A sloppy wave as he reaches into the fishbowl
His keys clinking against the glass
A brisk wave to his mother
When he said he come home to her safe
Loaded into the car
More passengers than seats
Kisses peppered over his cheeks
Parents unknowing last goodbye
That last shot still on his breath
Light reflected on fog, as he pulls out
Shoes put on in a rush, heels dug into his skin
As he bolted for the door, never to come back in
Piled in, feeling invincible
The straight yellow line less visible
From the kitchen window she waves
The dog barking from his spot on
their couch
One bad decision, one
quick call

and

crash.