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Getting Lost

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Getting Lost

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Author Bio

Sarah Flynn is a sophomore working towards an English major with a Writing Concentration. She enjoys all kinds of writing-from newspaper articles to poetry. She grew up in southern Massachusetts, and her poem, "Getting Lost," captures the silliness and the sadness of the last carefree summer she spent with her three best friends.

Getting Lost

We drive for miles
 oblivious to street signs,
 state lines,
 and time
flying by.
Always moving;
going God-only-knows where,
 going nowhere
with hands at ten and two.

We were tired, slightly wet,
Laughing and waiting in lines
Smelling cotton candy sweet
with just a hint of sweat.
Like some burned out junkie,
you craved just one more fix,
so you jumped out of the raft
and ran headlong down the ramp
as the park began to close.
It was getting dark and
we couldn't leave you behind,
spending a night wandering
alone through empty amusements.
We followed you, like we had
when we were ten years old.
Then you turned the corner
and tripped off the curb,
rolling over the pavement
and skinning your knees.
You laughed until you cried,
looking like the girl I knew
years before your father died.

We say, "Let's drive forever,"
As day fades into night
"We've come too far
to turn back!"

"We're far too young
to rest now!"

Barreling

through

the

darkness

Getting lost.

Driving with one headlight.