

The Night

The Night seemed like a short time ago,
Only like a week or so,
The memory is so clear,
A ghost that haunts me here,
Lonely behind the bars,
A constant reminder of the wrecked cars,
The night that I drank one or two,
I said to myself "It was only a few"
Too drunk to think clear,
The white lines a smear.
Then what a crash ,
The opposite car taking a head on bash.
The ambulance and police came,
I was the one the cops would blame.
The pain to the parents hearts were like a knife,
The day I took their children's life.
Now I live with my mistake,
Until I no longer wake.
This memory is so clear,
Although it has been many a year.