

18 April 2017

Creative Writing: Poem

Over and Over

Over and over I ran through my head.
How could a split-second choice bring much dread?

The cars race around me.
Down goes the tree.
A mess awaits medics as big as the sea.

The sirens and screaming don't stop 'til I leave.
My new home, the hospital lets no one grieve.

Despite all my scars.
I survive, thank my stars.
But I will remember this tragedy of ours.

Take heed of this story which changed me so.
One's experiences may guide you wherever you go.

I won't let you be sad.
Life's beautiful and rad.
Take caution and be safe so I can be glad.

**This poem is dedicated to Top Driver and those who have gotten in easily preventable car crashes due to irresponsible driving.*