

Teen spirit
Molly Eaton

"Our little group has always been
And always will until the end"
The words still dropping from my lips
as the drums and guitar shake the car
The fingers of my hand quiver off the steering wheel
My foot still hard on the steel
As smells like teen spirit rings into the sullen pavement

Some days when I talk about it, I find it difficult to remember the specifics
Watching the cars in front of me tumble over each other
Like the dancers in a ballet
While I sat untouched in my seat still drunk from too many cheap beers
The girl that was flung from the passenger seat with the crop top
I never knew her name
My friends getting dragged out of the vehicle
The loud screams of drunken highschoolers i grew up with
The ones i grew to love
Their red cups scattered across the yellow lines of the road

I forget that I was at that party
That i held my own red cup
And danced to the music
I forget that they are just like me
The ones that are now on stretchers or in black bags
The ones that i drank with just minutes ago
I forget that it could have been me
Thrown out the car
It could have been me who swerved just at the right time
I drank too
It really could have been me