

"Please... Don't Drink and Drive"

Autumn Finkle

It was 12:30 a.m. when you decided
To leave the party.
As you stumbled to your car,
You downed the last remaining sip of beer
That was occupying the can in your hand.
Starting the car
You felt woozy,
Uneasy,
And dizzy.
But you didn't get out of the car,
You didn't call your mom or your dad
For a ride.
You left the party and
Started down the road that was
Once so familiar.
But tonight it seemed different.
It seemed like the road was tilting,
Causing your car to swerve back and forth.
In and out of different lanes.
Coming to a stop sign,
You didn't even notice when your foot
Had slipped from the brake back onto the gas.
Your car barreled through the intersection,
And you couldn't move.
You couldn't stop the car,
Not even when you saw the telephone pole getting
Closer and
Closer.
Your car smashed against it,
Crushing like an aluminum can.
All you saw before your eyes closed,
Was blood.
Blood on your steering wheel,
On your favorite new dress,
On the dash,
On the windshield.
Ambulances arrived twenty minutes later
When someone had driven by and
Saw you laying against the wheel of
Your sixteenth birthday present.

The paramedics pulled your body out,
But it was too late...
You were already gone.
Now it's 1:30 a.m.
And your mom's phone is ringing.
She's about to find out the worst news of her entire life,
Because you decided to drink and drive.
She has to tell your dad that their only child is gone,
Because you got behind the wheel
When you shouldn't have.
You're gone,
And nothing can change that.
Not the sobs from your parents at your funeral,
Or them begging every night for their baby
To be brought back to them.
Not the memorial set up by your friends,
Who have cried every day since the accident.
Nothing can bring you back to the world that
You left behind too soon.