no Baby Phat.

Without me she was nothing...and it took her losing her material possessions to understand that.

I would look at her and shake my head, and think about how she got in

this

position.

I would pass her on the street and see men paying her to perform

different

positions.

How sad is it to know she could of avoided the stress, and instead could've been with me and been blessed, but instead she resulted in

selling

her body for sex.

The one I used to love, is now the one I'm forced to forget.

And when my friends ask about her, I simply refer to her as: THE EX

