

## Don't Drink And Drive

By Celine Beaudry

Red, blue, dark, bright

The sound of sirens and monitors throughout the night.

Am I dead, or lucky enough to be alive?

It's like a catchy song explained by the reprise

Don't drink and drive.

One drink was what they said

"It couldn't hurt" was the last logical thought that went through my head.

The one drink turned to two and further multiplied

My lacking sense of reality intensified.

I trusted my friends, they were always right.

I guess that's the biggest shame, because our futures were so bright.

I promised you when I left that I would be safe

Maybe I made that promise a little too late.

I couldn't walk straight, and the world appeared too bright

I should have known better than to give you such a fright.

I should have walked, or maybe even try to call

But the devil liquid persuaded "you've got this, don't worry at all"

The gas pedal found its way to the floor

Almost immediately after I closed the car door.

That's when the world started to move at a speed much too fast

The devil liquid encouraged it saying "now this is how to have a blast."

I left in the early hours of the morning

I didn't expect anyone since our town is so small and boring.

I was going too fast, they never saw me coming

They were just a car moving to the sound of innocent drumming.

I was swerving too much, the car was wild

The devil liquid had completely taken over your child.

I hit them head on, they didn't have a prayer  
The sickening sound of vehicle crushing vehicle was like a flare  
Waking up the quiet sleepy town  
Everyone knew everyone, and now I was the letdown.  
I heard a sickening scream  
But that was all before I drifted into a dream.  
The hardest part of my situation  
Is the fact that I am responsible for the creation.  
I made an orphan of that driver  
And that's just one flame in the shameful fire.  
For I woke up to realize it wasn't just a nightmare  
He never woke up, increasing the gap of my heart that is forever a giant tear.  
My story is simple, as all these cases are.  
Don't follow my footsteps, you don't want my scar.  
The lesson I learned is one I already knew.  
Don't drive and drive, it never results in a pretty view.