

The Consequence

Saturday night, and the city is alive,
People having a good time everywhere I look,
“I've only had a couple,” I say to myself
I tip the bartender and make my way out of the bar,
Making my way to the car.
I try to unlock it, but miss the keyhole the first time,
Nailed it the second try.
I sit in my car for a minute and regather myself.
The car turns on and I pull away,
Traffic is busy and the headlights are blinding.
The speed limit is thirty five, I start to accelerate.
I roll down the window for some fresh air,
The wind getting stronger on my face.
I can feel the car gaining speed,
I hear my phone vibrate in the cupholder,
It's my daughter texting me goodnight,
I take my hands off the wheel not knowing.
I go to text her back, but it is too late.
I look up and see nothing but peircing headlights,
I knew I made a mistake.

My phone, open with a message written,

“Goodnight, I love you. ”

It never sent.

Arrive Alive.