

Glimmering Pavement by Haley Burns

The dark black pavement
glimmers under the moonlight,
as the wheels of the cars
roll over its surface.

Music turned up,
volume 40.
The teenager sings along
to the song she once sang
in her middle school
talent show.

Headlights of passing vehicles,
blinding,
speed by each second.
The inside of her car
lit by the blue light
from the small iPhone
clutched in her
dainty right hand.

One road
that winds
and curves
to any destination desired.

One glance,
eyes unfocused,
mind distracted.

One text,
“ok”.

Two cars,
an ear splitting screech,
a deafening boom,
a catastrophic accident.

Four headlights,
a million shards
of glass sparkling the
dark pavement.

Navy and silver,
the police officers
knock on the doors
to share the news
never wanted
to be heard.

The storm hits
tearing families apart.
knees bruised,
heartbreak so painful
they collapse.

Their eyes dreary
like hurricanes,
crimson and puffy.

Never to be
the same again,
their new
bumper stickers read:
Arrive Alive.