Matchbox Pussy

A wide web of friends,
Spread far and wide,
Though a common thread exists between them,
Matchbox pussy.

She's never too busy,
And always a little curious.
Not often seen,
But always heard.

She makes sure
That her presence is known,
At the opportune time.

Matchbox pussy,
Always an opinion, never backing down,
All others see the seeds of discontent you've sown,
Why can't you see?

The vulnerabilities of others,
A plethora of loose ends,
All begging to be played with,
Matchbox Pussy.

The temptation is strong,
And rarely can she resist,
To spin a barb, that through its truth,
Catches deep, and resentment burns.

But still she plays,
Oblivious to the effects
Of her unending wit.

Matchbox Pussy,
Infected by her own sense of humor,
While others start to scorn her,
Why can't you see?

But in the end,
Her charm wins over most,
Always to the dismay of the present target,
Matchbox Pussy.

However, as the barbs spread as wide as the web,
The effects begin to soften,
And we see the light-heartedness
Of this eccentric little feline.

So lift your glass and raise your voice
To that little tramp, the incorrigible
Matchbox Pussy.