

On the Rocks  
By Jonathan Dana

Screeching wheels, puddled byway,  
Sweaty hands, unblinking eyes.  
Innocent baby, terrified mother,  
All in an instant, we must say goodbye.  
He does not stop, he sees no sign,  
He wants to get home, he drives over the line.  
A babies bear, upon cold gray rocks  
A spinning wheel finally comes to a stop.  
The things we would trade for one mistake  
The luck we have had for granted we take.  
The simple rule to drive safe and sober  
Is disregarded and wrongly looked over.  
But it is simply not worth it to drink and drive  
For you never know when you might not arrive  
ALIVE.