

ms. warning and mr caution
quarreling in their morning cottage
about books they bid on at there local auctions
whether or not the other knows what the plot is
the alarm goes off at six w/ the covers they use
mr.'s unemployed and the other's recluse
waiting for the asteroid he says ''what's the use''

aware of the repairs he's supposed to do
scared to tell the wife that he has no clue
about screwdrivers or wrenches
or how to build benches or fences
he clenches fists in frustration
hes losing his patience
at the long lengths it takes him
to build or rail
or hammer in a nail
his tailor
suited him for failure

tired of her premonitions of danger
he measures and plans and tinkers in anger
rushing in her room to show his invention
tripping through the door with proud intentions
falling to the floor it sparks and smashes
suddenly they stand facing smoldering ashes

ms. warning and mr. caution
together by their burning cottage
with al of the neighbors watching
they see that they've been holding each other hostage
Doesn't matter who's the fault is
Things will change regardless
ms. warning and mr. caution
together by their burning cottage