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### Talking To the Moon

Pinks and oranges melt into a yellow, and the clouds are dark and ominous as if water will pour down from them at any minute. It's late in the evening and the sun is setting as I walk outside into the cool air. I open my car door and sit down in the driver's seat. My car is parked so that I can see the sunset through my windshield. It's absolutely breathtaking. But you know what would make it just a little bit better? If I was high.

Reaching into my pocket, I pull out my dab pen. My pen goes with me everywhere, as if it's crucial to my survival. My fingers wrap around the cool, skinny metal, bringing it close to my mouth. I purse my lips firmly around the top and I begin to suck in. I imagine grey, cloudy smoke inflating my lungs, filling up every square inch until there's no room left. When I exhale, the smoke pours from my mouth, like a dragon breathing fire. It's silent in my car except for the sudden coughing and hacking, a painful yet comforting feeling. The smoke billows through my car, and what's left of the light from the sky illuminates the smoke, making it glisten. I throw my head back against the seat and close my eyes. Everything slows down and each breath I take feels spiritual. It starts to feel like I'm sinking into the seat below me, so I lean my head against the window and feel the cold glass press against my warm forehead. The clouds are no longer visible and the sky is completely dark, except for the stars shining down. My phone chimes when my best friend, Hayley, texts me. I pick my phone up, my eyes peer to read the message. My phone screen is so bright it hurts. "Want to hang? I'm so bored."

I insert my keys into my car, press the brakes, and listen as my car rumbles to a start. My eyes feel heavy and every time I shut them, they slowly roll back open. She only lives 5 minutes away. I drive there almost everyday; it'll be okay. I pull forward out of my driveway, very cautiously. Blinker. Put on your blinker I remind myself. My thoughts feel delayed, as if my brain is lagging. I notice a few raindrops plop onto my windshield. Soon, the few raindrops turn into many. Rain starts bucketing down from the sky, the kind of rain that drenches you to the bone. Windshield wipers, I tell myself, put them on. Between the reflections of the rain and darkness, I can't see anything. I squint my eyes and lean forward in my seat to see the road. I see the moon and can't help but wonder if there's an astronaut looking down on me. I laugh. I can't stop laughing. Why is it so funny? I'm uncontrollably laughing and everything in my body lets loose. I'm so high. Looking over at the radio, I decided to turn on some tunes. My eyes shut and my

head moves with the music. I feel each beat pound in rhythm with my heart, I feel so connected to the song. Looking up into the mirror, I notice my eyes are tinted red, and there's a faint grin stretched across my face. Crap- I can't show up to Hayley's house with red eyes. Lifting up the center console, I begin to dig around for my eye drops. Where are they? My perfume, chapstick, old receipts, it feels like everything is in there except for that little bottle. I'm digging and digging until what feels like a TNT explosion erupts through my body. I open my eyes and see my car is smashed up against a tree.

I just sit there. I don't know what to do. Am I hallucinating? No way this is real. Except it is real because it feels like my skin is melting off my body and oozing into my seat. There's an ache on the top of my head and so I reach up and run my fingers over a massive lump. I feel blood ooze out of it and drip down the back of my head. Tears well up in my eyes, and start to flood down my swollen face. I can't help but burst into body-shaking tears. I'm sobbing and gasping for breath, it feels like my body is folding in on itself. Why did I decide to drive when I'm high? I feel so stupid. Hayley is probably worried, I should be there by now. The feeling of guilt racks through my body, eating me from the inside out. There's an electric pain behind my eyes as my head pulsates and throbs. The pain is absolutely unbearable and it becomes harder and harder to stay awake, as if there's little weights tied to my eyelashes. As I close my eyes for the final time, I think I hear the faint sound of police sirens in the distance.