

I didn't want to go.

By Maren Found

I didn't want to go.

I'm not a party person
I don't drink
I don't *do* this stuff
But
it's the end of my senior year.

"Let loose"
"Live a little"

the voices in my head
Echo
echo
echo
fighting each other.

logic against living,
conscience against peer pressure,
and peer pressure wins.

I joined a carpool
a group of friends —
they'd hold me accountable.
that way I couldn't
back out.

Blackout.

I take a sip
of the bitter
burning
drink poured
for me.

One sip.
Two sip.
Red sip.
Blue sip.

One shot.
Two shot.
Red shot.
Blue shot.

My body grows
warm
and numb.

The party begins.

dancing,
singing,
spinning,

Spinning.

The room
won't
stop
spinning.

I can't see straight.
I don't feel good.
I didn't want to go.

Blackout.

Back out
of the driveway,
turn down the road,
all is well —
but I'm filled
with regret
and booze.

Everyone
is laughing
it makes my head
Hurt.

My head hurts.

I feel sick.

My friend's driving
doesn't help.

To and fro
across the black
dark road
of midnight
makes me sick.

I was always
sensitive to motion.

Was.

Blinding lights
flash in front
making my headache
worse but no complaints
leave my mouth —
only the screams
that come with the
Crushing of metal
Shattering of glass
Spinning of the vehicle
as I fly
through the air
and never touch
ground again.

My head hurts.

My body grows
Cold
and numb
as I grow
Light
and airy.

It's the end of my senior year
my whole life
ahead of me
But
no life left to live.

I didn't want to go.