

Olivia and the Tube

Olivia lived in London

In a tiny one room flat

She rode the tube back and forth to work

And spent evenings with her cats

It was the kind of place where you locked the doors

Sometimes twice or thrice

It made her feel safe and sound

To keep it closed up like a vice

This way she knew the cats were safe

When she was off at work

And they could be comfortable

Performing their crazy feline cirque

There was Lucky, Louie and little Lenore

Scarlet, Screwy and, of course, Wade

And occasionally she'd ask them

Why they thought she never got laid

Scarlet told her she was beautiful

And that was not a lie

For everyone is beautiful

In their own cat's eyes

Wade, of course, was a little more terse
As he halfway peed in the litter box
Maybe because this place smells of piss
And, of course, she's never been called a fox

On the day the whole world changed
She was riding on the tube
A man began to cough up blood
Some landed on her boob

The officials enacted marshal law
No one should leave the house
But Olivia was more concerned
With getting the blood stains off her blouse

That night, she fell into a deep sleep
From which she would never awake
But her body arose anyway
Looking for flesh to take

Locked inside her one room flat
Feeling no remorse
Scarlet was the first to go
And Wade was the final course