

Unnecessary disaster

**New message from: Best Friend **

My phone dinged from the passenger seat,
my hand itched to grab it and take a quick peak.
At the stop sign, the text said, Omw,
Coming off the highway
I answered, Not there yet, see u soon.

Across the heated pavement,
a small red car flew towards my intersection.
Head down,
Blinker off,
Music up,
with a car at it's side,
rolling past the red metal sign;
oblivious.

A truck was driving by,
red car going through,
no hesitation.
Brakes never applied.

Crinkling,
Crushing,
Scraping,
Metal.

Metallic David versus Goliath,
but I could see at this time,
the little car stood no chance.

Screeching of tires on the blacktop,
a thousand voices squealing in the air,
horns blaring,
still echoing- ear piercing screams.

Swerving into the other lane,
then back again.
All wheels taking flight,
pirouetting for a while,
defying gravity.

Before coming back down,
windshield cracking,
glass flying.
Car upside down,
flames shooting up.

License plate seemingly
familiar?

~

Courageous passerby's took action.
Moving to help I grabbed my phone,
ready to call 911, but I couldn't.
From the dilapidated small car,
my best friend.
Shouts of 'we need help!'
and 'we're losing her'
rang through my head
as my phone slipped from my hand.

Throwing frantic glances between
my almost unrecognizable friend,
and bashed windshield,
currently resembling a million,
glistening red chandeliers.
Knowing it was because
she was texting me.

Unable to acknowledge the pain around me,
I sunk to the pavement,
merely ten feet from where she died.

It could have been me.

I hurt.
It hurts, in horribly unnecessary way.

Like the pain I can't dream of experiencing again,
it's as if my heart was ripped out,
Smashed,
shattered into a thousand shards,
right there, in front of my own eyes.
It's a peculiar kind of pain.
Until this memory I have never experienced it before.
Surpassing the pain of stitches,
the pain of a broken arm,
or falling flat on my face.
The pain is so great that it makes me scream.
to cry out to the world so that someone,
anyone,
could know how it is I'm feeling.
Because you shouldn't have to lose your friend,
like I did mine.

All stories aside,
Don't text and drive,
arrive alive.