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Ms. Stein

English P8

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Where Are You

It was an accident,

Glass was everywhere.

In her hair, eyes, mouth, ears

Coating her like a shimmery skin.

But the blood,

So red and dark,

Was falling from her mouth.

It hit the fabric below her

Like blossoming flowers.

There was no screaming,

Just

Silence.

Until everything rushes back.

She struggles to undo the belt,

It clicks open sending her to the roof.

Crying out as her ribs crack.

She reaches her shaking hands up over the seat,

Pulling herself to safety

The exertion it took to get out was all she had left,

Collapsing on the pavement

Until the sirens come.

Her phone left on the steaming pavement,

Messages still pouring into her inbox.

“Where are you?”

“There's already so many people here!”

The EMT bent over to pick it up,

Placing it into a clear plastic baggie.

Rushing her to the hospital,

Sirens screaming, the sounds of lost souls.

Her family their faces turn green as they get the news,

“I'm sorry, we couldn't save her.”

“She's gone.”

Years later they still told her story,

A distracted teen driving

The killer in her right hand, her phone.

Their closing remarks to every speech,

They couldn't stress it enough,

Stay Safe, Arrive Alive.