

Thoughts dripping, words slipping,
But memories not forgotten.
Closed eyes, she wonders,
Wondering if it was self-begotten.

The swirling storm used to make sense,
Her lips dancing to the chatter.
Now she vents into an empty space,
Her eyes fixed without a flutter.

The silence rings in her ear,
The light misted and muted.
Trying to shake it off,
Can't move, she's so busted.

At 23 she wanted to settle,
With luxuries and a happy world.
A name for herself, some pride,
A lot of money and a family to hold.

Now she lies on the road,
Watching the blood from her head trail.
Her limbs immobilized,
Her mangled body, beyond frail.

Waiting for the ringing to halt,
A memory of a speeding car flashes,
She remembered it wasn't her fault,
She was just a victim of drunk crashes.