

It Wasn't Supposed To Happen Like This

By Casie Frederick

It was just a few, claim the empty bottles shattered on the floor
She didn't see it coming, add her crooked glasses from the dresser in
her mother's room
There was no time, whisper the tires and exhausted brakes in unison

She has a future, declares the unread college acceptance letter
Yes, a future, agrees the promise ring, untouched in her boyfriend's
pocket
She'll be home soon, won't she? Asks the blue graduation gown
hanging neatly in the hall closet

Only silence came from the caution tape that had circled the scene,
now rolled loosely in the trash
"It wasn't supposed to happen like this" reads her best friend to a
familiar crowd dressed carefully in black

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