

A Second Chance

I saw the lights heard the screams.
I felt the impact – Is this a dream?
I feel my body flying through the air
Then slammed to the ground - what a scare.

The smell of oil, gas and anti freeze
Fills the dark and scents the breeze.
Moans, screams and crying; what an eerie sound.
Fresh blood steams in the cool of night as it pools on the ground.

I'm in a strange place – think I might be dead.
I was drinking and driving – my fault when all is done and said.
Who else have I hurt in this awful wreck- oh I am scared!
I knew better but from alcohol my judgment was impaired.

Strangers at my body stared,
Their thoughts I could hear as their souls they bared.
Oh what a waste and indeed a shame,
Another drinking driver an excuse so lame.

At that point I feel myself jump and gasp for air.
My eyes are open and into darkness I stare.
I'm alive, I'm alive I feel my heart pound.
I am in my own bed, not lying dead on the ground.

My body is drenched, I am all wet
The result of a night's sweat.
I am not in a body bag but in my own bed,
My skin is pale not covered in red.

This was, it appears, to be just a dream.
How morbid and real it did seem.
Perhaps just a warning we to heed,
And food for thought for you to read.