

“Arrive Alive”

By Libby Knudsen.

Screeching car tires and shattering glass,

Metal twists and bends,

misshapen.

Screaming sirens soar down to the scene,

Another one.

A careless decision made,

“I’m fine, I can drive. I didn’t drink *that* much”.

The feeling of being invincible,

Fades into muffled noise and bright lights.

The feeling of being closed in

Causes their heart to race,

They groan and whisper to themselves,

“I knew better.”