

Clothes Friends

I have to fold right down the crease
For fear that your friendship will come to cease.
It doesn't matter how I truly do feel,
Your friendship, like pleather, just isn't real.
Sometimes I think I'm an outfit you bought,
Worn to be cool for that look that you sought.
If I get torn or begin to show wear,
You just toss me aside, and you grab the next spare.

So sorry, you're too gaunt, I don't seem to fit.
You walk away now, don't you dare try to sit.
I've spent enough down time, that I've come to see,
That you all are just assholes polluted with pee.
Don't set this aside, as just one of my rants.
I'm telling you now; I will not be your pants.

My whole world was awfully falling apart,
I lost all control, life unraveled my heart.
I was standing alone in a cold winter storm
Seeing my close woolly friends weren't so warm.
When big parka hugs are so bad what I need
I stand here alone, on pink silk I do bleed.
We gee thanks a lot, a new style I did learn.
When a friend is in pain, you just leave them to burn.

I'm going to wear fur
You might think it is cruel,
But just like the wolf,
My cold fashion does rule.

—Matilda

