

Regret

By Julia Edwards

Blurry red lights filled her eyes,
just as though she were squinting to see the sun.
She never stopped to watch the sunrise.

The shattered glass
whose cracks now have a story,
earning the final say.
Not "I love you",
just his cold, passed body
draped over the wheel.

Empty liquor bottles wedged between them;
she could hear whispers of disapproval
coiled around each one.

Sharp, creeping stench of vodka
drifted up from her mouth where words
could not be assembled; just deserted breaths
of bitterness.

She imagines what he could have said,
"I know someday I'm gonna be with you again my friend,
where my heart restarts, as my life replays,
the letters in your name will hold their place.
Don't forget, don't forget, don't forget..."

Faded words.
She craves the unutterable relief of
remembrance, but remembrance
Has yet to come.

Only 7 minutes down the road.
7 minutes
6 officers
5 rescue vehicles
4 bottles
3 unsaid words
2 totaled cars
1 sunrise each day.
The sunrise she now watches every morning.

The sunrise that bellows her regret,
as she will never forget,
the letters in his name that hold their place.