

One Glance
By Marion Fearing

When youth perish
from this earth,
reality twists and turns –
like mangled metal –
into unreality:

The best friend a murderer;
The victim a monster;
The stranger a mourner;
The Titan a mouse.

Fathers weep on daytime news.
Mothers refuse to leave the house.
Grandparents outlive grandkids.
Siblings left only to watch.

A sweet faced girl.
A smiling boy.
Buried in the ground for
an eternity.

All for an LOL
All for a C U L8R
All for a TTYL
All for a HEY

Was it worth it?
This damage?
This trouble?
This suffocation?

The *guilt* of knowing
that one *glance*
took your future.
Took a life.

Was it worth it knowing
that all integrity
you once had
is buried with your friends?

Kids will get in the
driver's seat drunk.
Kids will enter cars
with drunks in the driver's seat.

All for some boy.
Some girl.
Some party.
Some popularity.

Was it worth it?
This mess.
This exposure to the
biggest mistake of your life.

Cold, unfeeling numbers track
The number dead.
Teens who have thousands
of stories left unsaid.

Fingers point and the
ifs and whys are screamed.
Then silence
consumes the scene.

The world keeps spinning.
Limos carry kids to prom.
Music still – and always will –
play on.

We do not forget.
We remember and think
before our actions cause
consequences we don't understand.

Do not text
and drive.
Do not drink
and drive.
Arrive alive.