

Breshia Flett

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Intuition

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The whisper of guidance
the voice I rely on for positive outcomes.
I didn't listen.

A delay of favorable judgment here
and another shot there
resulted in:

Yellow lines blurring
my perception slurring.
Trying my best to keep my eyes vigilant
but my thick breaths
smelling of vodka
make their presence clear.

My phone is buzzing with notifications.
The brightness of the screen
throws off my already impaired vision.
So tempting
I check.
It's 12:32
32 minutes past curfew
Mom is calling me
Sister is texting me:

"Dad's furious."

My intuition screams at me.

What are you doing?

Eyelids are working overtime

to rise to the horizon line.

I feel a tingle in the back of my head

I believe this was my intuition,

trying to prepare myself for what will follow.

My vision focuses

I see stark glowing green eyes glaring at me.

A deer.

In the center of the street

I estimate there are only 5 feet

I slam my foot on the break

but my car continues to accelerate.

My SUV starts to roll violently.

The airbags deploy.

I get thrashed into the somber moon-lit forest.

I am upside down with blood rushing to my brain

And hair follicles standing up on their own.

Dirt and debris continuously fall into my eyes

adding to the disorientation.

My vision

Turns

Black.

I remain entrapped in my mind.

My body paralyzed:

incapable of opening my eyes

shifting my vessel

or utilizing my vocal cords.

All I have left is my hearing.

I feel gravity pulling on my body

as I listen

to the creaking and settling of my totaled vehicle.

A new fixture of the rustling wilderness.

Here I am alone with my thoughts

How could I be so stupid?

Rejecting the guidance that has only ever brought me home safe in the past.

Disregarding my personal morals and intuition.

Why didn't I just listen?