

Brianna Rodrigue
Arrive Alive Poem
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Buzz,
It's your phone,
Is it your boyfriend? Your best friend?
You haven't seen them all day,
Busy with classes and work,
But don't let your eyes stray.
Drive on,
Maybe there are no other cars around,
But at that turn or light ahead
How quickly it could all end.
Ignore that text,
Because it wouldn't be worth it,
To throw your life away,
For a message that can wait.
A simple sentence on a screen that could break,
Your focus, your bones,
your loved ones' hearts,
In exchange for a look at your phone, would you really want to throw it all away?

Buzz,
It's your brain,
You had a couple drinks,
But you think you're "okay."
You won't be the one,
To swerve off the road,
Hit a tree, a pole, a building,
Or hit another vehicle,
But everyone always thinks they're fine,
Everyone thinks they'll make it home safe.
You can see almost straight,
You're a great driver, never had an accident in your life,
You've got great grades, an acceptance letter at home, your future awaits,
So don't take the keys.
Don't throw away all of your potential and end a thousand possibilities,
Not just your life, but your friends' lives,
The lives of people on the road you don't even know,
Adults, children, and elderly.
Call your mother, your father, your sibling or a friend.
Your life is more important than your pride,
Ask a sober friend to drive you home, your life doesn't have to end.

Buzz,
It's the doorbell.

Your father opens the door,
It's two in the morning.
Your mother stands behind him, curious,
Who would be visiting so late?
Who will ring the doorbell:
Will you arrive alive,
Or will it be the messenger of your death,
Aglow in flashing blue and red lights?