

We the People by Alexa Cressey

Dark skies, long nights
Autumn leaves, tall brown trees
Bright eyes, a long brown neck
To his lips, no regrets
A flash of lights, the tight fist
Swerve to the left, two headlights
There was a smash, then relief
Days go by; away, away
A woman mourns, her son has left
Gone for time, and all that's left
Is the number on a paper, the living proof
Of bright eyes, and a long brown neck