

Car Alarm

by Bill Yarrow

Wires shot.
Timing's off.
Plugs and points
need to be replaced.
Gaskets smashed.
Hoses rotted.
That's the body for you.
Most mornings won't start.
Dings, nicks, and scratches
on the exterior. Failing
internal combustion organs.
God the mechanic
is a little booked up.
He'll see you after you're dead.

Jesus! I hate poems like this!

