

So much depends on

The swerve of a drunk driver
into the headlights of another,
who is now laying on her back,
in her favorite jeans,
in the middle of the road.

A hallow of red appears around her head,
growing larger and larger by the second.
She does not feel the chill of the ground
or roughness of the tar
as she stares up at the stars before her.

Frantic faces soon appear above her,
blurred and blocking her view.
She cannot hear what they are saying,
even her own thoughts are foggy.

What is happening to me?

I wore my seat belt.

I was going the speed limit.

I had soda instead of beer.

I did everything I was suppose to,

but I am the one who will never see my family or friends aga...