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Arrive Alive Contest Submission - Poem

### Inebriate

Drunk.  
Intoxication embodies your  
Physical personification. You're  
at this party and you see a bottle,  
Not a second thought enters your head and you think you oughta  
Have a beer or two, or four, or eight.  
It doesn't matter as long as you're  
Home by eight, and when you hit the gas on your car  
But not the brakes and your small metal car becomes  
One with the gate and theres a noise in the background.  
A dull audio pours in through your ears and out through your chest.  
It rings like shreds of metal raking through your body and you are  
Trying your absolute best. Best to keep alive, and best to keep it together and  
it is hard when your life has twisted and tangled in a final matter of  
Seconds. Seconds go by and they pass like centuries and your vision clears but  
You are not where you should be. Lights of white and powder blue, noises of computers and  
Beeps and your mind is filled with questions like "What?" and "Who?"  
As the puzzle is being undone and the memories are rewinding and untwining you remember,  
that intoxication embodied your personification.  
Robbing you of your mortality and clouding you of judgement, and it all  
Started with a  
Drink.