

Jim Gaven

"Trainwrecks Are Tragedies"

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It all starts with one time you gave someone a bad sign
and they took it the wrong way disguising their display
and they bottled it inside locked it up in suicide but the
clock still beats each day with the same pace forced
against our will to change from intersection lines to
lanes so we fall down flights of stairs to see if anyone
cares they're like a deer in bright head lights stopping
dead in the train tracks it's like an inevitable accident
the screeching halt of tires marks the crash and our
last breath as your frame sways on the wall your
picture's nailed straight to a cross and the martyr is
crucified and sags from thick blood loss or will we
salvage pieces worn all of them scattered on the floor
and put you back the way you want but no one hears
your call so if the rope's too tight just yell the noose is
tied around your neck as you're hanging from the
ceiling (I'll take the time pay my last respects)-2x
Goodbye my friend->many times at end

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