

Dillon McPherson

I press harder on the pedal in the midst of a snow shower
It's only a back road, what's five miles per hour?
Besides, in two minutes I'll be late
Since curfew's at eight.

He's always on time and unfailingly safe
It's just a few minutes, no need to lose faith
I'm sure there's just traffic.
But on a Wednesday at eight?

With my seatbelt removed, my phone flashes and dings
My attention averts to a mere message alert.
I can't help but glance to see a text that awaits.
Hesitation ensues and I can't help my heart rate.

It's just barely quarter past
But my panic is now vast
I should keep my worries down low
As I'm sure he'll show.

I pick up my phone and type in the code
Only a second has passed
But the headlights come fast
Before I could halt, I was thrown to the asphalt

A half hour has progressed
Still, no news to be heard.
Maybe a text could help
To soothe my heart's hurt

My phone's out of reach, but I hear the faint beep
I want to fight, go home, safe and sound, but
Pain fills me as a growing red puddle, stains my mind.
I try to yell, but my voice speaks a farewell.

It's been two hours and I shall fret no longer.
However, as his car pulls in I begin to realize
This vehicle I see is unknown to me.
An officer steps out, saddened, no glee.

Mom, I wish I could have said I'm sorry
As much as I hurt, I know you have worse
Even though you will, don't blame yourself
For a mistake, I made all by myself.

A mile down the road, one mile from home,
I sent that text, I caused your death.
I'm sorry you weren't safe in my arms
As you took your last breath.

If only I could say one more thing
I hope you can forgive
And as we bid our final adieu
Always remember, I love you