

## Painted Yellow Lines

Sitting in a car,  
Driving on a clean black road with yellow painted lines  
Both hands on the wheel  
New license,  
tucked in my wallet on the dash.  
Scanning the area ahead.  
Music playing and windows down,  
It's August and the car feels quiet.  
I am not used to driving alone,  
dependant  
Not used to freedom.

Sitting relaxed in my car  
On a gray road with yellow faded lines.  
One hand on the wheel,  
One hand on my phone  
Music blasting against the windows.  
It's October and my car is alone in the autumn air.  
I drive alone every day  
I am an adult,  
independent,  
I am the embodiment of freedom

Barely sitting in my car  
On a road I cannot remember  
With blurry yellow lines and foggy red lights  
There is no music,  
None that I can hear at least.  
This car is a stranger to me  
It's December and I wish I was not driving alone  
Red blurry lights become clearer,  
I pass by them faster.  
I would give anything to not be alone in this car  
Faint sounds of horns grow louder  
the road beside me becomes brighter  
All goes dark and quiet  
I am a kid  
independent, free  
Not used to quiet

By: Sam Larkin