

Breanna Bussell
Dexter Regional High School
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The sirens are shrill and loud,
the lights are bright, blue and red;
The night is covered in a dark, looming cloud
and the firefighters see the wreckage ahead.

Shattered glass and skid marks cover the tar;
the sound of scanners and radios call in the distance
as heavy boots run towards the mar.

The rescuers mutter under their breath, "*there is not enough resistance.*"

The stretcher is no longer needed and the Jaws of Life no longer required,
out of the three people in the accident, only one survived.

To take it all back, is all that she desired.

She who caused the accident was able to be revived.

One text is all that it took

"I'll be right there" - Oh, if only she knew.

Upon the graves of that mother and small child, she now cannot look.

life as she knew it was now through.

Don't let this story become another headline,

for once you pick up your phone, you could potentially be ending a bloodline.