Hurry

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Racing faster,  
his whiskey breath perforated the cold;  
the neon clock begged him to lose his sense;  
the very same sense that would have slowed him down.

Racing faster,  
his heart beat frantic rhythms through his chest;  
the car gripped the moist asphalt of the road;  
his cold sweat ripped pin sized holes to freedom.

Racing faster,  
the night fog thickened into a white net;  
the weak net would not hold back his hurry;  
his breaths pierced the cold air in quick, sharp bursts.

Racing faster,  
his years of driving couldn’t undo fate;  
his studded rubber tires prayed for friction;  
the road could not honor the tires’ prayer.

The guard rail shredded;  
shredded like paper.