

Drunk Driving

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A poem I wrote one night.it's kind of intense.

1. Drunk Driving

So you had 2 or 3 drinks.

You didn't want to look like a wimp.

You took your car keys and started home.

CRASH!

BASH!

WHAM!

Sirens wailing all around you.

You look down to see what happened.

You see yourself, laying on the ground, covered by a sheet.

Your body is stiff, pale and cold to the touch.

Then your gaze shifts to the little boy, who's car you hit.

Going 85 down the wrong side of the road.

You hit his mom's car; she was only coming home from a late meeting with her kids.

The little 3 year old boy is dead.

His mom and 5 year old sister paralyzed for life.

You sink into the ground as you descend to where you belong.

All because of your pride.