Convertible

Catherine

the sound of tearing might wake the neighbors up,
but how else am i supposed to get you off me.
youve been writing my own clichs,
and isnt it cute how apathy makes everyone smile.
somebody please help this man he looks nearly dead,
hacksaw in hand and a new convertible head.
"i had to feel something, or die trying."
this one last inevitably written clich.
edged with irony seems to have left us both,
with one truth: "the beast cannot live without host."
so without thought, starve sycophant.
i'll never believe you when you say everythings ok.

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